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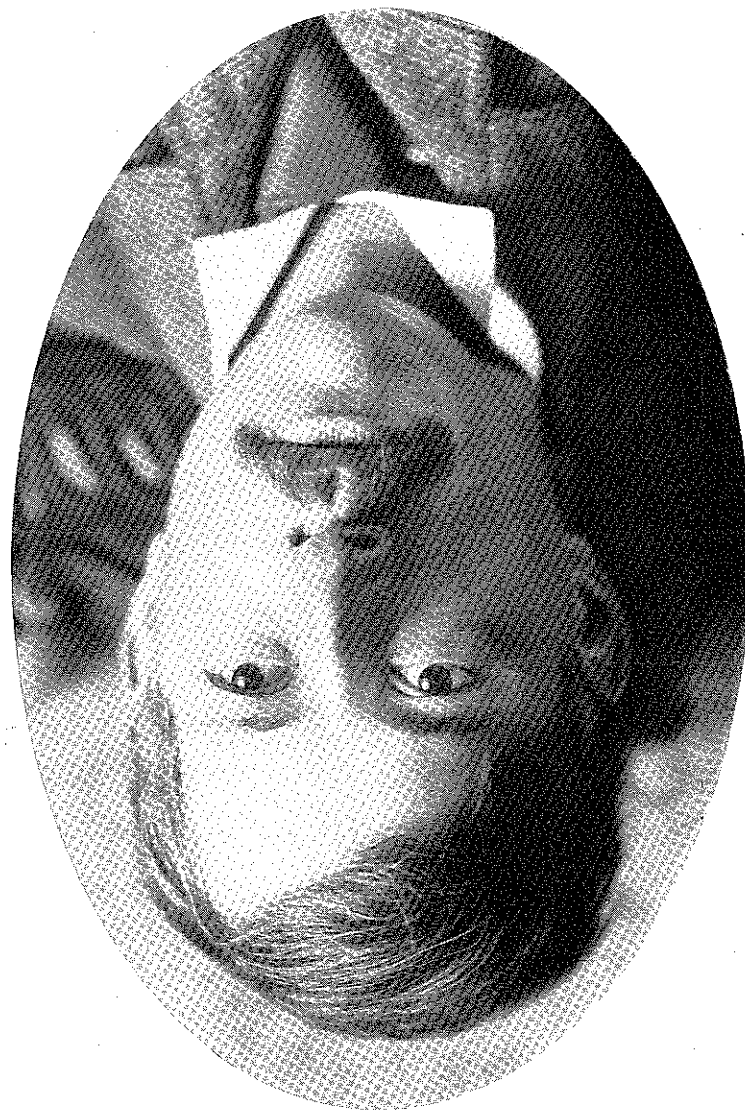


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EDWARD PERRY WARREN

EDWARD PERRY WARREN
 In the Early Thirties



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PREFACE

THIS Memoir has been finished in difficult circumstances. Of those originally entrusted with the work Mr. Osbert Burdett, a skilled and experienced literary man, was clearly best qualified to write. His intention had been to complete the work within ten years of Warren's death. But his own death in 1936 and other difficulties prevented his accomplishing what he had hoped, and others who had been collaborators and handymen had to undertake the task of composition. This accounts for the lack of cohesion in the work, for the difference in style and approach of different chapters, and for some of the repetitions. Furthermore, Warren had himself expressed the wish that any Memoir should so far as possible be limited to statements of fact and that gossip and expressions of authors' opinions should be excluded. For this reason the letters have been all through adopted as the basis or framework, and it is only rarely, as in the chapter on Oxford, that this rule has been departed from.

The book could never have been brought even to its present stage of completion without the energetic assistance both in composition and proof reading of Mr. Alan Davis, to whom I here acknowledge a great debt.

I have also to express my warm thanks to Mr. L. D. Caskey, Director of the Classical Department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, for permission to publish the reproductions of some of Warren's choicest purchases which are included in this volume; to Professor J. D. Beazley, F.B.A., Lincoln Professor of Archæology at the University of Oxford, for his great kindness in contributing the chapter on Warren

PREFACE

as Collector and for advice on the arrangement of the illustrations; to Mrs. Bridges for permission to quote from letters of the late Laureate: and to Sir William Rothenstein for permission and kind assistance in some matters concerning Madame Rodin.

E. H. G.

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CHAPTER I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY : SCHOOLDAYS

"MY grandfather," Warren tells us, "an old-fashioned Calvinistic Congregationalist, used to pray on Sundays at Mount Vernon Street for out-pourings of the Holy Spirit, for awakenings which should bring all to enquire : ' Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved ? ' Salvation, as I understood it, was accomplished by conversion. Conversion was a spiritual crisis. My grandfather had entered into a room with the resolve not to come out of it till he should be converted (the sign of the accomplished fact was that he felt love for the brethren). He was of opinion that from salutary motives fear should not be excluded. He had asked my grandmother, a gentle soul if ever there was, what had led to her conversion ; and, possibly among other causes, she had answered ' Fear '. This was his statement ; but in her answer she may have deferred to his ideas. When asked about theology, she would say : ' Go to your grandfather.' Morally she had some independence. At least, I heard that she had never approved of my grandfather's conduct in some matter. We always thought my grandfather conceited ; and I don't think that we were pained when Papa declined to republish his books in a uniform edition. One of them, by the way, was *Congregationalism and the Sects*. My grandfather was not a man to influence me personally, but his doctrines were the tradition of our church. We were supposed to approve of camp-meetings.

I went to hear Moody and Sankey. There I noticed that Moody believed in the doctrine of assurance. This would

imply that conversion, whether a crisis or not (my mother, who had not undergone a crisis, had been told that it was not necessary, conversion being sometimes a quiet process unobserved), was definite salvation, failing, I suppose, the sin against the Holy Ghost. In Blandford, my mother's birthplace, whither I went with her, we found an old woman distressing herself with self-questioning : 'Do I love Christ? I think that I do.'

In this atmosphere not only concerts but nearly all our doings were logically impossible. The fact, however, was not conclusive. Our doings might be wrong. Yet I was impressed by the fact that St. Paul did not live in the state of excitement which the doctrine suggested to me, and also by the scant provision that the doctrine of conversion made for the Christian life. It was all beginning ; there was no sequel.

On the other hand I found a sequel in the practice of the Episcopal Church. My sister thought I was drawn to this church by an æsthetic rather than a Christian attraction. The attraction was indeed partly æsthetic ; and the æsthetic principle was to show itself as a germ of revolt not only against the Congregational but against the Episcopal church ; but there was at least in the prayer-book a distinct idea of the Christian life as a continuity of sober, quiet, and godly self-discipline. Conversion hardly appeared in the system. You were a 'Child of God' and an 'Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven' ; your task was to live as such, and salvation depended on that life, though given through the atonement of Christ and not really earned. I gathered that we were not to trouble so much about the danger of the last day as to follow God's rule, the Church's rule, and were to trust to God for its effect on ourselves and others. Here was some sanity . . .

Let me tell of 67 Mount Vernon Street. It was a long house, running from a narrow front on Mt. Vernon Street

back toward Pinckney Street, and, eventually, after my father had built an addition, to a broader front on Pinckney Street itself. On the ground floor was the 'reception-room', used only to receive short calls, not occupied as a sitting-room ; and at the back the octagon breakfast-room, decorated in the Pompeian style. Here was the silver-closet with its iron door. Behind, the china-closet, kitchen, servants' dining-room, laundry, and a man's bedroom. One flight up were the following rooms : the 'little' parlour over the front entrance, filled with Venetian furniture (ivory inlaid in ebony), china, and pictures. Not being occupied, its long French windows were often open for the ventilation of the house, which was over-heated by a furnace and registers. This little parlour was the place in which at the time of my early Episcopalian enthusiasm I persuaded my mother to hear me read Morning Prayer and Litany. She was busy : yet she took time and came, constituting in her own person the whole congregation. I wore a night-gown, and, for stole, a broad pale-blue Japanese scarf embroidered with fans.

Next to the little parlour was the front library, which, together with the drawing-room and the 'grand big hall' (also the reception-room), were in my youth as Mrs. Amory had left them. Mrs. Amory was a daughter of Lord Lyndhurst. Her ideas were, after a fashion, English, or at least foreign. The bookcases in the front library did not suit. I don't know whence she or Mamma had got them ; but the cornice and the mirror frame over the mantel-shelf were done in plaster and painted dark like old oak. The wall-paper, where it showed, was dark. The furniture, 'Walter Scott' furniture, was covered with dark velvet, re-covered later by my mother with darker. The books were well-bound and stately. When I asked Berkeley Updike what was the principle of their selection, he replied : 'Don't you see? They are such books as should be in every gentleman's library.'

Papa was a paper-maker. These books were, I fancy, sent to him as complimentary copies by the publishers to whom he had furnished paper. I acquired knowledge of the names of celebrated authors, but, being without guidance, I dipped into them at random.

Religious Musings by Coleridge seemed promising, yet what could I do with—

“Austria and that foul Woman of the North ;
The lustful murderess of her wedded lord” ?

The drawing-room was panelled, and in the panelling were inserted oval portraits of the ladies of the court of Louis XV. Over the doors, and likewise in the panelling, were bucolic scenes of courtship in the style of Watteau. This setting did not well suit the portraits of my father and mother by Cabanel, nor perhaps the oriental embroideries and vases which adorned the French furniture.

Next came a little ante-room with the grand piano and another Venetian cabinet filled with china. This led into the “grand big hall” as we children used to call it, intended I suppose by Mrs. Amory for dancing ; but, since it was cold, we used it for setting out plates of molasses candy to stiffen overnight. This room was later made into a black walnut dining-room in some French style, with a built-in sideboard sustained by griffins and two ground-glass gas-globes borne by half-length figures representing a Roman and a Gaul guarding the great mirror. Since the passage from the ante-room to the dining-room opened by arches without doors, a huge tapestry representing Elijah with the woman of Sarepta was hung all along the end of the room, and was let down when Mamma noticed a draught. The meals were slow and dull. I was not allowed to leave till they were over, and was full of nervous impatience.

Beyond the dining-room was the back library, a retreat for my father.

There were a few sunny bedrooms upstairs ; but, save

when for a time I occupied the roof with a view over the Milton Hills, I was quartered in cold Northern or shadowed Eastern rooms.

Henry, my crippled brother, had a tiny South room which he kept so hot as to melt the snow on the roof of our neighbour's house. The neighbour's front walk became covered with glare ice ; and there were complaints. Poor Henry had to live as he could. There were cold chops on a table outside his door that he might eat in the night, if necessary. One night I found him in my bed.

‘Why, Henry ! What's the matter ?’

‘Oh, it's such a labour to get into my own bed.’

‘Let me help you. How is it done ?’ (for he had no bed).

The process was as follows. First, he got into a bag. In this bag he was placed on the flat top of a bridge-like desk on which a blanket hung down in front. This hanging part was then drawn over him so that the two edges of the blanket fell between the desk and the wall. The desk was then pushed to the wall and held the edges fast. How could he do this alone ?

Henry was rather sympathetic with me and was a firm critic of others. He said that Aunty's life was a wasted life ; that it was of no use to protest against Mamma's doings : they were like a storm ; we must allow it to pass over ! of Sam, that his main idea seemed to be to enlarge his way of living.

I've described the house to show that it offered some relief to my æsthetic instinct. I did not know that it was not in pure taste. I did enjoy the china—so much, indeed, that I had to be forbidden to take up specimens to my room for contemplation when I undressed. I used to forget them in the morning, and they would be found under the bed. I had also my little collection in my bedroom on a corner cabinet and would make myself an hour late to bed rearranging it. I was learning. Perhaps from Wordsworth I had learnt

a reverence for nature. On the wall of my bedroom at Waltham I had written :

"Man should not be separated from his mother, Nature. It hinders equal development."

But the natural shape of a vase seemed to me to be that of a morning glory. When a Greek hydria was said to be beautiful, I was surprised. The turn at the shoulders seemed to be not natural, a sophistication ; but I set myself to appreciate this beauty ; acquired taste could still be taste : this doctrine might apply to olives. The Turkey-red vallance in Boston gave me infinite pains. When I had finally draped it to my satisfaction, it was so rumpled that Auntie said that it looked as if it had been through the wars.

Auntie was a blessing. My mother, as may be inferred from the story of her conversion, was not emotional ; she maintained a grand considerate placitude ; but you could 'come round' Auntie by an appeal to her emotions. The thing to do was to join hands, all of us, and dance her round the breakfast-table. She had forth-reaching sympathy. Although a hater of Roman Catholicism, she bought at Oxford a book of Pusey's, and elsewhere figures of saints—from me she had and put in her bedroom at Yarmouthville (for this was later) a painting by Simeon Solomon representing a priest holding up the Blessed Sacrament ; in Boston she ran about, cultivated new acquaintances, went to exhibitions, and perhaps brought into our house the taste for pictures which my mother was able to indulge. Auntie was pretty, very pretty. Papa was proud of her. At the age of fifteen she was taken by him and Mamma on their wedding journey. She was fond of him. I discovered a book in which she has written of its association with her 'brother'.

In Philadelphia, whither I went to see the exhibition of 1876, I was in a dreadful state. At any moment I might become convinced that it was my duty to go from door to door in the hotel calling on the visitors to be converted. The

difficulty was to find an argument for *not* doing so. I fell back upon this : My doctrines would put an end not only to concerts but to business, to everything. The whole world would desert its occupations and become a pandemonium of people converted or converting. "Think twice," I used to say to myself, "before you destroy the fabric of civilisation." Some happy inconsistency prevented me from thinking of this all the time, but I could not be inconsistent enough to be like other boys.

I was sent to the Phillips Grammar School in Anderson Street. There I introduced an anti-tobacco pledge, and became a tale-bearer when I saw boys breaking rules. My reputation, however, had been marred on arrival. I wore a pair of my sister's boots which had been handed on to me. They were bronzed, I think. At all events a little pattern of cord with two tassels was fastened on the front. Everybody looked at my feet. I couldn't think what was the matter with them. Then it came out. A popular song—"Tassels on the boots—A style I'm sure that suits. You Yankee girls with hair in curls wear tassels on your boots"—was found applicable. I went by the name of Tassels. Long afterward, passing through the streets around the Massachusetts General Hospital, I used to hear cries of "Tassels" from the alleys. The boys were rough. Once I was knocked down and bruised on the back of my head. I was convinced that the hair would never grow there again, and lamented the loss very much. But I did not retaliate. "If a man smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also."

The discipline of the school waked me up. At the Kindergarten, where I had been before, I had been rather proud that I couldn't tell the time by the clock. It seemed to me *infra dig.* to submit myself to times and seasons. Perhaps also it was inconvenient. Not knowing the time would have been a good excuse for being late, and I was always late. But I don't remember that convenience had anything to do with it. I felt a personal pride in my dreamy condition, and would

not brook the interference of the clock. So in the Kindergarten I set myself against learning how to tell the time. The Phillips School changed my feelings by exciting my ambition. Somehow I had come to know about the clock. But arithmetic—another practical science—was a bug-bear. However, a seat near the top of the class couldn't be got without it. I applied myself to the odious study as never before or since. I even endeavoured to redeem it by introducing a wee bit of superstition. All the figures that had to be carried were set down at the side of my slate and added up, the result labelled "Consequence". What virtue there might be in this "Consequence" I didn't know. There might be some. Perhaps I was only trying to 'draw' the teacher—all my teachers—at this school. They may have had a favour unto me. I was, though I didn't know it, a young swell. Then I *did* understand a thing or two, was excellent at spelling, and remembered the meaning of hard words in the reader. My neckties were likely to have been pretty. Ned was always known to pay special attention to his neckties. I ranged from 13th to 6th and even 3rd in the class. A Mulatto, however, was always No. 1, and two and three whom I liked immensely held their own pretty well. My handwriting (I took no end of pains with it) was always a little too round. And another fellow who submitted to the ethereal slimness of the copy (which I didn't like) always got ahead of me. Probably however the arithmetic was what kept me permanently from being No. 1.

I was much exercised about the conversion of my particular friends, but they couldn't be made to understand. With one of them I fell mildly in love. He had an elastic step and fair hair. In general, however, I was alone, more or less hustled about and despised. The school was a prison to me, and when Mamma came sometimes in her carriage to the door and called me out early to drive to Waltham, I laid my head on her sealskin sack almost ready to cry, but the happiest boy in the world. I loved my mother very much,

and was her favourite child. She could not, I think, help showing her preference, though it was against her principles to favour one child more than another. I was however considered a remarkable child, had taken to music very early, and composed. This composition goes back as far, at least, as my winter in Paris.

Mr. Lubec used to call me his *confrère* and enquired whether I had made a certain piece without any lessons in harmony. The visit to Europe had no doubt a very important and lasting effect. I remember particularly the Museums, and being left alone at my wish in the galleries of sculpture or plastic casts while the rest went to see the pictures. My interest in the sculpture was not wholly artistic. I cared mainly for the nude, male or female, the male as much as the female. In later days I came across a diary kept in Rome. A few lines were carefully torn out but I remembered them well. I had heard the story of Pauline Borghese, sculptured by Canova, and was anxious to see the statue. When I saw it, however, I was disappointed. The lines torn out ran: "I had thought that she was entirely naked, but she was not." Of a piece with this was my desire to be a missionary. It was thought, I dare say, a very creditable ambition, but no one knew that I had chosen the career because the Indians wore no clothes.

I was already given to be romantic, desired a grand but blighted life, vowed, for instance, most solemnly (at the foot of the back stairs) that I would be a missionary not only for the reasons mentioned above, but because such an immolation of my future—to which of course I was irrevocably bound by my vow—would blight my life as aforesaid. In Vienna I was very sentimental about Beethoven and compared his melancholy grandeur with Mozart. I told a lady that I should rather be like Beethoven. "Of course," said she, "he was greater." "Ah, you don't understand," I replied.

My recollections of Europe were supplemented by the

constant examination of Mamma's photographs, especially the sculpture, which I now began to appreciate more for its art, and by such books as came my way. I read Grunin's *Michael Angelo*, somebody's *Thorwaldsen*, copied sketches by Michael Angelo and Raphael, carried statuettes or photos in my pocket, and applied myself to Brigham's cast catalogue of antique sculpture. I carried about with me in a case three photos ; one of the Venus of Medici, one of Canova's Venus, and one of the Venus of Thorwaldsen—the last my favourite. For Canova I had, indeed, the greatest contempt. In my trouser pocket I kept a small copy of the Venus of Milo in silver, "German silver" I suppose ; and this I preferred to all the other statues. I do not remember any male statue as a favourite save the Hermes of Belvedere, of which I had a photo, and the Ludovisi Mars. The cast of the Mars which stood in the Boston Athenaeum produced in me no small excitement ; and I much wanted a photo of Myron's Discobolus which belonged to Aunt Jennie.

By this time I had been removed from the Phillips Grammar School and sent to Mr. Hopkinson's school in Boylston Place. My statuettes and photos must have made me seem different from other boys, as also my efforts to convert them. I joined in no games and was almost, though not quite, as much alone as in the Public School. (Public School in America = Free School run by the State. The Grammar School was a State School : Mr. Hopkinson's a private school.) I didn't know the names of my school-mates, with some exceptions, but used to give them names according to my fancy. Thus one, whose face seemed to me refined, was called "Athens", another the "Marquis" or the "Breathing Boy", from a fancy that he was aristocratic but that his bodily processes outweighed his spiritual. I saw few of the boys after school hours, and even at recess, for the most part, only a rather feminine youth usually called "Lucy". Of him hereafter. Meanwhile my music was being carried on under various masters. I was very bad at reading the notes

but could get things by ear. One of my teachers, a lady, was clever enough never to play me a new piece first but to leave me to pick it out. How long that piece would wait ! I was never industrious, hated practising, and when I was set to the 'cello never learnt it.

I had a great reverence for composers and musicians. My Aunt tells a story of my nursing a child on the steamer so that its father, a musician, might be free to develop himself musically. Great was my adoration of a master whom I believed to be dead, the pianist Ernst Perabo. When I discovered he was alive my joy knew no bounds. I attended his concerts and excused myself on that score to Mr. Hopkinson for not learning my Greek. I had done my best, had taken my books with me to the recital. (This reminds me of a famous proposal I made one Sunday, when in the country, that we should all take our Bibles and go down to Lawrence's meadow and pick cranberries.) Mr. Hopkinson was very good-natured. Talking to me at this time or another about "scientific music" he ended the conversation by saying that I knew more about it than he did. One day, coming to hear a recital of Mr. Perabo's, I found I had lost my ticket. I assured the door-keeper it had been bought and paid for, but that wouldn't do. What was to be done ? The door-keeper said I might ask Mr. Perabo. This frightened me a little, but I went into the waiting-room, found the kind, dark-bearded and dark-eyed man and explained the case. Patting me on the back he opened the door of the concert room and let me in.

Later on I became his pupil, and he taught me far more than music only. He had been brought up harshly—nearly killed with practising—by his father, had suffered and had learnt an extreme and almost morbid tenderness. Almost, but perhaps not quite. If he gave more than their due to some modern sentimental composers (such as Lowe, *Good Samaritan*, etc.), and perhaps to Schubert (he never played Chopin and said that he had heard little of Wagner, but what

he had heard—here he lowered his voice—he seemed to him “like a whore”), if he lingered too much over Schubert’s Impromptu in C Minor Op. 103 No. 1, he had a strong, firm, almost loud touch (his fingers were large) for the passages that needed it. There was nothing vapid about his sentiment. He was a strong musician just a little overbalanced. His quotations—“Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass”, some from the Gospels, others from Shakespeare—were all concerned with the value of true, tender and high feeling. He could not understand how it came to pass that Shakespeare was an Englishman and that Christ was a Jew. He preferred the Unitarians in Boston, but his creed was vague. From President Lincoln he would quote: “Show me the church that embraces all humanity and I will join it.” He used to weep and tell me his secrets and play to me when I hadn’t learnt my lesson. Then he would ask how I liked what he had played. I was always slow to judge, and had to hear the new thing many times over before I would say. He liked this. “How I wish other people were like that.”

My criticism at the end (“Very much”, or “A little cold, isn’t it?”) usually pleased him.

He wanted me to devote myself wholly to music.

“Perhaps I shall,” said I, “after I have finished Harvard.”

“Ah, then you won’t want to.”

Anxious to get a true opinion from the critics, he once gave a concert omitting the names of the composers from the programme. They assigned, I think, something of his own to Beethoven. His concerts often didn’t pay, especially when he made an effort to bring out a septet that had never been heard. He inveighed against the cold Bostonian criticism with which many others, I fancy, have found fault as well. They should have unharnessed Rubinstein’s carriage and drawn it themselves. He was hardly an unhappy man—at all events he laughed merrily over what amused him. He had a weakness, speculation in business, and used

to come to my father for advice. My father advised him to keep out of it. I loved and honoured him very much. Hence when my brother Sam said:

“Musicians usually have poor characters.”

“There’s Mr. Perabo,” said I.

“But you wouldn’t be like him.”

“Indeed I would,” said I.

Besides music I used to be interested in china which my mother collected. I took favourite pieces to my room and put them by my bed at night. If I breakfasted in bed I used to direct that the whole breakfast set should be brought up and further specify the cups to be used. In the afternoon I would hunt in the antique shops for plates and cups which I could afford to buy. Mamma used to buy them for me sometimes. I remember her giving what she thought a foolish price for a cracked Lowestoft cup because I wanted it. I had my little shelves of china in my bedroom (on the same floor as Mamma’s room), and used to stay up late arranging them to the best advantage, getting a little nervous and excited over the work because I knew I ought to be in bed.

Books, save my lesson books, I didn’t read. There were at all events only two books that exercised any particular influence over me. *Corinne* was one, and the chief. Besides this there was *Yeast* by Charles Kingsley. (*The Arabian Nights* impressed me a little at a younger age, and *Beauty and the Beast*, with a terrifying picture of the Beast. *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, etc., I couldn’t stand.)

I was abroad in 1868, that is to say when I was eight years old, and again, I believe, in 1873. During the first visit, Pope Pius the Ninth blessed me from his carriage in the town, and in the Tuileries gardens, playing with my hoop, I ran into the Emperor Napoleon III, who took my impact very politely. The Empress Eugénie, riding down the

Champs Elysées, smiled on me when in greeting I threw out my arms like a starfish.

These visits to Europe gave me my only sense of real life. I would be out on the walk before 67 Mount Vernon Street, impatient for departure. In short, I was a boy cloistered from the American world in a domestic museum on the top of Beason Hill, yearning for those things of which I had inadequate evidence at home.

My school companion, whom I have called "Lucy", I wasn't devoted to, but we had two interests in common: Confirmation and Candlesticks. The candlesticks—of old brass—were exposed in certain shop-windows, and priced at various sums from 50 cents to 1.25 and even 1.75. We would examine them with the greatest attention, decide whether they were pretty in every detail or only "queer", and then whether we had enough money to buy them.

Confirmation—which has nothing to do with the Orthodox Congregational Church—was a point at first mainly connected with Lucy, but afterward with myself. He was thinking of being confirmed; I wanted to be, but wasn't sure of every article in the creed. From my youth I had been taught the duty of following one's conscience and of judging for one's self. Thus at an early age, when one of my friends joined the church, I rose in indignation.

"How can you do such a thing when you haven't yet examined the question whether nymphs and naiads exist or not?"

My mother would never have insisted on imposing on us views from which we conscientiously dissented. My sister, after reviewing various creeds, said:

"But we are right, aren't we, Mamma?"

"We *think* we are," said Mamma.

Conscience, indeed, with us involved not the right but the duty of private judgment, and to me no creed was so clearly

right as to warrant me in joining the church which professed it without examining the beliefs of other churches. My mother, with some alarm as I fancy, saw me wandering about to other churches, principally Unitarian, Episcopal and Roman. For the Unitarians I never had much respect. They did not seem to distinguish between acceptance of a creed and the casual belief in their own ideas. A revelation of truth to man when discovered by the best exercise of one's private judgment must be accepted, not half-and-half, but wholly and with submission. If we believed in the Bible, we must believe what the Bible taught. In short, though criticism was preliminary to faith, yet the faith was a unity to be accepted or rejected. The Episcopal Church—which had horrified me in my earlier youth by its vain repetitions, stupefying the spiritual nature into neglect of the one thing needful, conversion—now attracted me much in two ways. Doctrinally, because it provided for the Christian life, helped one to live it, was full of practical injunctions for daily Christian effort, sane and sweet, and not perpetually unsettling the plant to enquire into its roots; ritualistically, because its forms and services were beautiful. Doctrinally, its belief—more especially baptismal regeneration—was not altogether easy to accept. Either you had to admit a thaumaturgic and unspiritual regeneration at baptism, or else regeneration, symbolized by baptism, was afterwards neglected and never brought to pass. This matter, however, didn't much concern me. I was already baptized and perhaps converted. At all events I had an intense desire for help in the Christian life. And this I found in the services.

Perhaps this desire was a test of conversion, or maybe conversion was necessary and violent only in those whose heart had been opened to God, regeneration without conversion taking place quietly in those who had always tried to be Christians. The Anglican teaching at all events made religion possible and seemed more consonant with some of the quieter teaching of the Apostles. They had not always

run about madly for revivals. Neither had the Congregationalists, it is true ; but their teaching implied, as it seemed to me, that they ought to. The difference was theologically, perhaps, the difference between salvation by faith alone and the idea of working out your salvation. Salvation by faith alone had always seemed to me an immoral doctrine. If we are saved already, how gladly would we turn to the works of the flesh. But then a real faith might imply subsequent works, might be tested by them, and the doctrine of assurance cannot have been pressed home by my pastors or teachers. Congregationalism was not untenable, but it was very unsettling.

"Lucy" had very vague ideas on all these matters, had been brought up a Congregationalist but never baptized, and was to be baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal Church. I constituted myself instructor, drew up forms of prayer for each of us, with many notes and directions in the margin and numerous changes as my liturgical creativeness increased. I bought many books of private prayer, yellow calendars, missals, breviaries, etc., acquainted myself with the use of colours, got ribbons, red, green, violet, etc., to put under the candlesticks lighted when I said my prayers, assigned intercession specially to Wednesdays—it grew very long in time and included an endless litany of friends, the name repeated with the same petition—self-examination, likewise very long, to Fridays, and psalms to special days. "Lucy" followed with some difficulty, the directions were so numerous and variable, according to days and seasons ; the special forms, versicles, etc., so like to be forgotten, the self-examination such an undertaking. I discovered faults of omission and commission pretty well whenever we talked the matter over at recess, not only in his performance, but in my rules, which were accordingly revised, and supplemented, rectified, or remodelled, till the marginal notes, after filling all the available space, lost themselves in fine writing at the corners. Then a fair copy had to be made, and the copy very likely suggested further alterations, till

"Lucy", though provided with a simpler service than my own, grew quite bewildered.

I pass over the conversations on spiritual matters which were principally expositions of my doubts, of distinctions that must be made, theological points at issue, and, I dare say, morality. Morality formed a great part of my meditations, and was with me a specially difficult subject. The difficulties were mainly connected with the purity or impurity, beauty or foulness, of emotions. In the discussion about music with Mr. Hopkinson mentioned above, I was principally concerned with the difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Sentiment I knew was good, sentimentality was false or perverted sentiment. But in application what was perverted, what was right ? Christianity justified marriage. Which was pure in marriage ? How did the beautiful become wrong ? Evidently epithalamia, the most erotic epithalamia, were right provided they referred to married love. But, if so, the essential, or erotic part, could hardly be wrong considered in itself and it was not that which constituted the wrongness of immorality. The social question was subordinate to me. I asked what was the impurity of lust. Was not lust in some sense a part of marriage ? Or, if the term was to be restricted to corrupted physical love, where did the corruption begin ? It must be a spiritual corruption recognizable by a connoisseur in emotions.

One of my friends was immoral. I went with him to satisfy myself of the fact which seemed to me almost incredible. I made sure of it without slipping myself (that was perfectly easy to me), and returned disconsolate. These things could be done and no plain reason, no verifiable reason, advanced why they should not be done. Another friend of mine was sorry about it.

'Why ?' I asked.

'I don't know,' was the answer.

And it was also my answer to this extent that, judged by the emotions aroused, unless they were vitiated by a sense

of guilt resulting from the absence of matrimony, I could not discover their foulness. That a thing good in itself should be forbidden for social reasons, or by reason of the life which such women were obliged to lead, was quite within my comprehension and not at all objectionable to my reason. But while it would settle the case practically, it left open a very grave question. The action was condemned as lust, was stigmatized as foul. Was this because it was not conjoined with love, or because it was not conjoined with matrimony; and how could the accusation levelled against love without matrimony be distinguished from lust, under whose name it usually went? One must be a connoisseur in emotions to lay this down clearly.

I aspired to be a connoisseur in all emotions in order to understand ethics. Ethics—the word was not then known to me perhaps but the thought was familiar—would be the study and classification of emotions, their division into the right and the wrong (as in the case of sentiment and sentimentality). It would imply much reading, much imagination, and feelings at every moment in relation and sympathy with all possible kinds of emotions, those thought bad as well as those thought good, that I might not praise blasphemously, or condemn the innocent.

I wrote a letter to my friend (asking for it afterwards back to copy), in which my regret at the discovery I had made was based mainly, as far as I remember, on historical considerations, the greatness of Greece and Rome having been sapped by such conduct, etc. I think the whole adventure must have fallen before my concluding years at school when the religious ardour was uppermost.

My fancies had fallen lightly on two or three boys at the Phillips Grammar School. They began to burn for a youth at school to whom I wrote a poem comparing him to the Maker's model for Humanity and to Antinous. They flamed forth in an ode to a member of the first class (in America the 1st is the uppermost).

I worshipped him at a distance. I knew where he lived, and as the window shade was often not quite drawn I could stand in the street at night and see the curly head bent over his books. Sometimes the shade was down and I had come in vain. He never knew of these visits. One night as I was looking at him I heard a laugh behind me. It was our French maid who had tracked me.

The maid was taken into confidence. She had known him as a child when she served an aunt of his and was able to borrow a photograph of him of which I had a tintype taken before returning it. This tintype was one of my treasures. Another was his autograph which he had given me. This I put into an envelope, cut a hole that I might see it, and glazed the opening with transparent paper to keep it clean. His Greek exercises I surreptitiously acquired from the waste-paper box and pieced together as well as might be. To him I wrote an ode which expressed the first transition from an ideal to a real love.

I had seen him playing football in an open lot beyond the New Old South Church. I described him :

“Clothed in the sweat of action, powerful, great
With health and sinews mighty, born to live,
To live and not to die, to seize the world
Not vanish from it . . .”

I had passed from the notion of the statuesque to the notion of the real. I drew my conclusion :

“And if I, weak, imperfect, dastardly
Do scorn to live in the tumult and the roar
Of the unheavenly world, prefer to die
Because forsooth I think my heaven-born powers
Too feeble, then his calm
Grand power for action rises in my mind
And, like one snatched from failures by success
Caught from the moon's arms by the rising sun,
I kneel and humbly say ‘I'll try to live’.”

Another ode was written to a boy whom I didn't know save by name and had only seen in a window. This ode was the first wherein a love of "intensity" versus "height" was expressed. It was becoming evident that the two kinds of emotion, the intense and the high, were equally to claim me. But the battle was not to be fought out yet.

From my last year at school, '78-79, to the Junior year at College, '81-82, the religious question was to be foremost. Before I pass to it, a few words about my studies. Greek and Latin were not taught thoroughly at Mr. Hopkinson's. The grammar was rather despised. Authors not necessary for examinations were never read, and we were taught to use our own wits and rely on our own judgments in the interpretation of passages. The intention doubtless was good : not to turn off the youth by giving him dry bones instead of bread, but I wanted thoroughness, references to the grammar and justifications for translations. I was very pleased with the study of syntax and forms ; very eager to master small details, and very much shocked when, after verifying the correctness of my Plato (*Apology*) or Xenophon (*Anabasis*), I was turned on to Herodotus and Homer, whose shocking novelties were not sufficiently explained. I hated mathematics, and loved, for want of anything better suited to me, my Vergil, especially the *Eclogues*. When I think how an idyll of Catullus would have delighted me and waked me up, and how much there was that I wanted to know, and would have studied with joy, which was never placed before me, I see how the years were wasted. I got Catullus once into my hands at the Athenæum, but after a short glance was convinced that he would always be too hard for me. So I learnt the second *Eclogue* by heart without clearly conceiving what it was about, and also the love tirade of Dido. Vergil was the book I had best mastered when I went up to college.

At this time more or less all the people of Boston were drawn away from their own churches by the exalted eloquence

and spiritual nobleness of Mr. Phillips Brooks, the rector of Trinity Church. My mother and father went also, but always in the afternoons, going to their own Mount Vernon Church in the mornings. We had a pew at Trinity, and seats at the hall in the Institute of Technology. I was at first very enthusiastic, but already at the hall I had received a shock. It is characteristic of me that I usually know when I turn a corner. One Sunday at the hall there was a sermon on the simplicity which is in Christ. My enthusiasm was at its highest that day. The next Sunday there was a sermon against superstition from which I never recovered. Thus after the church had been built and consecrated (I was present at the consecration), and the regular service had begun, pleased as I was with the new dignity and beauty of the worship, I was often nettled by the preacher. Whence was this doctrine ? By what signs were we to believe it ? It was improvised, it was personal, it was necessarily the faith. As my attachment to the church increased, my disaffection increased. The rubrics were violated, the service was not reverently conducted. The needs of the soul expressed in the service and recognized by the church were but ill regarded in these innovations, these omissions. I must go where the church sang and prayed, and the preacher waited his turn.

I was more at home in the Church of the Advent, St. John the Evangelist (then in Bowdoin Street). Here the intonation of the prayers left the worshipper free from the intrusion of the particular emotions felt by the priest. The altar provided him with symbols to assist him. The service, reverently conducted, was complete and completely at his disposal. The music was suitable, the psalms chanted, the Holy Communion sung. The hymns were not "sentimental" (I detested sentimental hymns unless they happened to appeal to my own turn of sentimentalism). The doctrine, it is true, was new and perhaps wrong, but it was clearly stated. There was something to take hold of.

A compromise between Trinity Church and the Church

of the Advent could be found at the Church of the Messiah (now St. Stephen's) in Florence Street. Here the doctrine was likewise carefully stated. The service was satisfactory, neither so low as at Trinity nor so high as at the Church of the Advent. The higher the better for me, but the main point was that it should not be subordinated and altered. The rector was a man I could understand better than those priests at the Advent, who seemed to have come from so far (he had been brought up a Congregationalist). The Advent was nearby, and I liked it best of all. But I wasn't clear about many of its doctrines and never thought of being confirmed there. I desired to be confirmed at the Messiah. My parents, however, would not have liked this, and I attended the confirmation class at Trinity and saw Mr. Brooks. He found me fit for confirmation and advised me to be confirmed where I had gone to church, i.e. nominally at Trinity.

"Do not turn your confirmation from a big thing into a little thing. Be confirmed where you are, and then, if you choose, go elsewhere, but do not connect confirmation with a preference as to the manner of conducting church services."

In connection with the confirmation, I had to review my belief in the articles of the Creed. I was doing this on an afternoon walk when my eldest brother—Sam—met me.

What was I thinking about?

"About being confirmed."

Well, before doing so I must consider what it involved and to what I was pledging myself.

I reviewed most of the articles, explaining that I did not know precisely what was meant by each but thought that each was clearly part of the faith which I accepted. If God had asked me to accept a statement made in an unknown language I should have accepted it and with reason. Sam's advice to me was that, being so uncertain as to the meaning of the dogmas, I had better wait before accepting them. The article that vexed me most was the resurrection of the

body. Physiologically this seemed impossible, and it wasn't clear to me that St. Paul, in laying it down, was speaking by authority and not of himself. That he did not always speak by authority was evident from the passage "For the rest speak I, not the Lord."

A week before my confirmation, my mother and father and I were together at home. The conversation fell upon Sam, a known doubter or disbeliever. Mamma said that she had always felt that the hearts of her other children were right, but that Sam's heart was against God. This was not the first time that a difference had arisen between her and me. I remember walking up Walnot Street once, trying to persuade her that she ought to be satisfied if her children adhered to the essence of her faith: the moral ideal, the spiritual aim. We should still be one, even if this ideal required of us to reject the dogmas, as it conceivably might. She could not see this. Now on hearing that Sam's heart was against God I broke out in the most inconsiderate way. She, I said, had always judged by externals, not by what her children were. There was no evidence of an evil heart in Sam. Papa alone judged rightly. He did not make the dogmas a test of character. She broke into tears and told me to go to my father since I said I had confidence in him.

It has always seemed strange to me that this outburst could take place a week before confirmation, not because of the views I expressed, but because their expression was so unmeasured and hurt Mamma so much. It was simply a blunt defence of justice and truth, but how could I make Mamma suffer so? The confirmation was at afternoon service on Palm Sunday, the best time possible since it gave me a week in which to prepare for the Easter Communion. At the Evening Prayer I was assailed by a dreadful doubt. Jesus might be the Son of God and yet humanly born. How could I say certainly that he was born of a Virgin? I decided this might be one of those scruples which must be disregarded, and went boldly up to the altar rail. My happiness at my first

Communion would have been complete if it had not been for my sense of my own unworthiness. I remember no happier hours in my life than the early Communion at the Church of the Advent which followed. Prepared carefully by self-examination and prayer, those early hours were of the purest and sweetest I have known. The sacrament for which I had longed so much and had against my will waited for so long, came to me as I knelt in a state of devotion and humility. My spiritual life became very strict and conscientious. My repentance was never insincere. My efforts at goodness were very earnest. However much my intellect wrestled with problems too big for it, or my fancy played about details of worship, the heart was clean and purified so far as I could make it.

In doctrine I was hungry for more faith. One must want to know all about Him in whom one believed. The splendid articles of the Nicene Creed would be a sea of delight in which to lose myself. Here then, was one of my temptations, to believe a thing because I wanted it and not because God had revealed it, to be misled by my taste. The purity required of one who could approach the holy and most blessed sacrament included a strictly conscientious agnosticism in dubious doctrinal points, and, while I went all lengths in ritualism, I kept a close hand on myself in belief. Those who were about me thought me very high church. I knew that I wasn't high church, and, more than that, I felt that my whole faith was an hypothesis that must some day be tested by the severest examination. Meanwhile I claimed a little rest, a little spiritual refreshment. I had been impressed in reading the Catechism mostly with the negative statements about the sacraments, with which I warmly agreed. The Lord's body was received only after a spiritual manner. Now I puzzled myself with the positive side. It was received and, as the prayers showed, it conveyed with it remission of sins and all the benefits of the Passion. How far could I accept this, and if not, was I not profaning the sacrament by receiving more.

than I believed in? I settled this by believing that if the preparation and repentance were sincere, then I was justified in receiving, and would obtain the full benefits whatever they might be.

At about this time the Reverend Knox-Little visited Boston, and held a retreat, much to my mother's consternation. She wrote to me anxiously about confession which I had not the least idea of making. I was not clear that the power of absolution had been handed on by the Apostles to their successors. Father Knox-Little won my sympathy by his first assertion that what the age needed was a manly religion. There was indeed a manly quality about his sermons, about his temperate, suffering, sobered look and delivery. His point was to take the precepts of life and struggle literally. He was bracing and severe. In some points he pushed his references. Thus, maintaining that God was all about us, supporting us, that we could not exist save as sustained by Him, he went on to say that when we did anything wrong we made Him to some extent a partaker of it, since He was obliged to sustain us during the sin. I did not know what to think of this, but at all events I was much helped by him. Not only were my ideas straightened out and made clearer, but also I began to be in touch with English ways of thinking.

CHAPTER II

AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*continued*): HARVARD

IN the autumn of 1879 I drove with Arthur Lyman from Cedar Hill to my rooms at Beck Hall, two flights up in the sharp corner. I had been ready for Harvard one year earlier as far as studies were concerned; but it had been thought better that I should wait another year. My proficiency was in Latin and Greek, not at all in Mathematics, and in Latin and Greek it was not a knowledge of many authors but a linguistic aptitude. I translated Latin against my will, because it was simpler to understand it, or to think that I understood it, without search for English equivalents. I knew, however, little grammar.

My class at Harvard, the class of '83—that is to say the class which in the ordinary course of four years should take degrees in 1883—was oddly constructed. It numbered, I believe, over two hundred; but of these only seventy or eighty counted socially, and of the seventy or eighty only forty-five were in the first circle. The seventy or eighty were those who, in the fourth—or Senior—year became members of the Institute; the forty-five were those who in the second—or Sophomore—year became members of the Dicky. In the Freshman year these forty-five, not yet joined in a society, were mostly separated from all others by belonging to one of three or four tables; that is to say, six to a dozen men would arrange to have all their meals together, and the several dozens made up the majority of the eventual forty-five Dicky men.

There were three important tables in our class: a table of six, mostly Philadelphians; a table of a dozen, mostly

Bostonians; and my table, consisting of two Bostonians beside myself and the rest New Yorkers or Westerners. The Bostonian table was very Bostonian, the men belonged to well-known families. I and my two Bostonian companions were not thus illustrious.

The Freshman year was passed in stupidity. I remember some punches to which I was asked, some to which I wasn't. At one the fellows got drunk, and I, to keep in with their gaiety without sacrificing my conscience, took off my coat and pretended much excitement, but hid my glass in the bed. I could always manage this pretty well, since no amount of drink would ever make me drunk. I always knew what I was doing and went home with my head about me. Later in life I made an effort to lose my head, but never could even when I would.

I was puzzled to know what to have in my room. My brother Sam, I thought, might have come out and given me some tips. He sent me fifty cigars, which I mostly forgot about, and at the end of term gave to the porter, supposing them to be no longer good. I am afraid that there is no doubt that during the whole of my college course I was a social struggler, and did not escape the faults attaching to the situation. I wasn't a toady and I wasn't insincere—indeed, I must have practised independence and freedom of speech, for I remember how words, which struck me as only an exact statement of the obvious characteristics of some of my classmates, were taken almost as a declaration of war. My own definitions, my own ideas, proceeded so directly from my own point of view, that I couldn't have been mistaken for a "swipe". At the same time the character of those inner thoughts, which accorded a natural precedence to those of better breeding than myself, and the curious absence of any knowledge of the point of view of others, together with my utterly unhappy and unsettled social position, led to advances which were rejected, and to remarks which must have been in bad taste. To this day I am said not to see what others

think. Then, when I was far more afloat and less self-respecting, my course must have been quite wrong. I knew more or less that it was, and felt a very sincere surprise when people found me out as a good fellow, though I also was much disappointed that the best set never placed me on an equality with themselves. To others I must have seemed a strange mixture of snobbishness, bad form and refinement.

My music and my interest in beautiful things were marked, but my dress was either neglected or else intended to be extremely smart. My fashionable boots with olive uppers pinched me to distraction. I had the lowest and broadest-brimmed billy-cock going. But my ties would never look like anyone else's, and the bundles and books that I carried about, and my somewhat absent-minded air and slouching gait, were as far from measured correctness as the hat and tie. During my school-life I walked a good deal after dark because my eyes were bad, and studied as little as possible by evening light. So I had often caught glimpses under half-drawn shades of the parlours which the elect of the earth inhabited. Convinced that their taste was better than my own, but also that I was amply competent to acquire it—I remarked one day that "none of the Warrens were *born in the purple*"; Mamma didn't think the words well chosen (how mildly I was treated!)—I envied those who were admitted to the correct paradise without thinking that any injustice had been done me. Emerson had laid it down that those who were excluded should be glad of their exclusion, since only by their exclusion was it possible to constitute a congenial social circle. I accepted this; but still with a little licking into shape I thought that I would do. I had lots of good, perhaps important, feelings. Why would not someone take me in hand? At Harvard I had my chance had I but known how to use it. Many less qualified than myself were taken in. If I had maintained a dignified, slightly indifferent attitude, and had known what other people thought (my definition then of knowledge of the world) I should have



VASES

Above : PARIS AND HELEN

Attic red-figured Scyphos, 490-480 B.C., signed by Makron

Below : THE DEATH OF ACTÆON

Attic red-figured Krater, 470 B.C., by the Pan painter

succeeded. Instead of this, I was slightly aggressive and highly unprecedented. Those who knew me well liked me. Others thought me queer and not particularly desirable. A rather independent Bostonian of the inner circle procured me admission to the Saturday evening dancing class, then a sort of preliminary stage to society. But I didn't know to what girls I ought to be introduced, and as it was almost etiquette—a rule very strictly observed at all events—not to talk of girls, it was hard to find out. I got partly with the wrong, partly with the right, people, and damaged myself with many. I was fond of a Harvard man whose father had secured rather an evil reputation. The son, *per contra*, was a pattern in character and disposition. To the mother of the friend who had secured me admission to the Saturday evening, who was herself a patroness, I went and asked to have his name put on the list, saying that his father's name, I knew, would be an objection to her "as well as to myself", but that the son was all right. She said that she would put his name down, but the list of those waiting was long and she could give me no special hope. There was something about this that is perhaps characteristic—the snobbish admission that the father was an objection, with its implication that I also felt socially as she did, and the frank simplicity of a request which I was not specially in a position to make, not being personally acquainted with her. The lad was never admitted, but he came on to the stage at the "Assemblies", a social reunion which included a wider circle.

My chief desire at Harvard was to be in the Porcellian Club to which my brother Sam had belonged. This was a stamp of social correctness, and for this, rather than for the company, I desired it. My table was not a Porcellian table, that is, it neither sided with the Porcellian Club nor included any Porcellian men. But several belonged afterwards to the AD, the only other club.

At the end of the Freshman year the section of that class which corresponded to the table to which I belonged

bonded together to secure the election of members of my table to the "First Ten" of the Institute, and succeeded. Four men from my table, four from the Boston table, appeared on the first ten. At the time I did not know that this was a small revolution, and one not destined in the nature of things to be permanent. Afterwards it appeared clearly how partial and partisan the selection was. The election of the first ten was not, however, to affect me till the following winter. During the summer I made a visit to Buffalo. At the same time one or two members of the Boston table made a visit to another Buffalo classmate. That party was "correct". Mine was not.

In America these social distinctions are more real than they would be in an English college. The small circle of people who have any adequate social tradition is islanded in the midst of the most elementary culture. As the latter is often attended with wealth, and as there is no formal demarcation of social levels, the separation both at Harvard and in society is maintained with a certain degree of self-consciousness. It isn't a matter of course and it is a matter of necessity. At Oxford the discordant elements are partly sluiced off in different colleges, partly they mingle because a University acquaintance involves so little. The separate social spheres will keep people apart sufficiently afterwards. Where a difference is taken for granted it can be ignored at times. And in England, where roughly speaking the differences at a University are not so marked as in America, it is all the more easy to pass them over for the time being. In America, where social relations are always shifting, where wealth is always changing hands, where the special tests and types may change within ten years, it is not to be wondered at if the social consciousness of those who wish to live in harmonious surroundings is always acute and that they are ever, so to speak, on self-defence. My friends in Buffalo would prove, I thought, a good introduction to others of whom I had heard, more correct than themselves. But I was rather disappointed.

The jests were obscene, like much of the conversation which I heard, but they did not offend me for two reasons. During the Freshman year I had plunged into Walt Whitman's poems, trying to discover whether he had what he seemed to profess to have, a secret or gospel. I did not find any, but most warmly I agreed with his acceptance of the flesh, overstated but in substance true, "not an inch, not a particle of an inch is vile or shall be less familiar than the rest". This accorded with my nature. I had visited poor people in the North end, a family in one room with all their domestic utensils in evidence, and the father in bed. Nothing of this kind has ever disgusted me. As it was characteristic of me to criticize clearly and coldly those whom I loved, so I found no final contrariety between the ideal and the fleshly.

The second reason was allied to my investigation of Unitarian and Romanist Churches. As I thought myself bound eventually to make the deferred enquiry into the truth of the Christian faith, so I was also to ascertain whether its condemnation of "immorality" was just. I remember saying that the *Memoirs of Count Grammont* were useful to remove prejudices against immorality, and that my chief objection to the people of the court there described was that they did not stand by their guns; they practised irregular intercourse, nevertheless a woman who was brought to bed in the face of all was a scandal. So I endeavoured to obtain light from the speech of my fellows, light on that which I would not do myself. On the other hand I questioned whether second-hand knowledge could be sufficient. Saint-Simon, I had read, thought himself obliged to experience immorality before he founded a religion. At the evening punches I exercised myself not to seem different from others. I simulated drunkenness; drunk I would not be, that was contrary to my principles, but an orderly spectator would be considered the critic that he was, and would learn less. My principles followed me to a public ball. It was no more than that; but a public ball is a place to which public women may go. I recognized that they

might, but I would not assume by my own conduct that their morals were free. I therefore asked the only available person, a policeman, to introduce me to some damsel. My friends laughed ; the policeman told me that I needed no introduction. Likewise I went with my classmates to the "Black Crook", a performance of many girls in tights, on the theory that such costumes could be adopted by moral girls, a belief which may be defended ; but the point is that I considered defence necessary.

It was not only immorality that occupied me ; it was also the question of love. To condemn *La Dame aux Camélias* seemed to me heartless ; there was nothing amiss in *Mademoiselle de Maupin* save that we did not live in the impossible world there imagined. The pronouncements of respectable people so ignored love that they were no less than "superficial", which was my word of anathema. It meant that you passed over something sacred. All the friendships which I saw at Harvard seemed to me superficial. Love was not understood ; and not to understand it was blasphemy. I was more or less in love at this time with a fellow-collegian who was preparing for the Church, and in a collegiate paper I described a morning visit made while he was still in bed. These verses were assigned in the index by mistake to my friend ; but my affection was noticed. When he came into lunch a classmate said of me : "See, how he starts !"

In a churchly friend I could find sympathy, but my affection for others was often an admiration of alien excellence. I felt that many of them were well-planted and that I was not ; that I wanted from them such notice as I did not deserve. There is a record of this in the following verses addressed to the photograph of a group :

Ye say that I should learn to act,
Not waste myself in sighs,
Should learn to govern and control
The thoughts that in me rise.

"RUNNING FOR THE DICKY"

Alas ! Ye know not that to me
Life is a grasp at ecstasy,
A loosening hold, a broken wing,
Twixt earth and heaven fluttering.

Ye know not that the serious joy
Ye prize is full of earth's alloy
Of sense to mean ambition wed
And men content to get their bread.

With you a man is not a brother,
Ye leave a space for one another
But trust your friendships to the chance
Of ever-varying circumstance.

'Twould learn the secret of the grief
In dread Medusa's quivering eye,
Mourn with the mad, to none refuse
The throbbing hand of sympathy !

And if in sorrow, shame, and scorn,
Its life at last should have an end,
Prouder than yours its epitaph :
"True worshipper and faithful friend."

I cannot remember what men were in the group thus addressed, but I was beginning to think less of most of the members of my table, and in a class quarrel I, alone of the table, stood with the Bostonians. The quarrel concerned the "running for the Dicky". This running was a subservience before Initiation to the wishes of those already initiated. It lasted from Friday morning to Wednesday at twelve noon, with some allowance, perhaps, for Sunday. During the day the newly elected were booked for an hour with one and an hour with another older member.

I lived in terror of what my mother called "real life". I don't remember that she defined the term, but to me it meant life in my father's office, without a chance to read. My education, I thought, would come to an end with graduation. From lectures or "recitations" I was getting little,

and what with preparation for them and for work, the Dicky theatricals, editorship of the *Crimson*, and my business at three churches—Trinity, the Advent and the Old North Church—on Sundays, I had little time to myself. Yet this time was the only time for education as I understood it, that is to say, books which might satisfy me, mostly poetry.

Poetry, I thought, defined truth or even was truth. You could not write true poetry unless you were sincere and your sincerity discovered something real, something indisputable by those who appreciated poetry. The reality discovered was a soul's experience and was capable of formulation in prose. A line expressive of feeling was irrefragable proof, say, that the spiritual and the physical world could meet and unite in love, or that love as it became more intense could become more sensual. This proved, the question remains whether it was more love, i.e. whether intensity was the test of love. I had already condemned my companions because their friendship was superficial, i.e. not really love. It should have been more intense to become love. Intensity then seemed to be the mark of love.

I visited a fellow, Charlie Perrin. His room was very poorly adorned, hardly furnished in fact. He was a strong, and as most acknowledged—though some hated him—a very attractive fellow. He asked me to sit down, and I took the window-seat with the delicious sense of first intimacy creeping over me at once. During his Freshman year he had dysentery. I deserted my room and made up a bed on the floor of his sitting-room. Visitors were undesirable and the doctor allowed no one but me to attend. When I was absent over Sunday another fellow replaced me, but on my return I found him worse and thenceforth insisted on taking sole charge. We had many long talks about the "fellows".

His life had been interesting. He was brought up in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas ; had killed a rattlesnake and guarded the house at night for fear unruly soldiers might want to get at the women-folk of his family. His mother was a Page of

Virginia—one of the F.F.V.'s—and he was thus related to the Southern Lees, including General Lee. It so happened that the Northern branch of Lees was then represented at Harvard by Joe Lee, destined to be an opponent of Charlie Perrin. Charlie was passionate, unreasonable, uncultivated, though refined in his instincts, and very fond of music. He was warmly devoted to his friends, indeed to the extent of being partisan and strongly hostile even to good fellows on the other side. Southern blood, I used to think. I admired him immensely. One morning—I had slept away—I came and found his doors locked. I climbed up to the bedroom window. He wasn't there. He had gone without word left into the country to recuperate.

To me he was always to be worshipped at a distance. Hence when I asked him once to visit me at Beck I was surprised at his answer.

"No, I'm not going to let the fellows say I'm making up to Warren any more."

Making up to me ! This was putting things upside down. I felt so then and felt it still more strongly a few weeks afterwards when he was put on the First Ten. I hardly dared to speak to him. I remember a visit he made to me at Waltham when there was nobody in the house. I shut him up to "study". He would study an hour and then come and interrupt me.

"I say, Ned, let's have some grapes." And so we were out over the hills helping ourselves from the bunches on the vines till I would interfere.

"Now, Charlie, you must do another hour of work, or you will never pass the examination."

He would submit to be shut up again, but this time only for half an hour. I did my best and I believe he passed his examination. Another visit, I remember, never came off. I had asked him to Boston for the Sunday, probably in an offhand manner which he didn't take as final. He didn't appear at dinner. At half-past eight I took my horse-cars

(tram) to Cambridge (three miles), and listened at the door of his room. He was talking inside in a lively manner. Evidently he wasn't thinking of coming. Perhaps he didn't want to come. I wouldn't force him. But when I got to Boston again I didn't like to let the house be shut up. He might come late. I would find out. Back to Cambridge I went again with the same result as before. I returned toward midnight and went to bed disconsolate.

This I set down as I remember it, mainly because it shows to what exaggeration of sensitiveness my sentiment led me. I wanted him to come, yet I wouldn't make myself cheap and open the door to strike against a refusal.

One night, early in the Sophomore year, Charlie broke into my room :

"Let me congratulate you, Ned. I have got my man in and I don't want to go near the place again."

I couldn't understand—though anyone else would have understood. I was on the Third Ten and Charlie had cared particularly to get me in. The two delights were almost too much for me. I was accredited socially ; I was liked by him. Who could have hoped it? And so began the contest. The next ten was very important to me. A fellow lived next to me, rather a rip and very bad form, but he had a good heart and he had touched mine. He had initiated me into my only dissipations : the theatre, and beer and oysters *after* the theatre at a smoky bar-room in a cellar—the old Elm. The man was rather hopeless, dirty and lazy. The only hope for him was to bring him among gentlemen. If he was not elected he was morally, as well as socially, lost.

We decided to fight for him and of course had the whole Boston set against us. We couldn't say much for the man—we could only plead for mercy. The Bostonians on the other hand were determined to make it a test case. We began to ballot in the evening. The balloting continued all night. We went to bed by turns and were called up to take our places again. Our man's name was coupled with that of

a rival candidate. Towards four a.m. he was declared elected.

Our man was in. Alas, it made him no better. I have found to my cost that it is hard to make people better.

At the beginning of the Sophomore (second) year I had moved into 23, Little's (old Little's), to be more on hand. It was a move to improve myself socially. Opposite to me lived Joe Gardner, the most thorough gentleman and the most tender and conscientious in heart and life whom I have ever known. Walking with him one day he asked me what were my relations with one of the others. They were so warm that I hardly feared to be misunderstood when I said ironically :

"Oh, I bow to him of course."

"I am glad," said Joe, "that you don't know him very well. He is not the sort of fellow you ought to know."

I rose in indignation. Then he explained :

"He is immoral, you know."

"So-and-so immoral?" I must know about this and from no one but himself. He didn't play the hypocrite.

"I've often thought that I ought to tell you that I was not as good as you thought me," and so forth.

Such a revelation couldn't change my feeling for him. Harvard is within half an hour of Boston. There are no gates to the buildings. You may come or go when you like. The half-past two and half-past three a.m. horse-cars were always full. Every fortnight you discovered some fall from virtue which you had not suspected. And besides, though cleaving earnestly to Christian dogma and practice, I found the world so full of puzzles that any new fact carried its problems along with it. I held very wittingly a double position. I was bound to recognize facts as they appeared to me, and to register my own personal impression. I was bound, also, in heart and life to be guided, not by that personal impression which might be erroneous, but by the judgments of God. If my judgments would have been different I should not blink the fact, but so long as my faith remained I could not base my conduct on those judgments.

With intellectual eagerness I collected the facts which told against my belief. With many arguments I met them, and with romantic passion I advanced further and further into my own Christian development. The Lent of '80 was the best I ever kept. I would not attend dinners nor conduct theatricals. To be a good fellow I wrote the comic poem for one performance but gave it to someone else to read, and I rehearsed the performers for another but on the night gave over my duties to a friend. For Advent and Lent I devised special services for the St. Paul's Society, and was much occupied with a plan for establishing a chapel in the college yard. The scheme fell through, though the money was likely to be forthcoming, because the Faculty could not grant the use of their land to one denomination and not to all.

My approval of the scheme was subject to a reservation. The churchmen should attend, I thought, the usual services in the College Chapel except in Lent or on special occasions. These college services, though colourless, were, after all, a combined and not a particularist recognition of religion. If they should be rendered no longer obligatory, I should hope the St. Paul's Society would attend them alone. They were very strange services. A Unitarian read the Bible and prayed *ex tempore*. The choir sang the *Agnus* or the *O Salutaris*. Later on, a succession of ministers of different creeds took the place of the Unitarian minister. But though strange they were not objectionable. On some things all who called themselves Christians held common ground. My second service for the St. Paul's Society was, liturgically, better than the first. My knowledge and taste were improving.

My Lent of 1880 would have been quite perfect had it not been for a suggestion, a wise suggestion, from my brother Henry. Slipping away from dogma himself he was alarmed to find me intrenching myself more firmly behind it. (My sister used to say that I lived like a tortoise in a shell and she thought it must be very uncomfortable. So it was, but her elastic system seemed to me illogical and unchristian.) Henry

delivered himself of a charge to me on the verandah at Waltham.

"You have always wanted to be a priest and, as you are now going on, you will become a priest. Are you prepared to do this without examining the grounds of your faith?"

"Not at all. Three years' study after graduation will be essential."

"You are not to begin your investigation till graduation?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It would upset me too much."

"But you need to be upset. You must begin now."

"Must I?" It was a terrible thought. So soon launched again in an ocean of bewilderment after the little repose and spiritual fortification I had had since confirmation! I don't know quite why I suffered myself to be convinced by Henry, and can only make a conjecture. There was some doubt about the three years of study after graduation. I was always under the fear of being put into the family business. Perhaps my chance of reading and investigating would be limited to college life. Whether this was my reason or not, I undertook to read the books my brother recommended. He gave me Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible*. They were not to me conclusive. My fertile imagination could invent hypotheses to meet any of Arnold's statements. And for the rest, the books were controversial, that is to say, they appealed to facts of which I could not judge. How could I say when a certain Gospel was written? These were matters requiring much study, and a controversialist in antagonism to Mr. Arnold might have much to say.

This reading disquieted me during Lent but it did not bring about any very positive change except one. The Gospel of St. John fell away from my canon. It might be right. But I must do without it for the time. The introduction was certainly different from anything else in the Bible. The loss

was not very essential to me. The remaining Gospels provided for the main issue, and at all times after my attachment to the Church began the Epistles and Psalms were dearest to me. It was the Christian Life which afforded me the solution of so many doubts. The Church, and the Church only, understood this perfectly. It alone remained faithful to the precepts of fasting, intercession, and discipline of the soul. From the moral teaching of the Gospels one might gather the strange story of a God who taught but little theology, of a teacher whose teaching came and went as it listed. "We know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews." That was clear and decisive but what could be gathered from the following passage? You were at sea again. The Apostolic precepts, however, were relatively apprehensible. St. John, indeed, in his first Epistle, hardly showed any consistency in his tests of Christianity. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews quoted prophecy strangely. But in St. Paul it was impossible to mistake the struggle of a living, thinking, believing soul. And from the lectern before the lighted altar his words came forth and blended harmoniously with the expression of Christian life in the Church service, and with the discipline and struggle which that service implied, while sweetening all with a holy, reasonable, and religious hope.

Meanwhile my life at Harvard was beginning to be fruitful in love and melancholy. I was not yet aware of myself. I was searching for something, but did not know what, or whether I should find it. Friendship with me passed very naturally into love. I held the two to be of the same kind. One was a more intense form of the other. I was puzzled to know why two friends should separate when business called them in different directions. Surely friendship between man and man, and between man and woman, started without any recognition of the body. At a certain point it bloomed into love and thus became aware of the body. But so long as love was there what mattered it whether the body could or could not be gratified? We must recognize love and bow

down to it. The only escape from this conclusion was in the theory of complementary natures. You might hold that between similar natures love could not develop. But it did. Why then was it not recognized at its worth and why did friends suffer themselves to be separated? My friends were affectionate, but their affection did not pass beyond a certain point, or had not as yet. They seemed to me not to differentiate between a casual friendship and that final recognition of their friendship which involved their holding together. In my phrase "they did not understand the true dependence of friendship or the true dependence of love".

With this was growing the feeling that they did not give sympathy and imagination to opposing views. They buttressed themselves in their own fortresses and the world outside might fare ill for ought they cared. What care had any of the Bostonians for a man with capacities outside their sphere? Did they share with him their better opportunities of taste and culture? Did they make it a point of honour to recognize merit outside their circle? And further, the old question, how were social exclusiveness and reserve to be reconciled with an earnest love of souls? To what Christian lady could one go without introduction to ask for spiritual advice? What soul in danger of shipwreck could transgress the limits imposed even in Church by social convention? At all events it was a consolation that the true priest was held bound to be at the service of anybody. At the peril of his own soul he dare not refuse. But we were each of us priests. Each of us by prayer and intercession was a "vice-regent of the will of God"—a phrase from the time. Each of us should be as ready as the priest. Altogether the situation of my belief was difficult. It was an enthusiastic belief. Alike in the social and religious life I found an unenthusiastic, worldly community accepting things as they were, unideal, unsympathetic. The members of the First Ten little knew how their thoughts were ransacked by my imagination, how my ideal of them—for I thought them much above myself, princes, pride of the

earth—suffered by analysis which attacked it at the root. As in earlier days, I held conversations with the absent and argued point by point.

Socially my own position was now better. (I, too, was, I dare say, exclusive, with the plea that it was not for religious or ideal reasons that people wanted to know me.) I became the helper socially of the men on the Lower Tens. When my own swell, immoral table bored me, I could go to another—a table that wanted me, where were no swells but many gentlemen, and where the Puritan tradition led to discussion. The main question there was whether it was right to be drunk. Later on, some of them could see no reason against it, and I remember a Unitarian who thought it right to get drunk on Saturday night, though he wasn't fond of drink, and to turn up on Sunday at his Unitarian Sunday school where he was, I believe, a teacher. At all events he played Santa Claus there. The moral question was treated differently. No one had a right to be immoral unless he was never going to marry.

In the summer I went into the woods, not to shoot (for I doubted whether this was right unless necessary, (nor to paddle a canoe—(my ideas of luxury forbade this), but to search for beautiful scenery and to read books. I took only a few—*Gil Blas*, Symonds's *Shelley*, *The Memoirs of Count Grammont*. *Gil Blas* made little impression. It amused us. *The Memoirs of Count Grammont* revealed a "very beautiful state of society". It was "a good book for anyone who wished to soften his prejudice against immorality".

The main result, however, was from the life of Shelley, more particularly from the poems it contained. I learnt the final stanzas of *Adonais* on a rock by a river. A new glory and beauty had dawned upon me, the glory of human passion and aspiration accepted as beautiful and holy in itself, the world freed from a reproach, the veil lifted, sunlight instead of altar lights. On my return to Cambridge I eagerly got hold of all the poems of Shelley save the *Prometheus Unbound*—which

with a sort of reverence and humility I set aside for the last. The "transference of glory" had been effected. What was all the beauty I had worshipped to this? But though the glory was gone from Christianity, it had not been disproved. Stubbornly, strictly, I held to all my rules and I offered up my prayers. I had never supposed Christianity could be proved, but, if false, it could be disproved. I must wait for the disproof.

It will be impossible in writing of this winter of '81-82 to reproduce with any closeness the stress of passion which was on me throughout. The phrases struck under the press of emotion are not to be recalled. But to a great extent the progress of thought which was vividly self-conscious remains in my memory, and it is not likely that what I shall state will be amiss as far as it goes.

In Shelley what touched me most nearly was the keen sense of pleasure fainting from its own excess ("that they die of their own dear loveliness", "Love when limbs are interwoven is death", and many such passages). The facts have been laid down, I think, in *Prose* by Poe. As a connoisseur of emotions the accurate definition of this process was a matter of no small moment to me—a definition which could only be rightly accomplished in poetry. For poetry raised in the reader the same emotion; the definition was accompanied by proof. In poetry, moreover, one was free from the everlasting trammels of prose exposition. Poetical statement must, indeed, correspond with rigid accuracy to the emotion. This idea I had derived from Wordsworth and from Poe: "My heart would feel [it] to be a crime unless it trembled with the strings." It must not exaggerate. A tense rein must be held over the expression. Still, in poetry, while you were defining absolute truth, unquestionable facts, you were not bound to set forth all the reservations, all the concessions which it would be only correct to allow to an opponent in an argument. You could say that nothing is sweeter than love, without explaining that you did not mean that it was the sweetest

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thing to all people at every moment or to yourself at all moments. The phrase means : " nothing that is now vividly present to my imagination would now be sweeter to me than love, as far as I can divine." Strictly, i.e. literally, the poetical statement might be one-sided. But poetry was not literal statement, and it carried with it the key to its own interpretation. Only by sympathy could you enter into poetry, and the sympathy once fully and adequately roused, you were in absolute possession of the particular feeling and its limits would be apparent to you without reservations and concessions. Poetry was for the true critic alone. He alone entered into the real feeling and felt that the definition corresponded with it. Poetry, then, was the only freedom that an imaginative but reasonable mind could find for its expression. Poetry allowed even hyperbole—that would never mislead a critic. Occasionally, if I passed the due line of expression, I would add a note :

" I felt at the moment that this phrase was an exaggeration."

The writing of poetry was, then, a listening to the feeling and a noting of it accurately, using a hyperbole only where the feeling threatened to oversweep all landmarks. To this ideal of conscientious notation I adhered. I could never be brought to say that I wrote poetry " for the *Crimson* ", the college newspaper of which I was editor. It had indeed encouraged me to note, but once started I noted only when the " inspiration " came. It happened to be plentifully in reserve, or was abundantly excited by what I was reading. The connection of the " Meaning of the Rose " with the characteristics of Shelley above mentioned will be clear. My favourite poems—if it is worth while to point them out—were the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, *Invocation to Night*, *Adonais*, the last division of *Prince Athanase*, the Choruses from *Hellas*, and many scattered lyrics. *The Hymn* was my creed, as I afterwards saw.

About this time Mr. Oscar Wilde came to Boston. I got

his poems and lost my head at once. Where before had I found these soft, sweet, Spring-tide emotions, the gentle abandonment, the luxurious passion? *Her Voice* and the *Apologia* (the best), and the 1st Canto of *Charmides* (containing the best line) :

" Athena strode across the stretch of sick and shivering sea ",

were marked as " true poems ". I made a fruitless endeavour to see the poet. At this time my brother Sam saw me at his law office. He had just read Symonds's *Shelley* for my sake and wanted to give me a little counsel. He liked Shelley.

" What part of Shelley? "

" *Prometheus Unbound*. He does write magnificently, doesn't he? "

I had not yet ventured to touch that ark of the Lord. But, although liking Shelley, Sam wanted to give me a hint.

" Wasn't it plain that it was no use knocking your head against everything in that manner? "

I didn't know.

Of Oscar Wilde he had a less favourable opinion. So had I, but Sam's opinion was practically condemnation. Had he read Wilde's poems?

No, but persons in whose opinion he had confidence—probably Judge Holmes, I thought—" considered most of Wilde's jewels to be borrowed ".

There was justice in this but I didn't know it, being very easily furnished in literature. He would prefer that I should not try to see Wilde. I didn't then, but I did afterward in New York. Sam introduced me to Holmes, who lauded Wordsworth. Well and good, but Wordsworth had nothing to do with what I was after.

Probably in connection with Wilde, my attention was turned to Swinburne. I looked into a volume in a shop. Something about snakes or adders. I didn't know what to think of it, but bought the book, and read it over and over

again. I was shocked at his conception of verse-making, just the opposite of my own. The rhyme was accepted because it was needed. Thus it occasionally controlled the thought. There was indeed a difficulty here. Listening to emotion and noting it you might not fall on a rhyme. The solution seemed to be that a poet was full and overfull of emotion. As he searched for a rhyme where no rhyme was, another emotion succeeded, and for that a rhyme was found. The whole was moulded out of a wealth of material which allowed a selection according to the needs of verse. Still, rhyme was always a danger. How careless in this respect was Shelley. How careful, but still submissive, was Swinburne. I said, referring to his methods : "He is corrupt, but I like him."

Trifling, however, was the verse question in comparison with that of the substance. I had met, as I knew, "the master of my soul", not its brother, as in Poe, with whom I have ever felt so much at home that I could even condemn with assurance, but a beloved, and yet only half-understood, Master. Far from him was the trail of conscientiousness which appealed to me in Wilde, and which was still dominant in myself. But no one—no, never one—had so carried intensity to its legitimate extremes, had been so in love with the pain itself that followed upon pleasure, had so drunk the lees of passion, had so pursued it to the point of self-immolation. That which was worthy of reverence should be followed to the end "where shadows fall". The love of God, the love of beauty, the love of love, the love of passion the love of intensity,—Cotytto,— these were the natural succession as the soul followed further and further. "An infinite inverse self-sacrifice."

Many read and like Swinburne, who never dream of this. But my fellow-worship with Swinburne was nothing short of self-sacrifice. How well I knew the deadly end, from which if one might escape, it would be "so as by fire". The *Ode to Victor Hugo* hung me as in a balance, swung me, and at last



VASE

Above : ZEUS PURSUING GANYMEDE

Below : ZEUS PURSUING A WOMAN

Attic red-figured Kantharos, 490-480 B.C., by the Brygos painter

cast me to the ground. To read *Dolores* was a terrible pleasure, I was left exhausted. The "finest lines" in Swinburne,— "loose clots of arid fume from the sea's panting mouth of dry desire",— were the finest only because of their accumulated intensity. What strength must there be in one who could sustain the passion! And my poor theories! Where were they?

Man was the centre of the Universe. Above him the heights, the worship of the highest; below him the depths, the abyss of the worship of intensity. The highest preserved and sustained; the depths destroyed unless by some great strength one could toil up the ascent from Avernus. Both heights and depth were divine. Both claimed man by self-sacrifice, and the one by terrible sacrifice of self as victim. Perhaps there were other gods of the horizon as well as of height and depth. They were not known to me, but what else could be sense, health, the liberal mind? The strong worshipped at all shrines—perhaps Shakespeare did. Each worship was sincere but not thorough. Some were called to asceticism and pain, or to intensity and pain. They died and bequeathed their discovery of beauty to the world. How had Swinburne escaped "so as by fire"? What was there in the first Canto of *Tristram*—the only Canto then out? As the verses proceed they gather in intensity and morbid terrors and delights. The morbid quality was accepted. Could Chopin have been as beautiful had he not been morbid? But what was to come to me? The quivering lights flashed fierce ahead.

Charlie Perrin afterward told me that at this period he thought me mad. No doubt he was not alone. On the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude I made the communion which was to be my last. On Christmas Day I attended early celebration in the little downstairs chapel. It was a scene which in earlier times would have laid hold of me. So quiet! The few most faithful present. The Altar and lamps, the seclusion, something like a charmed grotto. It was all nothing to me. What had I to do with the Christ child?

The radical difference between the apostasy and the gradual, sad renunciation of dogma by those who at heart love the Christian ideal was plain. I passed out of the faith with pomp and rejoicing. My revolt was ethical, fundamental. I was no "Agnostic"—I disbelieved and was glad.

With this change came also a sad discovery.

When I left College, in answer to the interrogatory which we answered in writing, I set myself down as an infidel and was disappointed when in the published list (published without names) I found no infidel and therefore inferred that I had been classed among "Agnostic". Agnostic I was not. I thought that I had at least done one good thing of importance for the future. I had thrown off a weight of error after a slow process of reasoning. The excitement was now passed, not only the theological but also the erotic excitement. During those two years, ('80-'82), I had passed from the highest worship to the most intense passion of which I was capable, and the passion itself was now burnt out.

On the eve of my birthday, if I remember, June 7th, 1882, I could not sleep. I went to the wooden bridge nearest Harvard and sat on a pier from three to six in the morning watching the slow dawn. Then my past died. I could no longer play music with expression; I had no overmastering sentiments; I felt commonplace; the world appeared to me as others saw it, if I might judge by their words; I could now understand them. I rejected their conventions, but what was "superficial" seemed natural. I did not want to continue at Harvard. I told my father that I was accomplishing nothing, "only making love" to my companions; but he wanted me to stay another year and to take my degree. "Making love" had been a distant affair, an attempt to initiate the men into my ideas and feelings, followed by the disappointing discovery that I could not and by the certainty that I was alone. There was no longer reason for close

association. I removed to Beck Hall, where I was again in the sharp angle but only one flight up. I occupied, indeed, the rooms from which an older undergraduate was said to have called to me in my Freshman year to stop my psalm-singing. I wrote, I think, only one poem, a regretful reminiscence:

THE SPRING WIND

Ah Spring

Now lost beyond remembering!

Now fled with unreturning feet

And leaving for my lips to sing

Only the vision incomplete,

The memory that it was so sweet!

O air and freshness forward blown

From days no longer called mine own,

Whose unforgotten Spring-sweet breath

Hardly a feeble answering tone

In the unstrung lyre awakeneth

Once thrilled with thoughts of loving death!

O time when such dear joys I had,

Such pleasure and love to make me glad

That brain and sense come nigh to swoon

And all men seeing me thought me mad

Hearing the unutterable tune

That the stars sang at night's dark noon!

If it be not profane to speak

Of things which I am now too weak

In faith and fire and heat of heart

To touch as then, who vainly seek

To evoke by imaged song, and art

The old sweet dead love's pale counterpart,

Once more, before with reverent care

Out of the dreary, weary air

Of daylight blinded by the sun,

With tearless grief and heartless prayer

I lay these memories of things done

Worthier than I may weep upon.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY : HARVARD

Once more would I salute with song
 Loving and true, though now not strong
 As those fulfilled of old with fire,
 The joys whose memory, borne along
 The Spring-wind, stirred in dead desire
 The few, faint throbs that now expire.

(Dated : April 17, 1883 : Beck Hall : Cambridge.)¹

The fact that I could only write in reminiscence was a proof of the sincerity and validity of what I had before written. In my tiny measure I was like Swinburne, unable, because the fire had been genuine and had burnt me out.

¹ This poem was reprinted in *The Wild Rose* by Arthur Lyon Raile. Duckworth, 1928.

CHAPTER III

AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*concluded*) : OXFORD

WITHOUT a break the autobiography passes to Oxford. It is characteristic of Warren that it makes no mention of the reason for his passing to a second university nor even of the taking of his Harvard degree. From passing references we can gather that the young Warren, already accustomed to travel and with some experience of Europe, was feeling starved imaginatively in America, that he was not wholly satisfied with the quality of life at home, and that he was not inclined to enter his father's office at Cumberland Mills. Such a step, he remarks, would interfere with his reading. At the age of twenty-three his appetite for culture was stronger than ever and, having decided to go to Oxford, he left the following account of his arrival in England.

"At the beginning of the summer of 1883 I went to England with an introduction to Brearly, a graduate of Balliol, who himself introduced me so far as was necessary for application to colleges. He wanted me to go to Balliol. "I know what your brother (Sam) was, one of the foremost men in the Harvard Law School. A man who has accepted the main ideas of the nineteenth century should go to Balliol." But I was afraid of Balliol ideas as being too modern, and of its system as having too many men who lived out of college, and I disliked the architecture of the hall. Oxford was the Oxford of Shelley, but it was also the Oxford of Newman. I was in love with antiquity, and told a friend of my resentment that my enjoyment of a building of the fourteenth century

should be disturbed by any man who dated at earliest from the nineteenth century. Moreover the "tremulous intonation" of the service at New College delighted me.

I did indeed put in a provisional application for admission to Balliol. Jowett, in consequence, asked me to tea, but I received his invitation in Bavaria, where I was tramping towards Innsbruck with a pack on my back and with a tramp-cobbler met on the way, myself not free from anxiety about my money when I slept in the next bed to his. Later I saw Jowett, who tried me in Greek and startled me with his pronunciation of *κίριε, ἐλέησον*. I told him that I didn't want to study Greek but to skip it and run straight for philosophy, which I thought might settle me in my irreligious thoughts. He and the compulsory system of Literæ Humaniores did me the greatest service. He said: "Begin with the others and do what the others do. Later you can branch off."

I have never had any aptitude for philosophy, though for languages I had natural facility. Literature, not philosophy, was to confirm my beliefs. Though a partisan of Greek and a good scholar at school, I had dropped it at Harvard, and should have dropped it at Oxford and thus missed the natural completion of "my thought" had I not been countered. I was not, however, vexed. I was proud when Smith, then a tutor of Balliol, now (1923) Master, told me that my Greek showed a "ruined grandeur", and perhaps I had only been nerved to undertake what I knew that I wanted. My plan, however, suggested the Mental and Moral Philosophy course at Cambridge.

At Corpus I had found Thomas Case (the future President), who gave me a letter to a friend in Cambridge. I was much pleased to find this friend reading by the light of two candles!¹—but Cambridge was not the University of Shelley and Newman, and I returned. I always remember Case's kindness. I also saw Sidgwick, and when finally I had to decide

¹ Candles were the only lights allowed in Lewes House, except in the halls, bathrooms and passages.

between application to New College and application to Corpus I asked his opinion. He was frank. "You would find help at either college; but if I were quite frank I should say that New College was better." I accordingly went to New College; but Sidgwick's frankness was added in my memory to Case's kindness. I don't know that Corpus would have taken me. Certainly I always thought of the men there as far beyond me.

My first dinner in New College was a disappointment. None of the men seemed to me well dressed; and though I had come to Oxford for culture I nevertheless felt an undercurrent of snobbishness. I had not at Harvard been with the Bostonians, whom I recognized as superior. I was afraid of association with inferior people at Oxford. At Harvard it was easy to become marked as belonging to the wrong set, so at Oxford I would not go to the Discussion Society, nor, indeed, make any intimate friends, lest I should be likewise excluded. For the holidays I had two English invitations, both of which I declined because of the same social doubt; but there was also an unwillingness to resign my solitude, as the following instances show. I had presented an introduction to Bryce and he had given me a ticket to the gallery of the House of Commons (where I was so much bored that I read a book till an attendant told me that reading was not allowed); when Bryce asked me to breakfast at Oriel I declined on the ground that I could not pursue my studies if I permitted myself engagements; a New College don desired me to meet the family of Bartholomew Price; I called as in duty bound, but was glad to find no one at home. I had not come to Oxford to participate in domestic life. Receiving an invitation to spend the evening with some family at the Randolph I was delighted to arrive at the College Gate at twenty minutes past nine, too late to be let out. This taste for solitude caused me also to pay no attention to celebrities. Pater was lecturing. I made no effort to be admitted to his lectures. I think that I once saw Mark Pattison in a bath-

chair. I had had a few words with Jowett, and I recognized Robert Browning in the Sheldonian and Matthew Arnold in New College, but only by chance. I believe that I should not have stirred to see anyone. In my priggish way I said that my object was not to see great men but to be like them.

During my holidays I was alone of necessity. For Christmas 1883, I went to Paris and took a room for sixty francs a month in the Rue Jacob. My eyes were troubling me. The theatre was enough to make them ache. There was nothing to do by night save to walk or sit outside cafés. Day-time was more amusing. I allowed myself to consult a small guide which gave little more than the names of churches and old houses. Thus I became acquainted with the hotels or the remains of hotels in the Marais, found the Arbre de Jesse, and became well acquainted with St. Eustache, St. Etienne du Mont, St. Germain des Prés, St. Merri, St. Julian le Pauvre, and above all St. Séverin. Every Sunday I went to Vespers at St. Roch and in the evenings often to Notre Dame des Victoires. At Christmas I endeavoured to hear the *Venite* as often as possible, waiting long in Notre Dame for it. I attended any function at which a Cardinal was to be present.

I was present also at almost all of the open courses at the Sorbonne and the Salle Gerson, hearing Caro, Rambaud, and Fustel de Coulanges, and passing from Russian History to Pindar and Lucretius.

From this winter—1883-4—dates another poem of reminiscence, written in Grove Cottage, Holywell. It was then a quiet cottage, there were no garages about. From my bedroom window I could see the deer in Magdalen Park. They slept under the window.

MEMORIA AMORUM

The days are past full many a day
 Since last the lyre of love was strung,
 Since last the sweets of love were sung
 With rhyme and roundelay.

So utterly have fallen away
 The tokens of that wondrous dream
 That half unreal its memories seem
 With rhyme and roundelay.

Pale doubts awakening seem to say :
 " If all this mystic faith was sure,
 Where then hath fled its subtle lure
 With rhyme and roundelay ?

Did other ever pass that way
 To know the truth of all that fired
 Thy verse ? Was any thus inspired
 With rhyme and roundelay ? "

Yet surely now the dry reeds sway
 Remembering Love, the player of old,
 And all the secrets that he told
 With rhyme and roundelay.

And surely, though he might not stay,
 Yet once with reverent heart received
 He left his witness, scarce believed,
 In rhyme and roundelay.

My second year, 1884-85, was still lonely, but I had much to do because my father wished me to obtain a First Class in the Honour Schools. I was not eager for it. Ion Thynne (J. A. R. Thynne) said the first class was the class of workers ; the second, the class of talent ; and the third, the class of genius ; and I was much of his opinion. Perhaps, but for Papa's wish, I should have been lazy. My lofty indifference to great men in their bodies (not to them in their works) was extended to examinations. I attended a lecture on Aristophanes because my worshipped tutor, Margoliouth, gave it, but without intention to offer Aristophanes in the schools. I could not, indeed, understand him. My predilection for grammar led me to note in my Homer all the references from *Monro's Homeric Grammar* (at school I had always objected to Homer that he varied from Attic rules) ; but

I wanted a Second and not a First Class as a sign of literary leisure.

My acquaintances were presumably already a few New College men, none extraordinary save Ion Thynne, and out-college men who were considered by the New College lot "outsiders". These would follow arguments on morality in a logical fashion. My appeal was always to the poets. The difference from Harvard was that in Oxford this appeal was admissible and comprehensible. I had come home; I had found people who did not damn my ideas as incorrect but, on the contrary, found them interesting; I was at one with others, and seemed to be patted on the back. This soothing influence of Oxford was corrected by another appeal. Granted that I was right, there were yet other matters to be considered. I had been told that in New England. Professor Palmer had asked me to read some poems of Swinburne to him and had, for correction, referred me to George Herbert, but with a hint that my Swinburnian gems were paste. My brother Sam had brought about a conversation with Holmes (the son of Oliver Wendell Holmes), who would have turned me from Oscar Wilde to Wordsworth. At Oxford my taste was not disputed. Sympathy led me to consider other things, to be added to but not to contradict "my thought".

There was also the contrast of morals, as salutary as it was surprising. I had come to Oxford proud of my knowledge of the world, that is to say, thinking of immorality as knowledge, though with undiminished hesitations about practice. I supposed that Oxford men would be interested in the subject and would long to do what they should not. I found that they thought little of the matter, yet were happy. Their happiness had a true ring. They did not resent the collegiate rules which enclosed them at night, though it was sport to come in and go out after hours by difficult ways. Their obscene conversation was mere recognition of physical facts, in this respect less restrained than Harvard talk; but, to use my phrase at the time, it "had no game flavour".

Happiness in morality was new to me. The morality was relative. There was no greater proportion of virginal undergraduates at New College than at Harvard; but the occasions of indulgence were comparatively very rare. Harvard was an inclined plane down which you slipped to such indulgence; the bordels were near. Oxford placed many difficulties in your way and, if there were girls of suspected character here and there, they were not collected and accessible. Also, whereas at Harvard there had been one college crew and four class crews, at Oxford over twenty colleges had crews, and many of them second eights, beside the Varsity crew, and so with other sports. To those were added the unorganized outings, men on the river, men playing fives; and in the evening you could have wine or cup from the college in your rooms and so did not turn out to the bars. One night I thought that Queen's College was afire. I entered and found a clergyman watching a bonfire. One undergraduate was swinging in a tree, others were striking tin bath-tubs which they bore about in lieu of cymbals. As I passed the lodge I asked the porter who the clergyman was. "It is the Provost," said the porter. "He is there to see to it that no harm shall happen." Revelry held within limits seemed to me good, but Harvard revelries bad.

The social life was also well ordered. At Harvard exclusive societies and clubs were necessary to the fellowship of those of a kind, and the kinds were very different. At Oxford we were more of the same social level, but it seemed to me that undergraduates would have been forced to put up social barriers if the colleges had not provided them. The men of one college might be socially below those of another, but the two layers were already separated. I saw few Christ Church men, few Brasenose men. I thought them grander than New College men, but no college was inconvenienced by the existence of any other.

Also, despite the frankness into which an Englishman may drop, as a rule a certain reserve was held and respected. You

asked a man where he had been in the holidays. He replied : "In Gloucestershire," or "In Normandy." He did not mention the town or the village, he did not say whether he was with his people or not, you did not know where he lived, and you asked no more. His collegiate life with you implied no more than collegiate life. It was free and courteous because no one expected more. The intercourse was not hemmed in by policy, or by fear of social invasion, as at Harvard. For years we observed one another, and then perhaps became friends as we had always been comrades, and the result was a diffident invitation home. Thus all moved happily and smoothly. There were no fights as at Harvard and there was healthy contentment in the life at hand.

I was again soothed, but also countered ; self-sacrifice to the gods below was, after all, an experience of the greatest rarity, its beauty could confute theories which assigned all beauties to normality, but the beauties of health were great and persuasive. These I now felt about me and they called me away from exceptional cases without contradiction of my theory. I was on the look-out for affections between my own sex, real affections. As I was glad to see commonplace immorality with women sink into the background. I had come too soon to Oxford. There was little of the carnal, and no development of the spiritual, unless in those cases which never come to light. Nevertheless I did find more appreciation of the beauty and charm of youth at Oxford than at Harvard. It was said that a certain school set had split into two, one part, which went to Cambridge, accepting only the spiritual element, and the other part, which came to Oxford, admitting the idea of physical love. I seemed to be always on the verge of a discovery of what I did not find.

You might indeed have thought that our continual mimicry of love with such addresses as "beautiful creature" meant a great deal, but it did not. Yet it meant that companionship was a sentimental need. I have heard recently that Americans

coming to Oxford could not understand that undergraduates should invite one another to tea. They had indeed verified a difference between English and American life, and of that difference I made the most for my consolation without being satisfied.

I wrote some verses, about Autumn, 1887 :

If some of you were living, O my friends
Of elder day, my soul to you would flee
For sacred solace, nor would ever be
The victim of a world for other ends
Ordained ; and now that ye are dead, and none,
Fearless and free from afterthought of sin,
Inhabits more the sacred place wherein
The secret of a simple life was won,
Shall I to these who haply imitate
Half-hearted all your mystery of love,
Yet venture not to place themselves above
The thoughts whose absence made you pure and great,—
Shall I to these resort, and bid them give
Their tarnished consolation, or devise
Unreal companionship of all the wise
That have been, and with memories lonely live ?

which shows my disdain of the commonplace homogeneous love and my yearning for a renewal of Greek love. From Propertius I extracted the passion without references to its object ; in Catullus I found little. I do not know whether I was or was not already acquainted with Plato's *Phædrus* and *Symposium*.

In chapel I was wretched. I was excused from attendance on the strength of a parental letter saying that I had been brought up a Congregationalist. My real reason for requesting that letter was my infidelity. Nevertheless, the beauty of the New College singing and some survival of religious feeling caused me to attend often. Then the past swept over me. I was not tempted to resume the tenets which I had abandoned, but my emotions pulled me backward for the hour. I thought this state of feeling unhealthy, yet to disbelieve should not be to

forget, and the beauty of the Christian service *was* beauty. Not for many years could I go, as now, to church with pleasure and without disturbance, as I might sympathetically attend a sacrifice to Apollo. Of course I looked up all the small churches round Oxford, the fresco of the Blessed Virgin at Beckley, and the Littlemore week with its tombstone prayers for the dead. Oxford was rather the Oxford of Newman than of Shelley, and rather of Shelley than of Swinburne.

I had set myself from the beginning to adopt ideas, as I had adopted the curriculum of studies. I soon found that Harvard "swellness" was not in order, that we were and ought to be "subfusc", that it was *infra dig.* to be well dressed, and that pleasures which cost little were as pleasant as swagger parties. I followed the rules; to dons, in my own phrase, "I never said anything which could not be construed as an obeisance." I did not fret, and the College pleased me as well as anything outside it save the Cherwell.

At that time there were three or four houses on the river side of the Iffley road. The boat-house and landing for East Oxford people had not been constructed. Rarely were women seen on the stretch from Christ Church to Parson's Pleasure; it was held by undergraduates, and to pass along it was like attendance at a reception.

My second summer holiday was passed in Heidelberg at the house of Herr Stadtpfarrer Schuck, an old house in the upper part of the town, from the front of which you had a full view of the castle amid woods not yet disfigured by the Schloss Hotel. I studied German but read Tacitus most of the day, allowing myself only an hour of outing around the Philosophenweg.

In the midst of this summer news came that I had got a First in Mods. Afterwards I moved to the Anlage.

At this time I was asking myself whether I could be excused from the world's work of business or other terrors—could justifiably live without earning money provided I spent little. So only could I "develop my thought". I was not

over-well fed, at least not in the Anlage. My theory was that money spent in leisure was "the blood of the people". My mother, who, I think, had not been able to persuade me to a summer at home, came to Heidelberg. She always wanted me.

Back at Oxford my eyes began to ache again. I had to abandon my studies. Yet real Oxford life was only just begun. Election to the New College Essay Society, consequent, I think, on my Class in the Schools, brought me into Paradise. Then, or soon after, Lionel Johnson was President. Other speakers were Kenyon, now (1923) of the British Museum, Herbert Fisher, now Warden. The discussions—say on Erasmus or Newman—were serious.

However, it was useless to remain in Oxford unable to read. At this time Amory Gardner, a school friend, came to Oxford. I rather put myself on him to accompany him in a journey to Greece. Amory and I had differed; he, despite intelligence of difficulties, had clung to the Episcopal Church; he had not followed me in my rhapsodies of revolt. Not using my eyes, I was also dependent on him for consultation of guidebooks and itineraries. It was kind of him to take me; but perhaps it was not kind of me to go with him.

We stayed in Athens and visited Mycenae; but the *Glanzpunkt*, as he said, of our journey was an excursion with mules to Delphi. The Lion of Chaeronea was in pieces and I stood on its nose; it was something even to pass through Daulis; Delphi was not yet excavated. We came back by the heights beyond Arachova and down by the valley of the Muses, scrambled up a hill and drank of Hippocrene. Permessus and Thespieae became treasures of memory as associated with Eros. I spent much time with another friend on Greek coins. We "worshipped" them every night.

But my eyes were not bettered. The summer term at Oxford was hopeless. In the long vacation my mother and father came to Oxford. They lived in Oriel House. Sam also came for a few days, staying at Canterbury House. His wife

said that she was cross with him because he was so good-tempered, but Oxford, he told me, made him melancholy, "to be in a place where there had been such good times in which he had had no share". He went away.

Papa had been told to rest,—that there was nothing the matter with him. He sat helplessly in his chair while Mamma and I shopped. She asked my advice frequently, most often on china. There was a tea-set at Walpole's which she rejected as too flamboyant. It was of that flaming apricot colour which I have since chosen for mine. I bought it myself. It was sent to the lodgings, and when Papa saw it he said : "Well, I'm glad you have got that," a remark not pleasant for Mamma to hear ; nor was it pleasant to find her taste overridden. Papa's taste was inconspicuous. He had bought a massive tea-and-coffee set, highly embossed, long before. Mamma had dutifully used it for the rest of her life but had not, I think, after that purchase, allowed him to buy anything. She had an eye not so much for household furnishing as for pictures and ornaments, and she was too willing to buy things at small prices instead of reserving herself for important pieces. I used to help her, she said, by preventing her from buying ; but often I urged her to capture the principal thing in a shop. I don't remember when we were shopping together at Nice and elsewhere ; but shopping with her was frequent and is one of the pleasantest recollections of my youth. In Paris I wanted her to buy a pair of vases. She was not persuaded (they were expensive) ; but after I left she went back to see them again, more, I believe, by reason of her affection for me than of judgment, for she did not buy them. I remember them and still think I was right. She spoke to me about the apricot tea-set. If I spent money against her desire she would not think it necessary to give me, as she had intended, a certain sum later. I rejoined that I had bought the tea-set out of my own money, and that if she attempted to control my use of my own money it was not really mine. She accepted this reasoning and the intended

sum was given to me. I thought that she had shown admirable fairness.

Papa was taken to Dr. Wilson Fox ; and so was I. Wilson Fox was a dear man. He sent us all to Folkestone, Papa to see Dr. Bowles, I with a tonic which did me worlds of good. There was shopping at Folkestone in the steep, tiny, crooked street. Dr. Bowles discovered that Papa had retention of urine, a serious retention.

I have always put this history of Papa's illness together with a remark made in the following winter by that relentless critic, my brother Henry : "Mamma leaves Papa too much alone ; I don't see how she can reconcile it with her conscience to leave him so much alone." At Oxford, if my memory serves me, she had said in Papa's presence : "He finds it hard to make a decision, and he used to find it so easy."

I explained my mother to myself by supposing that her healthy nature needed a certain forgetfulness, that she could be more useful after an outing, and that she was not as sensitive as he might be and did not feel the effect on him of her remarks. She had treated him in accordance with the American doctor's statement, as if he were not really ill. Dr. Bowles's catheter proved that she was very wrong, though unwittingly ; and Papa had suffered. On our return to London Wilson Fox said to me : "If that tonic has done you so much good, you must be ill."

There was a consultation about the winter to follow. I was for remaining abroad. Probably my reason was the same that had kept me (when, I don't know) from Texas. A friend, who was ranching there and constantly in the saddle, wrote to me : "I had no idea that a man could be so healthy or so dirty." He also had had bad eyes. But it seemed to me that if I joined him I should forego my last chance of culture ; I had rather be ill so long as I learnt something. I did not yield to Mamma ; but when Papa said that he wanted my help I agreed at once to go. A mother may believe in the sovereign efficacy of home, and my mother wanted me

near her. However fair she was and on principle careful to show no preference, I knew that I was her favourite child. But for me home was no excellent prescription, nor was I very comfortable at 67 Mount Vernon Street.

[The following letter from Mrs. S. D. Warren to her son Edward has survived. It is dated January 21st, 1897.

"Strictly private and personal to you, my son."

"You are in my opinion more nervous, to use a short expression, than the other children, because before your birth your father, not being well and having as the doctor said a throat like raw beef, was sent to Rome and wintered there, Auntie being with him.

I was left in a house, 62 Boylston Street, with the three older children and my brother's family, including Henry Hurlbert. As I had a very delicate child in Henry, I had cousin Maria Warren to assist me in the care of the children, and Jeannie was the house-keeper. I was there to be near Dr. Perry, but he was not well and I did not see him, I think, the whole winter. This was a great trial, added to the anxiety about your father.

The doctor in Rome said he must not return before warm weather, and in writing him I was always careful to write cheerfully about us or business, lest he should be anxious and return too soon.

After your father left I found that I was "enceinte" with you. This, for the same reason, I did not communicate to him, always thinking I would do so before his return, and yet not doing so.

Dr. Perry died that winter—*another blow*, and I dreaded having a new doctor or going to Waltham. I wrote Dennis not to come home till the 20th of May, but longer than that I felt I could not spare him. By that time, I had the house at Waltham in running order, father and mother being in the house below. They went to the steamer to meet him and Ellen, while I met him dissolved in tears with a fancy that he might possibly think it was not his child. Oh how many times I prayed you might be made in his very image, for now, I saw, I ought to have prepared him. When you were born, Mrs. Horford, when she saw you, said you were a prince and the image of your father. Now does not this

account for your nervous troubles? I have always meant to tell you of what to me was the terrible strain of that winter. It made you very dear to me, but it was not good for you. I can now see the effect of circumstances on the other children. Before Sam was born we were travelling in Europe. Henry was delicate and we passed a winter at the River House—not good for him. The summer after he had his fall. We were at Waltham all winter before Cornelia was born, a peaceful quiet time. Fiske was a seven months' baby and also delicate. Josie was not strong. Dr. Perry always said the first child was the most difficult to rear. He could not resist scarlet fever."—Ed.]

The house had been extended backward to Pinckney Street, taking the place of an old house which had never been connected with Mount Vernon Street. The back library had become a picture gallery, and there were two rooms beyond. One of them was to be Papa's new retreat, but through it you had to go to reach a staircase which gave access to two rooms above and one very cold room below. Across the landing of the staircase, on the same level with Papa's retreat, was a room which seemed likely to serve no purpose. The ceiling of the dining-room had recently been decorated in the likeness of lacquer with inlays of mother-of-pearl. I regretted the expense which these changes must have entailed, and wondered whether the new parts, all sunless save two rooms in the suite, would ever be wanted by Papa's successors. To me the cold northern ground-floor room was given as a sitting-room, and I had a cold northern bedroom in the main house. Fiske occupied the suite. My sitting-room had one advantage—there was an entrance from Pinckney Street which served all the new part, so that, when Fiske was away, I could receive a visitor who, if he mealed out, was never seen. Otherwise, I was so uncomfortable that I begged for the reception-room, then only used for casual callers. This was refused, and I began to feel that tradition and my mother's grandeur outweighed human need.

Every morning I came to Papa and asked whether there

was anything I could do for him. Only once or twice did he answer "Yes". I began to suspect that my mother had occasioned his request for my return. She was delighted to have me, and I remember how, flushed with the furnace-heat and nervous because of my aimless existence, I noticed her contentment and her ignorance of my trouble. Abroad I could at least have visited cathedrals new to me.

My unhappiness came partly from the loss of my English companions who had refreshed me with their health. My Harvard friends were in offices down-town, the few of them who were Bostonians. Invitations to tea or for the evening brought only John Moore, to whom I was grateful. I looked at a group of Oxford men in a photo and asked: "What would you do?"

Toward summer I insisted on departure. My mother agreed, but wanted me first to see the house in Lenox where she was to spend the summer so that I might be able to think of her in those surroundings. I went, not in the least interested and then escaped—whither? Perhaps to Paris, for at one time or another Liandolt endeavoured to cure the ache in my eyes. He failed, but his glasses were afterward useful.

After the four years which should have been my undergraduate years I was back in Oxford, too late for Final Honours (but I should never have understood philosophy), and meaning only by the aid of French to take a pass degree. My friends had gone down; but there had been an influx of younger Eton men, among them Arthur Clutton-Brock, who overthrew the dominance of Winchester severity, and a Harrow boy whom I much admired. I found myself at home with the younger set and received invitations, till at last I refused a Freshman saying, 'You really can't want me.' This may have been after I had taken my degree."

CHAPTER IV

THE MATERIAL BACKGROUND

HERE this autobiographical fragment ends. Clearly a man with such ideas and with such a soul would be a misfit in every way imaginable in New England society: his life, if he were given the chance, though it would certainly be difficult, would be interesting. Warren was fortunate in having a father who came of sound Mayflower stock and had built up a flourishing business at the Cumberland Mills paper works, who could give his sons a sound education and leave them at his death in 1888 a very substantial income. Edward Perry Warren, as we have seen in the Autobiography was his third son, born on June 8th, 1860, and had caused his father considerable anxiety and annoyance by his whims and apparent perverseness.

But though he disagreed, the father had the generosity of heart and spirit to let his unorthodox son go his own way. He allowed him to go to Oxford, and to read Classics, and did not even compel him to follow the rest of the family and go into business. Had there been no money in the family and had Edward—or Ned as he was generally called—been compelled to earn his living in an ordinary way, it is certain that whatever he might or might not have achieved, he could not have fulfilled the 'Idea' of his life nor performed the miracle of the Museum collections in Boston, and later, through his friend John Marshall, in New York. Nor would he have had time to think and write as he did. Even if it is true that he would also have been spared much trouble and much apparent waste due to some of his misguided enthusiasms and his adoption of people and causes, he would have made much less impact.

Since it was his money that enabled Warren to live out his purpose and was the occasion of much that was most important and interesting in his life, it may be not out of place to give a rapid outline of that life and purpose. When he left Oxford with an Aegrotat his chief thought was to cure his bad eyes and acquire health; and as his mother was in Europe and fond of travelling, he could serve two ends by accompanying her and acting as her adviser in buying works of art of all sorts. The income his father had left him, of about £4,000 a year, would enable him to consider seriously plans that had been long in his mind: plans for encouraging the Classics at Oxford, for setting up a country house somewhere in the Home Counties, and for surrounding himself with men of whom John Marshall was the exemplar. He had clear ideas of what his money was to do for him in addition: to be sunk in material things like furniture and silver and wines, and in what came to be known as Benefactions.

Within less than two years of his father's death he had settled on Lewes House for his abode and Marshall was to join him there as a new species of Secretary. Any plan that he made had to take account of his health:—in 1894 he wrote that 'this is the first let-up in health since 1885'; and it was for health reasons that he did not go to Boston on his father's death. This omission had serious consequences: as one of the *cestuis que trust*, and also as one of the legatees under his father's will, he had to sign the deeds setting up a new Trust for the management of the firm of S. D. Warren & Co. Warren signed blindly a document which gave to the Trustees, of whom his brother Sam was one and also the chief partner, a free hand in their dealing with the organization of the Cumberland Mills. Out of this authority, given by him in good faith, grew up the methods of S. D. Warren & Co., which finally drove Ned to bring the tragic law-suit against his brother in 1909.

Lewes House was to improve his health by its quiet life



A HUNTER

Attic red-figured Lekythos, 470 B.C., by the Pan painter

and by the opportunities it gave for riding, swimming, walking and the like. Horses and dogs ceased to be so much a part of the place when Warren and Marshall separated, but the stables were full of horses even up to Warren's death ; and many fine animals passed through them. The position of Lewes House on the High Street and the increase of motor traffic destroyed a good deal of the pleasure of riding. For its size the establishment was cheaply run. Wages were low and amounted to little more than £300 a year for inside and outside staff ; the rent was only £150. Visitors were frequent and the cooking was often worthy of a first-class restaurant. The house encouraged a life of leisure and learning and if Warren had been content with a quiet life in the delightful country round Lewes and in the gardens of the House, he would have escaped all the charges of extravagance and all the misunderstandings that American relations flung at him.

But in taking on Marshall as Secretary he had assumed the responsibility for a man of brilliant talents which cried for fulfilment. At the time Marshall was moving away from his interest in textual scholarship towards the history of Greek Art ; and the two men were already contemplating an essay on the Hellenic Idea which would be quite unintelligible without an understanding of the Idea manifested in Greek Art. Warren was by instinct a collector, and the van Branteghem sale in 1892 gave a fine opening for serious work. Henceforth it was clear that Marshall had found a job which thrilled him, and Warren, with characteristic devotion, set about giving him congenial occupation. The collecting was at first haphazard and involved Warren in big expenses : the work required agents and friends, and by 1894, in addition to Lewes House, an apartment in Rome had to be kept up ; there were also heavy travelling expenses, and at first little chance to recoup. The agreements with the Boston Museum emerged only gradually, and even in its most generous period the Museum there could not buy all,

or nearly all, that Warren and Marshall had acquired. In one year alone, twenty thousand dollars of his personal fortune went to acquire only three statues, and though later Warren could declare that each one was worth more than he had paid for the three together, it was difficult to persuade his family that he was not wasting his wealth. When Ned justified his extravagance by writing to Sam that he did not wish to die wealthy, Sam replied: 'I should not count on too premature a decease, and then you will not be troubled.' The family was uncomfortable about Ned's 'huckstering' and felt it to be not respectable as for instance Boston business would be. Moreover they were sceptical about his health and even his sanity, believing that his supposed ill-health was either an invention or hypochondriacal.

To satisfy his demands for money Sam was expected to discover ways and means, and he showed a good deal of patience and good will, the more so that he disapproved so strongly of Ned's methods if not of his general activity. By 1894 Ned was \$77,000 overdrawn and in addition had used up \$40,000 of his capital; on a visit to England that year Sam had been to Lewes and Ned wrote, as a younger brother a little frightened of the elder brother's inspection: 'I saw that your confidence was shaken by what you saw, and I am glad it was, for I have proceeded so far upon my own lines and the first impression should have been one of misgiving. My present task is to find a plan which shall not cripple my finances.' He wrote also—'In a year or two I hope to have gained such a reputation that the Museum will entrust me with its funds. But I must still be a buyer of the extraordinary, though it will be easier for me, now that we have gained our entry, to become august and difficult to please. And I must train my helpers so that we may be able to hold the market.'

The Museum had not yet worked out any regular scheme but it was prepared to buy on a considerable scale; and Sam wrote that there need be no fear of any such delay as

there was with the wretched sarcophagi; besides possibilities within Boston's reach were now better realised. Marshall accompanied Warren to America in 1895—it was Marshall's first visit and Warren's first since 1890—to enter into definite negotiations. These were bound to be troublesome, partly because Boston disapproved of what it called the unbusiness-like methods of the collecting, and partly because the Museum Trustees were uncomfortable about Warren's system of financing: he charged cost price plus 20% for expenses, a quite fantastically generous method, which neither covered ordinary expenses nor gave any reward for skilful buying. Yet even if the negotiations proved in the outcome disappointing, at least the answer had not been merely negative, and somehow the work could continue. Sam was getting used, also, to being pestered with letters and cables, but he could not refrain, at a time when Ned was greatly overdrawn, had sold over \$70,000 of capital and wrote excitedly about a very important purchase which might make valour the better part of discretion, from giving his brother a sermon: though he concluded generously with a regret about his preaching, since he felt that he needed it more than Ned, and he did not wish Ned to think he underestimated either his ability or his judgment on important moral questions.

Ned did not bear in mind that to those not in the heat of the collecting, and not passionately devoted as he was to the Hellenic Eros, it did not always seem to be of first-class importance whether they acquired some particular antiquity or not. It says much for his enthusiasm and self-sacrifice that he bought and held for years such things as the Chios Head, the Herakles, the coins and gems and the Boston Throne—this was the important purchase just mentioned—until the Museum could be induced to take them over. At times in his despair of adequate help Ned threatened to turn the collecting into a limited company to be run on strictly business lines: a suggestion which upset the family terribly since to them business did not include antique-dealing. A

friend also wrote to Ned that though Boston liked cranks and peculiar people it preferred the kind it could understand. Bickerings and differences were bound to exist, and the fault was certainly not all on one side ; but in spite of all, the collecting continued with sometimes astounding success as well as nervous exhaustion for the workers at Lewes.

In September, 1901 Warren's mother died and Ned benefited considerably under the terms of her will. She had been ill for some time and her mind had been often overcast and her judgment unpredictable. She had herself been a great collector, and three years before her death, when she was travelling with her daughter in Europe, she had a consuming desire to buy pictures, chiefly of the French School. Ned was called in to advise, and a limit of 150,000 francs was laid down (but as usual where Ned was concerned, the amount was easily exceeded, for there was an important picture on the market which he could not resist.¹) A number of other pictures were bought and proved themselves an admirable investment, being all sold at a profit. In spite of his desire that it should conserve its funds for antiquities, Ned was a little annoyed that the Museum had not bought any of them.

That year brought another important change in Ned's personal relations with Boston and his family. M. S. Prichard, who had been a very loyal and valuable helper in the collecting for many years, took a post with the Boston Museum, which was regarded in the circumstances as tantamount to 'joining the opposition'. This action, of which only Warren's

¹ This was the Filippino which later hung in Lewes House, and which was the occasion of some altercation among the Warren family : at first because Ned, having made a good bargain, wanted to reward the agent for his courtesy and efficiency, and later on because he laid down 'fussy' conditions about temperature and atmospheric humidity when the picture was to be hung in Boston. The picture incidentally, which Ned was accused of paying too highly for, brought an offer of over £40,000 in 1927, as against the purchase price of 110,000 francs. It was bequeathed by Mrs. Warren to her four children, but Ned and Cornelia bought out the two others and it became Ned's sole property on Cornelia's death in 1921.

account survives, caused a breach, which for all Warren's efforts was never healed. Warren kept in touch through a common friend, but Prichard would never forgive him for certain opinions which he thought had been expressed about himself. The appointment was happy neither for Prichard himself—he felt compelled to resign within a few years—nor for the Warren family : Sam was President of the Museum Trustees at the time and insisted on the appointment, though he had been warned well in advance that it would be regarded as an unfriendly act.

Within a couple of years or so, though the Museum was generous in entrusting large sums to its agent without being sure of anything but repayment of the money, and what is more, accepted his decision as final, personal difficulties again arose and things came to a head. With over 300,000 dollars worth of stuff at Lewes, the Museum failed Warren at a critical moment, as he asserted, in implementing a definite agreement. He gave up since he could not face the worry : the work itself was serious enough pre-occupation without these unnecessary interruptions and obstructions. He wrote to Sam that he was cured of his ambition to serve Boston by the benevolence which the Trustees apparently hid beneath their parsimony : they seemed also afraid that his zeal would eat them up ! The special Bartlett sending¹ went in 1903 and there was another in 1904 ; but for four years after that collecting was practically at an end as a work on behalf of the Museum.

On a smaller scale, and in the case of the gems on a larger one, it continued to the end of Warren's life. Belated praise came from Sam in 1906 when he was in Europe : 'Ned and Johnny have certainly given much to Boston which will compare with anything I have seen in Europe ; this trip enables me to appreciate more fully their work. I feel that the Museum should avail itself of Marshall's experience, since it would be unfortunate to lose the services of such an expert.'

¹ See p. 345.

The Museum however seemed to be riding for a fall, estranging its friends and playing into the hands of its rivals. Robinson, the Director, refused to work with Sam and Prichard, and resigned next year, going to New York, where he had the well-trying assistance of Marshall.

Meanwhile Ned's relations with his family did not improve: Ned had been dealt a bitter blow, bitter perhaps to his vanity but still more bitter in its effect on his beloved Johnny, when collecting had to cease. The pain of the blow remained a cruel memory, even though it had not the power to restrain his enthusiasm for the collecting as an important event in the history of Boston.

In spite of this growing unpleasantness with his family, Warren in 1903 leased Fewacres, an old Colonial house in Maine which he gradually turned into a delightful home for an American gentleman. The house became a happy summer home, especially in the last years of his life, and well repaid the comparatively little spent on it. It is likely that at this time he was hoping to get himself established at Cumberland Mills, not on the business but on the administrative side. Now that the heat and the dust of the collecting were over, he proposed to visit America more frequently, and he had no precise future plans. If he could not have more of a say in the running of the Mills, at least on the side of industrial relations, he preferred to be rid of the business altogether. Business had picked up a good deal since the trough of the depression of 1897-8 and Warren's income from the family Trust was averaging thirty-five thousand dollars or more. If then he was to sell, he must know the value of his property; and he must take a valuation. This action was the first big step towards the trial of 1909-10. The more he looked into the business, the more he seemed to discover that it was run in the interests of the partners, of whom Sam was chief. When he realized that he had been receiving only about 40% of his 'real' income, he could not conceal his resentment. At the trial the figure representing what,

according to Ned, had been improperly taken from the legatees in the twenty years since 1888 was put at a million and a half dollars.

To find out exactly how he stood, Warren appointed as his attorney W. S. Youngman, later Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. Youngman was a keen, competent and conscientious worker on his behalf, and apart from producing the valuation, which took a vast time, he helped to straighten out Ned's finances. In spite of the shifting sands on which he always felt himself to be working, by means of prudent sales of investments and negotiations with Marshall as representative of New York, he somehow raised Ned's income considerably. Indeed Ned, who had been regarded as the prodigal and unbusiness-like member, found himself in 1908 getting on better than most of the family.

Expenditure on Lewes House always worried Youngman when he was trying to deal with the Trust finances; Warren also admitted that the expenditure weighed much on his mind: 'It is true that I would not return to Museum collecting if I had loads of money, but I do not like to miss ripe fruit when it is ready to fall into my hands; and I feel it hard that I cannot do the obvious thing while Sam has money to spend on his machines. Winters used to be reckoned by the quantity of effort and a mass of purchases. To forego what even in our best days and even at double the price would have been one of the finest things, is very hard. For this reason I am with you in wanting Lewes expenses much reduced.'

In addition, Marshall had to be considered (and after November, 1907 the Marshalls, since Johnny had then married Mary Bliss, a cousin of Ned's) or provided for, and he was not an easy person for whom to provide. He had been hopelessly spoilt by Warren. The New York agency to which he had been appointed in 1905 never produced enough for his needs, needs that increased with age and experience. When in 1926 Warren induced

him to offer his resignation (the offer was never handed in) it was agreed that he should receive an income, gladly paid, of £2,600 a year. There were other persons also on whom Ned felt it necessary to settle incomes: between 1905 and 1908 there were three friends who had money settled on them, ironically enough to enable them to marry; which from Warren's standpoint was a descent from a higher to a lower life and a sign that they were unworthy of the true discipline.

He also found his resources often taxed by 'benefactions'. 'I have often given thanks to Papa, especially when the money that he earned enables me to make a gift. I wasn't good to him when he was alive but he was big enough to pardon me, and I have done amends since his death by the honour in which I hold him.' There was seldom a time when he had not five or six young men or boys on his hands. Thus in 1911 he wrote: 'I have had the pleasure again, due to Papa, of planning the further training of a boy whose expenses at school I have been paying, of sending money for a second boy, of settling some matters with —, the third case; of hearing from a fourth now nearly done and from a fifth who will take his place. This education, which some think good of me and others foolish, is neither the one nor the other.'

The investigation into the Boston business which had been started merely to determine the value of the Cumberland Mills property and the business of S. D. Warren & Co., and not because of any suspicion of abuse in Sam's management of the Trust, had become by 1908 a serious drain on Warren's energy and means. It required longer and more frequent absences from Lewes. There were conferences, proposals and counter-proposals; and while no infringement of good taste could be allowed, the atmosphere became more and more difficult and tense. Gradually the family united against Ned, even though some of its members admitted that, in equity at least, his case was sound. There came more and more bitterness among the lawyers on both sides; the suit

was officially filed in December, 1909; hearings were to proceed every day, at Sam's request, or demand; the lawyers hurried from the Court to their offices to look up points. The figures were investigated only for the first years of Sam's management, and it was admitted that Ned had a strong case; in February Sam died. As a result there was an outburst of directly hostile feeling in the part of the family which made Ned almost an outcast.

During most of 1910 Youngman was fighting on Warren's behalf to settle the case favourably for him without a return to the Courts, and he had a very difficult time sifting and investigating the many suggestions put forward by the opposing lawyers, who seemed sometimes to interpret their duty so widely that they aimed not only to do their best for their clients but their worst for their opponents. When it seemed that no satisfactory conclusion was possible, the opposing lawyers made a last offer considerably more favourable to Ned than anything he had come to hope for, and on terms which would enable him to adjust himself to the new conditions and by 1911 to be free of the debts which had dogged him since 1903.

Although Ned was ultimately forgiven by most members of his family, the trial remained a black spot in everyone's memory. He himself regretted, though he did not repent of, his action. The increased income however did not give him the satisfaction it should have because there was now no real purpose in spending it as there might have been ten years earlier. He showed his appreciation of Youngman's efforts by a liberal reward, but he must have sorely taxed his lawyer's nerves by his inability to see that, while litigation was in progress, the settlement and only the settlement counted. To Youngman he seemed like a person trying to let rooms when the house was afire. Marshall, for instance, was pestering him about the Chios Head Fund of about £15,000 which Warren had settled on him, agitating that it should be settled after his death on Mrs. Marshall. Youngman

at this time wrote very strongly to Ned's lawyer: 'I have been too long in the firing line, seeking justice for him and incidentally bringing under his control more money than he could ever have had without this litigation, to be patient with those who undertake to get him into fresh difficulties.'

In 1911 the Warren Trust had had a year to settle down and the task for Ned was no longer to secure his property or to make sure of dying poor, as he used to say to Sam, but to arrange that his will should be somehow congruent with his estate. The will was henceforth one of his main pre-occupations and he deemed continued life important if only to set his affairs in order. There was a good deal of friction at times, and Youngman naturally felt hurt at the calling in of an English solicitor to vet the wording of a will which was to be proved in America. The legatees were also worried as to the realization of their expectations. And any year the whole will might be thrown out of gear by a change in Johnny's position or by some big purchase such as was threatened when the Southesk gems came on the market.

A burst of expenditure followed the settlement, so that it was still hard to keep income and outgoings balanced. There was unfortunately not enough money to carry out Warren's hopes for Corpus, of which details are given later in this Memoir, and there were antiquities crying to be bought. One bought about this time for £2,000 (for which an offer was made years later of £15,000) is still unsold: its purchase demanded Warren's presence in Rome and the journey which at first seemed tiresome and wearying, became a pleasant interlude which brought back delightful memories of the past. On his way he had seen Rodin and the Duchesse de Choiseul, and in Rome filled his days seeing all the old friends, Coleman, Hauser, Hartwig, Helbig, Fothergill, Parsons, Benedetti, Oscar Browning and others, an interesting crowd of people such as he had not met for five years or more. His mind went back to Museum days, to the cutting off of help from Boston just at the moment when he and

Marshall had the market so effectively in their hands that Murray of the British Museum could observe: 'There is nothing to be got nowadays, since Warren and Marshall are always on the spot first.'

Health and energy seemed to be returning. In 1913, Warren was planning the writing of his "magnum opus", though a summer of visitors was to precede this activity. In the month of July he had to stay with him the President of Corpus, the Marshalls, Robert Ross, Clutton-Brock and others. There was also more expenditure. Not only did he buy Lewes House for less than half the sum that it was eventually sold for,—and that during the slump,—but he also acquired a fifteenth-century house, The Shelleys, which he wished to preserve for Lewes. He bought, too, School Hill House, next door to Lewes House, partly for its own sake, and partly that it might not be pulled down and Lewes House be overlooked by villas.

During the War, Warren stayed in Oxford, where he was able to get on with his writing and to have, for him, a certain amount of peace. He entertained a good deal. His income increased with the increase in the cost of living; even in 1915 it was more than £15,000 a year. This was fortunate, for while he was spending less upon himself, his benefactions were consuming more. There was, for instance, the School House Hill Hospital at Lewes, which had been established at Johnny's suggestion but of which the main burden of upkeep fell upon Warren. Lewes House, too, was still kept going, though Warren's secretary and the men-servants went early to join up. During the vacations there was a stream of visitors as in the old days, old friends like Basil Williams or Clutton-Brock, or members of the Oxford Common Rooms. With men such as Beazley and Clark at Lewes something of the old scholarly atmosphere revived, and the domesticity, which had invaded the house on the marriage of Thomas and the entry of an adopted son into the *ménage*, was, for the time, forgotten.

After the War, Lewes House became a real extravagance, for of the last seven years of his life Warren can hardly have spent one complete year in it. But he kept it on in the hope that, after his own death, Johnny might return and find there some of the old happiness and peace. In 1926 it was practically closed. It had long ago attained what the Greeks would have called its "physis". The furnishing, so far as it could be, was completed, the china was almost perfect, the silver could not justify further expansion. The last of the room that had been lit by oil-lamps was wired for electric light, the paddock had become a hard tennis court, vegetable and fruit gardens were producing their maximum of crops. For the first time, perhaps, since Warren had moved into it in 1890, the house was an adequate ancestral home for an English gentleman.

It had all been a delightful preoccupation,—the finding of a spoon to complete a set for "one of the heirs", the search for a particular milk-jug to satisfy the probable taste of another. Such was always Warren's way, not what "would do", but the very best he could accomplish. It was a quality which stood in the way of exuberant creativeness, in writing as in living, but it produced a conciseness and rocklike intensesness that are but rarely met with.

Cornelia Warren died in 1921, more or less reconciled to Ned, but not sufficiently so to make her change her will and to put him on a level with her other heirs. She left him her share of the Filippino and a cash legacy of 10,000 dollars. From time to time she had spoken of "reinstating Ned", but she died without doing it. Ned tried to get his brother Fiske to make up to him in some degree for what he had lost under Cornelia's will, but, although Fiske recognised the justice of doing this, the settling of the actual amount was a complicated matter which had not been concluded when Warren died.

In the end, Warren's estate was nearly equal to the demands his bequests made upon it. In the penultimate

will of 1927, Johnny was due to receive £2,600 a year together with the use of Lewes House and the possession of most of its contents, so that a considerable sum was released by his death in February 1928. There was a short period just after Warren's death when the will could have been executed in all its details, which would have required nearly two million dollars. But the trustees delayed a few weeks to ensure exact execution of its terms, and by then the slump of 1929 was upon them.

In some ways Warren had lived lavishly. For much of his expenditure there was little apparent return. But he had spent a very large sum in benefactions of all kinds,—upon himself comparatively little. He had gathered about him a considerable number of people whom he enabled to live a much fuller, in some cases a much wiser, life than they could otherwise have done. He had made himself patron and protector, guide and inspiration,—and among so many who were intolerant of one another, he was tolerant of all. In his own eyes his greatest achievements were his friendship with Johnny and the classical collections in the American Museums.

The fragment of autobiography and this short account of his life may help to make clear why some record seems desirable of an exceptional personality. His autobiography, if completed, would probably have been best, and would certainly have been interesting, but as it was never finished it has been left to some of his friends to do what they could.

Warren had felt a biography might be called for because of his writings, however little they might be known. His poems and his prose, which are discussed in detail in Chapter XIV, might lead those who read them to wonder what sort of a man this was and might not be willing to detach art from life in their judgment of him. He felt too that between himself and Johnny Marshall something unusual had occurred and that its record was precious. "There are not many men like Johnny," he wrote, "there are not many

friendships like ours was. Interest remains even if I fall out as a bad writer or a bad man."

Although very well known to students of Greek archæology, to Museums and to a circle of intimates at Oxford where in 1915 he became an Honorary Fellow of Corpus, Warren had shunned publicity so long that his death on December 28th, 1928, might have passed unobserved, had not a few friends come forward to bear witness to his quality. On December 31st, 1928, *The Times* contained an obituary, the substance of which is contained in the preceding pages. On January 5th, 1929, the Rev. A. G. B. West, rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, "from a close friendship of over 45 years", supplemented the notice in the same journal:

"His scholarship and artistic tastes, his munificence to his native Boston, and to Oxford, which adopted him, are public knowledge. Cherished more in private gratitude is the generosity with which he sought out and equipped for their career those of his friends or their sons who were handicapped by straitened means. Of them, in various learned professions or positions of trust, there are now some scores, who owe nearly everything to the start which he enabled them to make. They are scattered up and down England, Europe and America. And the material help given them has rarely been so highly prized as the wisdom, the prudence, and the intense sympathy which ever accompanied his gifts. It was a new thing, in the Oxford of the eighties, for a Harvard graduate to keep two banking accounts, lest the authorities or his friends should discover that a half-blind and ill-dressed scholar, who lived on two hundred a year, owned an income more than fifty times that amount. It was so new that small welcome was given to the poor student's offer to found and endow a college, mainly for the study of Greek sculpture, and the work for Greek art had to be done otherwise. The temper of those days was shown by letters in *The Times* upbraiding the 'cute and cultured American' for purchasing and saving carved pew-ends, which a Cumberland church was then dismantling as useless. The answer of C. C. A. in your columns, about August 1888, is the index of his sagacity and humility.

"Many first learnt from him not only tender thought for other humans, but for all living things. It was the malignity of giving pain which made him refuse to eat anything which had been killed for sport. Yet this fearless rider rode the best Arabs in the country till the martyrdom of the disease from which he died made riding impossible. For nearly half a century the daily burden of pain which he endured—ten years ago the chief practitioners of Europe had assured him that he had but a few months to live—might have quelled the spirit of most men. The courage, sense of duty self-imposed, and instinct for completing work begun, was inspiration of the highest to those who knew its cost. He claimed that it was Greek, than which he sought no higher aim. A circle of adopted sons and utterly diverse friends know that a nature, more than feminine in its gentle tenderness, though manly enough in sterner qualities, has enriched our life."

Another and perhaps more striking tribute from Professor Beazley was published, also in *The Times*, two days later, and in a somewhat expanded form in the *Oxford Magazine* of January 24th, 1929. In this, he says of Warren:

"With strangers he was courteous, and reserved: he opened out to friends. He was perfectly sincere and perfectly natural. He was without vanity or affectation. He had ways, but no mannerisms. He never showed irritation or embarrassment. One got to know the convictions upon which his judgments were based: but his mind was elastic, and one was far from being able to predict his judgments: his eye went deep, and found the good, detected the flaw, which had escaped oneself and others. One will not forget the even tone of his quiet American voice; his gentle irony; the flashes of merriment, the delightful smile.

"For many years his health had been poor, though he made good sport of his ailments. Last February (1928), his friend John Marshall died. He bore it with fortitude: but thereafter he had the air of a man who is quietly putting his house in order before departure. He spent the Summer Term at Oxford, but he spoke of it as his last visit. His mind was as keen as ever: but he was getting deaf, and in several places the machine gave signs of running down. The last

time we were together our talk fell on the magnificence of Pindar's tree in the fourth Pythian ode. Whether Warren was thinking of himself no one could have told: I was thinking of him. The oak, even when cut down and shorn of its branches, shows its worth."

CHAPTER V

OXFORD LIFE

TO understand how Oxford came to mean so much for Warren, to find the first glow in his experience of the place, we must turn to his *Pausanian Tale*, a contemporary document, which he had printed privately forty years afterwards, in 1927, and had preserved, not for itself, but for the light it throws upon his Oxford days.

About this story, which the curious can consult in the British Museum and in the London Library under the initials of his pseudonym (Arthur Lyon Raile), his wishes were clear. These wishes are worth mention to forestall wrong inferences from the story:

"My other prose manuscripts," he wrote (i.e. other than his 'M.O.' or Magnum Opus in prose, the *Defence*), "have been preserved to help me in my autobiography. None is worth publication for itself; but I authorize my literary executors to use them freely, provided they make it clear that I do not regard them as 'works'. . . . The tale of Rathbone, or whatever he is called, at Oxford will probably be most useful."

Again:

"The tale is not good, but especially from the tale—a bad play is also mentioned—passages may be derived for a biography."

The tale, according to a note in Warren's handwriting, was "written in Naples in 1887", that is to say, before his interrupted years as an undergraduate at Oxford had come to

an end. There is no evidence that the story itself is a transcript of actual experience, nor can any character in the story, except the teller, who is its author's likeness, be certainly identified with any particular friend. The plot and the protagonists, whatever their origin, are apparently inventions, but the study of one phase of Oxford life, the whole atmosphere of college life with men reading for honours, the setting of quad and river, the long evenings and late talks, the vacations in company, is clearly derived at first hand. From this limited standpoint the tale is a success; indeed, had it not more literary quality than its author would admit, it would be biographically much less rich and revealing. The style, if early, is good, though more colloquial than the restrained and Lucretian prose of *The Defence* and of the three Greek stories published by Blackwell. For this reason, we come nearer to the person of its author in this imaginary self-portrait than he has allowed us so far to come in the detached and unfinished autobiography.

In the autobiography, dated 1923, he was recounting his distant past. In the tale of 1887 he is evoking his warm present. Thus, from the tale, his friends immediately feel his living presence expressed in his familiar "ways" and in a score of unself-conscious touches that bring him before us.

Leaving, then, the plot on one side, let us see how this fictional undergraduate looked, and talked, and behaved with his friends. Even people who came to know Warren after he had passed his fiftieth year still recognize his ways as they watch the teller of this Oxford story of forty years earlier, and not his ways only, but his physique as well: shortish, stocky, with a pair of heavy shoulders and a torso that seemed too bulky for the waist; the short but well-shapen legs (a trifle slim for the weight that they carried), whose toddling gait added an incongruously feminine touch to his bodily movement; the square and heavy fingers that would touch and handle a Greek amphora, a piece of china, of silver, a delicate bronze, the keys of his clavichord, or the reins of

one of his little Arabian stallions, with a queer gentleness, as an elephant will fumble feately with its unwieldy trunk; the square weighty face with its plinth-like forehead, and the prominent, almost black, brown eyes, that some surprise or interruption could start rolling or staring, eyes that would suddenly twinkle, as a gleam of irony or a disarming smile would suffuse his whole countenance with wrinkles of humour or tenderness. Warren's total physiognomy, indeed, is inseparable from his sketch of Claude, the soliloquist and narrator of the story.

Claude and Belthorpe (Bynham, their friend, is the pivotal character) spend a Christmas in London:

"We had the advantage of a warm swimming-bath near by; and Belthorpe, well developed and light in build, every muscle showing without exaggeration, was like a moving bronze. He never stood or stooped without the beauty of a plastic composition, and I was ashamed of my heavy body, which might enable me to carry a bench or pull a boat, but never to look more than hulking beside his grace."

The "ways", later so familiar to ourselves, betray themselves in more than one passage. Bynham is the spokesman in this:

"'You have good taste,' [he remarks to Claude]. 'You like good sculpture. You sympathise with things of which you don't approve. You are ideal'; [I knew that phrase: he used to twit me with ideality] 'and then you know,' he stopped a moment, 'you make a fellow so comfortable' . . . I was pouring his tea."

The tea, and the little creature comforts of life that Warren's discrimination and hospitality would transform into indulgences for others, recur characteristically throughout the story. The teller says:

"I prided myself on my good tea and on my tea-things, a rather motley collection of Frankenthaler, Nymph-

enburg, and the like. . . . In these Byngham took but a faint interest . . . but the tea he appreciated, and the reminiscences of foreign travel, especially architecture and Museums, with which I accompanied it."

Then follows a remark that is, almost certainly, Marshall's, for it was Marshall who persuaded Warren to become a collector of Greek pots :

" 'You should go in for Greek vases and archæology,' he said. I had done that just a little, with an interest that was to develop into a passion."

The attentive friend, beside pouring tea, would undertake, like his originator, troublesome details with unfailing forethought and cheerfulness. Thus, in the story the teller records how he kept Mrs. Byngham informed of her son's silent and ailing moods on the eve of his Final Schools :

"Not telling her how much her son was ailing, nor writing so as to disquiet her, but . . . conveying by implication the assurance that he was being looked after and asking her to suppress any allusions to his health in her letters to him. All he would be likely to write she could find out from me ; a personal letter to answer was always to him a burden."

Again, it is in character to find the friend, on Byngham's sudden resolve to go down for a few days before his examination, recording : "I put his things into his bag. At all events he would have more what he wanted than if he packed himself" ; no surprise that he offered also to help Byngham's friend with *his* packing ; nor to find him, again, telling Byngham's mother that he himself "was built for a lasting affection, a combination of the humdrum and the heroic" ; that "I believe it is only through my imagination that an appeal could be made to my heart" ; that he should have admitted, to the same lady, the justice of her fear lest, if ever he should marry, he "would drag his wife about in pursuit of his imaginations", and, consequently, born bachelor as

he was, that he must keep what she termed his romantic tendency in that personal direction to himself.

These are only selected touches from a self-portrait rich in them, but they are enough, perhaps, to evoke the man behind the too impersonal opening of the autobiography.

No less evocative of his response to Oxford,—to its ends, its protections, its collegiate life, its streets, the *fecunda quies* of its studious men and their no less valuable, indolent or fantastic moments,—are the descriptive passages in the story.

"The peculiar damp twilight of Oxford, settling over spires and towers, and turning one's thoughts inward, was invading the Broad as I left the bookshop, with a dear little vellum book just purchased, one November afternoon. The sturdy bells of the college were clambering up with a certain dogged but varying firmness to the top note, which they struck faintly before falling heavily on five. The chapel lights showed through the stained windows. There would soon be a sound of chanting. The sense of mysterious peace, and of the still more mysterious lesson which Oxford had to teach me, not only through books and lectures, but through the subtle influence of its venerable traditions and beauties ; the feeling that Oxford alone had a region of arcana and delight, which the world at large neither knew nor cared to know, filled my mind as I passed up the staircase where the damp drifted in and trickled from the walls, and along through the dark lobby to my room. Here Plato and my notebook lay open ; and the lamp stood ready to light. As I struck a match, however, I saw the long legs of Byngham stretched from the easy-chair to the glowing coals."

The familiar picture of an Oxford interior is not blurred in this sketch, and the budding scholar, in his early ardour, is confessed in the following :

" . . . the train puffed away leaving me to wander in, for a moment, to St. Thomas's church, where I meditated, after my priggish fashion, on Burton, and on Prince Edward—who had espoused the Blessed Virgin in that church—and then took my way home, looking up near the corner of the New Road, the good old Gothic arch, which had become

for me a symbol of things long done and forgotten, of which only scholars know. 'A scholar is the memory of the world,' I murmured to myself. It was a saying which I had invented, and of which I was unduly proud. Sayings did not come to me by nature, [the later Warren possessed a dangerous, if premeditated, wit]; and I had some doubt whether my thoughts were anything but words that casually found themselves together and so joined hands."

"As he liked a purpose in his walks, I took him to all the little churches I had discovered in my long tramps before I knew him. I showed him the Assumption at Sandford; the painted Madonna at Beckley; the gravestones with their prayers for the dead, at Littlemore; the old, forgotten church of Saint Bartholomew at Cowley, with the Commonwealth rood-screen. I was on the watch for his moods, and tried to divert him when he was not at his books."

Their conversation is, in part, designed to show the independence of thought that attracted the narrator to Byngham. Byngham is often responsible for such a remark as this:

"At Oxford we have half the Greek lesson, that half which is beauty, and it is all we are capable of. The half which is discipline we have not learnt. We are as far as Praxiteles, no further. From Shakespeare's sonnets you can see the bent of the English mind. It does not pass to the culture of strength, the beauty of the hero. We like heroes, we like strength. We do not associate them with beauty. . . . But we must learn of life. We cannot teach it, that is to say, not beyond a certain point."

"I tried to show him that teaching could go pretty far (it was going pretty far in my own case, though I would not say this), that either we could restore and better what had been, or perhaps our failure to do so was only a temporary matter to be overcome by patience and perseverance."

The independence of thought that attracted Claude to Byngham may have been part of Marshall's original attraction for Warren. The shadow of Marshall seems to lie upon the tale.

The two men in the story are discussing Greek texts with German commentaries, and the narrator is effacing himself to help Byngham:

"He told me the section, and I placed myself where I could see his face, and gather his difficulties from its expression, without bothering him with too many questions. It was easy to put the German into clear English, pausing where he did not catch the bearing, not to explain, but to let him think, or turn out a reference. Often the intervals were longish. The reference would lead to another, or to the grammar, and so it would go on, I endeavouring to seem as if I were not in the room till he was ready for my translation again. . . .

"His only rest, I thought, was in letting himself out to me, not personally, for the reserve was always maintained, but as it were by proxy, discussing the Symposium, or the Phædrus, or Theocritus, or Theognis, or Greek art, but chiefly the Symposium. . . . Of the intricacies of that book I had never dreamed; but they were so real, so much in the text, so much in need of explanation, that I almost began to think half of Plato's argument playful and sophistic. He (Byngham) was also much interested in a theory of his own, according to which Pausanias, Phædrus, and Socrates were pleading their own cases: Pausanias the love for the elder, Phædrus the glory of the younger, Socrates the passion of the ugly and destitute, whose only merit consisted in necessity and invention. . . . the clever devices which made up for the other inheritance of poverty.

"Byngham was busy with all this, mainly as a question of interpretation. Plato's 'definitions of the faith' did not weigh with him as those of an 'ideal guide' . . . my foolish phrase. Plato's province was dialectics, and his arguments the fair play of a dialectician. He rejoiced in paradoxes, in inference *ad absurdum*, in running a principle to ground, and maintaining it with smiling audacity. There were certain analogies to Renan. Plato was to be used, like the whole school of Literae Humaniores, as a palæstra for imagination and thought. There he had done more service than the codifications of Aristotle could ever have effected without him. He, whose whole business was with the absolute, had accomplished as much for the relative; and the sceptical

school sprang from him as naturally as the schools of faith. What he thought was of secondary consequence ; but he made us think, and for ever flouted the dullness of the Philistine, whether to the ideal or the real. This was his province : we drew our conclusions ourselves. . . ."

This long passage will suggest the conversation that Warren first found at Oxford, found naturally there, which, in graver moments, he enjoyed with his friends, and to which, then or shortly, Marshall must have contributed. The real scholar, however, had no narrow, still less a bookish, idea of "theoria". The theory was studied for the safeguard of practice, the reflection of life, studied for the artistic and athletic satisfactions of a humane leisure, with health, fun, good-fellowship, and the play of all the faculties, for the end and vindication of man's life on the earth.

Fun is not absent from Warren's story. A practical joke is played upon an unsuspecting undergraduate at a formal dinner. The pleasures of the table are not neglected. Warren's friends will know how aptly the following describes the hospitality in which they often shared, the care of the scrupulous host to overlook no detail or preference :

"The dinner, I flatter myself, was very pretty and dainty. There had been some special shopping and ordering to this end, and our simple fare was superseded by dishes that I thought would suit both guests. There were candles, and flowers, and so forth."

To Oxford days too belongs the account which Warren wrote of an interview he had with Cardinal Newman :

"I had a few minutes of conversation with Father Pope first. He told me that it was customary to kiss the Cardinal's ring on his entrance, and in answer to my request that the Cardinal should give me his blessing he said : "Most certainly." I was left alone to await the great man. He appeared soon in a cassock covered by a long black coat of broadcloth

half unbuttoned and wearing a red skull-cap from which his white hairs spread over his forehead. The face was not hard to recognize, though small and somewhat wrinkled ; but it lacked of course the grandeur of the picture at Oriel. One gets from such a painting and from some photographs an impression somewhat larger than life. Instead of this I now beheld what was almost a little old man,—and yet it was just this relatively insignificant phase that I had cared most to seize. I wanted to have my idea of him made actual personal human, commonplace ordinary if you will. I wanted that which was real in flesh and blood instead of an ideal presentment of character in the form of a likeness. We lose too much of the reality by apotheosis.

I took his right hand and kissed the ring. I thought I felt a little weight as if he had not expected this. He probably knew I was not a Catholic. I had said so in a letter, and Newman was never a formalist.

We sat down and he asked a question about my journey ; I remember it was : "You are cold, ain't you?" This *ain't you* gave me a slight shock, I admit. But we were quickly immersed in conversation concerning Oxford. How long had I been there? What was the relative importance assigned to Plato and Aristotle? In old times—I understood him to say—Aristotle only was insisted upon. Why did we still give him a greater prominence? I said I thought Plato was looked upon more as a dreamer—Aristotle as more practical. He said something about the similarity of Aristotle and the Catholic doctrine—he pronounced this crucial word with a long 'a'. I endeavoured to make clear the distinction between Mods as a study of language and Greats as a philosophical consideration of the Matter. "You mean," he said, "that in Greats you don't devote yourself to Science." I could not make out then and do not know now whether he used the word Science as synonymous with philosophy. I believe it came to his lips once more in our interview and he then defined it as the study of mechanics, engineering and so

forth. But he grasped my meaning in some sort, said that Herodotus was mostly important as a specimen of style and then I think he added something about the different varieties of Greek dialect.

Looking back on this portion of his conversation one may perhaps trace a slight weakening of mental power. But when explained by his manner it will not seem so serious. It was obviously difficult for him to arrive at the expression of his idea. He was obliged to make an effort to grasp it clearly in his mind, but this once done (and the effort was usually successful), he put it before you distinctly. Thus even in this obscure saying about Science in which he had not perhaps fully grasped his own meaning the sentence was yet perfect and distinct. It showed effort, and if the result seems only a partial success yet the working of his mind is not vague but an attempt at positive careful thought.

Referring to the substitution of science for linguistic study as desirable for unphilosophical and strongly practical natures, I said that nevertheless in New College a good deal of real benefit was derived by really serious men who took Greats. This character of New College as a hard-reading place was of course different from that which it had had in Newman's time. "In my day it was almost wholly of Winchester men." He added, however, that it was now coming to the front—Trinity as well. I compared it with Trinity, giving it as my judgment that in Trinity the social and studious element was combined in an unusual degree. I explained that the men were very agreeable fellows and that they were joined together by a feeling of fraternity, that Freshmen were made at home at once. "It is strange," he answered, "that what you say corresponds with its character in my day. When I came up they wanted to get me into Exeter although my name had not been put down before. But at Exeter they couldn't take me. So I went into Trinity. Afterwards someone asked me what was my college and I was almost afraid to answer, because I thought Trinity would be altogether

unknown, but when I gave its name he answered, 'A very gentlemanlike college.' I wonder whether there is anything in the genius of the place that preserves its character." I mentioned that New College was divided into cliques, etc., and that some men read a good deal alone. "Then at Trinity it is an ethical principle—at New College an intellectual principle," he said.

He inquired about the tendency of thought. I must give this as I remember it, although it stands a little in the shadowy background of memory. "Some people say—they do not love Oxford as I do,—but there are those who say that the tendency is so much to free-thought nowadays." I replied that free-thinkers were most certainly not far to seek, but that it seemed to me that as a rule thought was rather lax than positively irreligious. "There is a great deal," I said, "of vague thought, of infirm grasp of religious ideas." "I know what you mean," said he. And then I think came those words that I shall remember so long, as well as the voice, expression, and look, with which they were uttered. He was supporting his head with his left arm resting on the table and covering one eye and half his face with his hand—that hand with its delicate slightly wrinkled texture and long square nails, a regular hand, the fingers even in size and not varying much in length. I shall remember the clear quiet look of the eyes, which seemed striving to look through the object of thought, and the gentle ring of the voice—still preserving its silvery bell-like quality,—as he said: "When one looks ahead one doesn't know what is coming." I remembered his alarm at the prospect of Disestablishment and was silent.

I cannot be sure of the order of remarks in this interview, but I think it was here that he broke in upon the silence and opened a new subject with the question: "From what school do you come?" I was sorry to have the conversation turned to this ever-wearisome question of the differences of Americans and English. It will be seen that during the whole time I never guided Newman to anything personal, to any recollec-

tions of his past life. Perhaps if I were to have the golden opportunity over again I should do so. More precious would be the chance words that should fall from him on that subject than the casual talk which occupied us. I might have asked him how he liked the sonnet of Hurrell Froude which I so much admire *περὶ τῆς μνήτου στασέως*. And no doubt his thought would flow more freely over the past. The experiences that had burnt themselves into his character would be easy to review. But I had hardly expected to be in private twenty minutes with the Cardinal, and had made no plans. Perhaps on the whole it was best that I should disclose so absolute an absence of any particular motive, of any ulterior intention in my visit.

We were brought, as I have said, on to the subject of America, and I shall record even the unimportant words of this part of our interview, faithful to my intention of passing over nothing which remains distinct in my memory.

I told him I came from Harvard. "When I was young", said he, "there were but two places we heard of, Harvard and Yale. How far is Yale from Harvard?"

"About four hours by rail."

"And where is Harvard?"

"In the town of Cambridge. Very near Boston."

"Boston, why that is the place from which the Unitarian movement began."

"Yes sir," said I.

"The Anglican Church in America has a great future before it."

I said: "Those who do not find quietness enough in Dissenting pietism—in emotionalism, etc., turn towards it."

"I know what you mean," he said.

"And then there are some Unitarian churches the pastors of which openly discard Christianity. These slip into Anglicanism and then they can't get the congregations."

"Yes, I know, but is it common," he continued, "for young men to come to England? In a country where every-

thing is young and fresh there would be, I should think, every temptation to remain."

I ran over the reasons and characters of those who came to the old world. "And then to come over implies money."

"Not necessarily, the expense of a University education over there is about what it is here."

"Is it possible? But Oxford used to be thought very expensive."

"It is," I said, "in proportion to the scale of prices here, but there the prices are so much higher. I have been asked a pound to go three miles. But then it was a street cab."

"It was a hired carriage, I suppose. But then it seems enormous. We used to pay 7/6 for what was called a mounting. That is, a man would charge seven and six for harnessing. And that was thought enormous."

We turned to the question of the Roman Church in America, and he told me that the Catholics had collected a million pounds with which to start a Catholic University in Baltimore. "This seems to us an enormous sum, but then what you tell me about the prices must I suppose be taken into consideration. You know it was originally a Catholic colony. It is so no longer, but they wish to establish their University there and begin with the faculty of Sulpician Theology."

I reminded him of the other advances of Roman Catholics in New York—the large Cathedral. "Yes," he said, "and they tell me a very fine one." "I am afraid I can't ask you to stay," he said at last, with a sweetness which characterized him throughout the remaining, more personal part, of our interview.

"Yes, sir. Father Pope said you would perhaps be kind enough to give me your blessing."

"Certainly," said he; and I thought I traced an accent of surprise in this and in what followed, corresponding to that which he seemed to feel when I kissed his ring. "But I think I have been told that you were not a Catholic."

"No, sir,—but I am seeking to follow wherever truth may lead me."

"You know," he said, "that it is the natural desire of one who has found consolation in this faith that others be brought to it. If you really follow the truth God will be sure to lead you to the right." The same assurance that I had had from Knox-Little, but how do they justify it? Are there not many who have sought sincerely for the truth without coming out to a Christian faith? This I thought. But of course I did not say. "I should be glad," he continued, "to hear from you, to hear what you come to, but I don't know——"

Evidently he saw that the plan was not precisely practicable but did not want to say so. His goodwill had showed itself and if any proper occasion occurred I should know how to take advantage of it. I thanked him for the privilege of seeing him. I knelt while he gave me his silent blessing. As it was silent I did not know exactly when it was finished, but finally I rose, and then he said: "Please wait a moment. I am going to bring you a little book." And he disappeared through the door.

Then Father Pope appeared. "Well, you have talked with the Cardinal?" "Yes, sir," "And he has given you his blessing?" "Yes," said I, "he has gone away to get a little book." Father Pope thought he would send it. "Perhaps so. He said he would bring it." "Then I presume he will." And soon the old man came in beaming with kindness. "Let me see, I must ask you, I do not even yet know your name?"

"Edward Perry Warren." He did not seem quite to understand. "Edward?" "Yes, sir." "Edward Perry Warren." He had brought a pen already dipped in ink, and resting the book on the table he wrote with some difficulty "Edward". Then he turned to me. "Then P?" "Yes, sir." "Then Warren." "Yes, sir." Once he almost stopped. It seemed so hard for him. But he persevered and

wrote: "From Card. Newman Nov 17, 1886." Father Pope then dried the writing before the fire and the Cardinal left.

I shall remember long his kind manner, the look of earnest-hearted thought, the ring which his voice still had in spite of a slight lisp, the lines of his face (a small, human likeness of the ideal representations), and the dear yearning of the eyes. The impression left is of a true, pure love of spiritual truth, a truth reached by an effort of clear thought and when found answering the yearning of the soul.

May the thought of all goodness bear some fruit in our lives."

CHAPTER VI

JOHN MARSHALL

IT is curious that the Oxford section of the autobiography should contain no reference to John Marshall, for Warren's friendship with him dates from this time and was the culminating gift of Oxford,—not least to Marshall himself.

The two men were, or became, almost replicas of each other when seen at a distance, though at a near view there was less likeness. Marshall, like Warren, was shortish, broad-shouldered, fine-headed, but lighter in the limb, and less sturdy in build, more nervous and lively in movement. His recessed eyes, a pale blue, had ever a twinkle at the back of them; his cheeks were more concave than those of his friend; his hands more delicate and slender, more visibly sensitive. The long fingers, as his years increased, could look like the most delicate of claws with their faint inward curve, their almond nails, their oval antennae-like tips. In his moments of humour he was roguish and Puck-like. When his nerves were out of order he could show caprice and impatience, but never beyond the recall of a witticism, for he dreaded boredom, and insisted, like a child, on being kept amused all day and every day. He could be the most enchanting of companions: witty, amusing, changeable, jolly and talkative, enlivening his conversation with anecdotes of all kinds of people.

Warren was naturally considerate, but he was centred in his own interests and theories, intellectually an egoist. With a mind that delighted in complexity, he recoiled from all simple solutions, and conveyed his ideas, especially in his letters, in a tiny, careful, boyish script that was a little less

easy to decipher than it looked at first glance, and in sentences so carefully reasoned, and so nicely conducted through the maze of a balance of considerations, that until the tortuous skein had been resolved into its original threads, his epistles sometimes seemed like Chinese puzzles. In their age, the two friends, so alike in girth, made a pair of twin Punchinellos, and when they were pacing arm-in-arm the lawn at Lewes House they presented a pair of indistinguishable backs, so that one could hardly tell one from the other. Warren's shuffling toddle of a walk, and Marshall's slightly more staccato shamble, completed this likeness as of Tweedledum to Tweedledee. If Warren was gnomish, gentle, with a trace of the shambling and subtle elephant, Marshall was elfish, and bird-like, a crasis between the owl and the robin.

How did they become friends? and what was the previous history of John Marshall?

John Marshall, the fourth child and the second son of John Whitehead Marshall and his wife, formerly Priscilla Lunt, was born at a cottage in the country, a few miles from Liverpool, on September 10th, 1862. The Marshalls were a Lancashire family which originally came from the ~~Teylde~~ ^{Fylde} district. They had established themselves in the city of Liverpool, of which John's great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were Freeman, and where his father was a wine-merchant. According to John himself, his father was a strong Tory and a Protestant in opinion, a scrupulously honest and religious man. Mrs. Marshall was likewise a deeply religious woman, and when John showed aptitude at school his parents expected him, so soon as he should have taken his degree, to enter Holy Orders.

They sent him to be educated at the Upper School of Liverpool College, and he justified their expectations by winning many prizes and distinctions, including a prize for a poem upon the "Knights of Malta". From Liverpool College he

won a Classical Scholarship at New College, Oxford, in the year 1881. He stayed four years at Oxford, but it was not until his third year (1884) that he met E. P. Warren. Marshall took a first in Mods. and another in Greats, and, according to Warren himself, was advised to become a candidate for a Fellowship at Merton. Marshall, however, rejected this advice. For Oxford life had produced a great change in him and, at the time of his departure, he had conceived a strong prejudice against it.

The nature and the reasons for this recoil from a life to which he would appear to have been well suited can be gathered from a fragment of autobiography written, at Warren's behest, in 1889 or in 1890.

"DEAR WARREN : I am not in the mood to-night to write anything. I wish you had not asked me and that I might have written you something not under compulsion. I sent you a longish letter once which apparently only made you laugh. There's where the matter lies, I am not heroic and cannot stand ridicule. However, what I write is true in all particulars and represents my life as well as I can write it at so short a notice. The worst of this is that there are plenty of important things which I don't remember in their proper connection at this moment and which, even if I did remember them, could not in point of time and space be put in a sheet or two.

"I went up to Oxford to enter the Church : at the time I was thoroughly religious, that is to say I was a regular Churchman, took the creed and Articles for Gospel, attended Church conscientiously and read, horror of horrors, a great deal about the Romish controversy. Once at Oxford, when I was pressed for money and did not wish to apply for it from home, this stood me in good stead and paid my bills. That was at the beginning of my third year, I think. Both my father and my mother were very anxious on the point, she especially was eager for it. They thought it would break their hearts if I failed to take orders ; they never contemplated the possibility of what really did happen. They took it as granted that if I got through the schools I would enter the Church ; it was getting through them which they thought most important.

"Now see how it went with me at Oxford. I had few friends to look forward to. There were five old school-fellows there whom I knew, and one a man too much my senior for me to know. Of those five two might be omitted. The other three were at Pembroke. One of these was my enemy at school and with him I had little to do. A second was a good sort of fellow, with a latent soul which showed itself very unexpectedly at a very odd time. Of him later perhaps—for I am not quite certain whether he is bound to come in here : he did not affect me very much. The third was my greatest friend. You have met Fisher and as you are—in many points—like others, you will be amazed that he more than another should have made me what I am. I often wonder why he liked me or I him : for we have not a taste in common. He sits and smokes and talks small talk,—so do I,—but he talks nothing else : or else he sits and plays Italian operatic music of which he knows no end but which is to me equally uninteresting. He never read for reading's sake. I very foolishly once lent him Voltaire and that he does read now : but the Dictionary is rather an odd literature. Perhaps it was his face which attracted me, but it is thirteen years since I first saw him and I cannot say. We grew up the firmest friends . . .

"So I went up to New. I think that most of the freshmen of my year were public schoolmen. If they were not—well anyhow few or none called on me. I was reckoned odd and half mad : I could not talk—we see no company at home—and was nervous and awkward before strangers. The freedom of the others I took as insults : I blushed and grew hot at every word anyone said to me. Altogether I felt so uncomfortable that I quickly gave up going to Hall and Chapel. For a while I used to go to Chapel in the afternoon or listen to the services from the Cloisters, but that habit soon went and I was left with no 'instruments' for my religion. Don't misconceive this : I never led a religious life, but before this all the opinions I had were opinions on religion. It wasn't a matter of belief (*pace tua*) with me, though I would have been insulted then had anyone told me it was not. I knew there was something wanting, and never—for which I am thankful—took communion. But I recognized that a religious life was the best : never thought there could be any other that was good. Yet all the while I was lapsing into what I knew was bad.

"I almost lived in Pembroke : I never did any work, or at least very little. The Warden told me—it was sometime after, but I was then doing the same,—that I was leading a fast life. That was utterly untrue, but he had some reason for saying it.

"There was a scholar of Balliol, much my senior, whom I met for the first time at the end of my second year. Oxford had ruined him. Matheson told me that when he first came up everyone was afraid of him. He was the first in the Mods men of McKail's year, and certainly the *finest* scholar I ever met. But he was now utterly lazy, had lost or lent or sold all his books, except a Plato. He came to utter grief—took a bad third in Greats and then got a proxime for the Craven. Anyhow, he suddenly and unaccountably took a fancy to come regularly and talk to me. His talk was a revelation ; it taught me to think. He was too free in his language—over-free at times, but he was freer in thought. He was the first man who ever discussed moral and religious questions with me. He discussed everything and decided everything in an earnest yet offhand manner. He did it for the love of talking : I don't think he believed half of what he said, but I never heard a man speak as he spoke. It was on his advice that I began reading English poetry : it was characteristic of the man that he himself had a wonderfully small acquaintance with it, but he knew what was and what was not poetry for all that.

"Thus it was I first read Shakespeare's sonnets. I can't tell you the effect they had on me ; all my life seemed written in them and every line was plain. Strange to say it isn't so now : but then—why even the Astrology never impeded me. For a long time I never dare mention those sonnets : those who knew them I thought would know my secret. I never met anyone who did know them except as so many bundles of rhymes. Now, as I say, they are quite dark again to me.

"Imagine the medley of my term before Mods : myself at Pembroke or on the river with the Pembrokeians in the afternoon, talking till late at night, and then my reading like fury all sorts of things. That taste for poetry which I always had and which was then very strong helped me in my schools work, and I knew the Virgil and the Homer well.

"Well, that vacation showed my people how I had altered. They said nothing, but they were not pleased. My father is an odd man, the most incorruptible man I know : he will

never do the least wrong thing in business or anywhere else. Then he is—they all are here—very religious, a virulent Tory and a Protestant. But he is very retired : not one of the family really knows him. He very seldom speaks, simply comes in, reads the paper, has his supper : then is up again early out of bed (if you care to know all I shall not conceal this from you), and goes to business again. And yet he is very generous and did much for me. Had I in '83 and '84 known what I now know of him I should have entered the Church straight away. He was having great losses, but as his manner was, he never spoke of them : came home angry and went to bed. But I was ignorant of all and took his anger as against me. To some extent, a great extent, it was : one month he never said a single syllable to me. First I cried, but after a while I was hardened against him. It was the thing I reckon worst in my life. I can't retrieve myself : certainly he loved me once, he may do so still. But, before, he used to look over my work, wrote me a few letters—he never writes letters—and out of nine I was his favourite. Now no longer. When I was out he used to come to this little place and look at what I had been reading—so the servants said—but why he did it, I could not then know. I guess now and as I think, rightly. But then I was mad enough to think he came like a spy—it was madness—and I was suspicious of him. And he I think was of me.

"I am getting very muddled, I will finish this to-morrow night I hope. . . .

"I have but an hour this morning and must be therefore much shorter.

"When my father and I in '83 began to be estranged I should have told you it was not an open quarrel : it would have been infinitely better if it had been so. But, as it was, his nature was so remote and guarded, so much did he and does he resent sympathy and so unwilling is he to grant it, that I, who inherited in great measure all these things, would not have been able, even if I had been willing, to be reconciled to him. But the fault lay in me, I was not willing ; and thought he had in many ways done me wrong. Further I was always with Fisher : and if you knew him well you would know there is in him what is in no one else, a sympathy of ideas, more like a woman's. And I, being what I was, thought it no very great loss, at any rate not the greatest loss, to cease to be my father's

favourite. In one way, too, I was so infatuate as not to know what I was really doing.

"When I went back to Oxford I was without anything to guide me except that one friend. I had, I told you, no longer any principle of any sort, I lived *ex tempore*. Fisher kept me out of all excess, for he is utterly passionless. But when he left I went to the dogs, chiefly during one vac. in Liverpool, but by no means wholly. Don't ask me what I paid for this corporally or in mind. My excesses were not many in number, but I absorbed everything that was bad. I stopped, or was stopped, just on the verge of the uttermost ruin: never was man so near. When the little that was better in me awoke I saw my state: but though I no longer played the fool I had no ideal left to me, and perhaps if I had I should not have had the strength to spring to it. My ideal had been my friend: my own 'mud bath' had altered entirely our relations. It was the case of the *Venus statua*: I could not find what would restore me to him. I played with philosophy, half hoping that one of the hundred systems would suit my case, and yet again in another part of me knowing that none would, and that I had made a start from the wrong point. Somehow that sort of reading helped me; it kept me from being too morbid: it was occupation and yet an easy occupation. And so for a time I forgot everything and grew fat. This I reckon the oddest effect of philosophers' works, the sagination they produce on some readers.

"Then all energy departed: I had absolutely nothing for a spring of action: I did nothing but read and fell into the state in which I now am. Of late there has been a sort of dim consciousness how bestially stupid I have become. There was much melancholy in parting from old Oxford friends and acquaintances, and living at home without really being one with them. And then there was the constant thought that I had best go back and not forward. In such a mood happened that I told you of in a certain letter. If I had joined that Church I should have entered as a priest, and if I had proved honest I should have ceased to know any of the men I knew. For that reason I am glad the thing proved what it did: and for another, too, for after all I have a little *mental* honesty, and that I should have surrendered in the hope that so I might acquire something like moral consistency.

"I reckon it a good sign, though, that I began to think of

such questions again. You have no idea how horrible and sluggish was my life before that,—the only thing in a book which I consider like it is the account of the moral paralysis produced by drunkenness. I could not write, nor do anything vigorous. I only read, and only read prose. For poetry is no longer to me what it was: I can understand it, but not in the same way. It has ceased to be subjective. Keats, whom I once knew in parts almost by heart, I have not seen for nearly a year. Hence my hesitation over your poems; if they were so much argument, if they were so much descriptions of thoughts or a character I believe I could understand them at once. But they are rather the expressions of yourself worked out from within, not from outside: and that is a sort of poetry I know to be the highest and the only kind that becomes part of a reader's life—and the key I have almost lost. It is, you will see, the old question of matter and form. In my early days I held matter everything; when I saw you—first was it?—I was defending form. And the reasons you have, or may have, from what I told you.

"Then at home—we were in part reconciled, but only in part. I will not take orders, as they wished me; and neither they nor myself are anxious that I should go to a school. But my living I must earn more than I am doing at present. Within the last few weeks an idea has come into my head, from which I expect much. It is that notion of faith of which I told you in two such opposite men as Milton and Carlyle, the positive and negative sides of it. My prose reading has suggested that I might do something in the way of writing. But I have no style whatever: and since I left Oxford have scarcely written even a letter. Hence it has been a great difficulty to me—you would scream with laughter if you had seen what just lately I showed Fisher. But on the whole I am a little hopeful; and if fortune favours me—well I shall go on.

"Thus then I lived. I should have told you I did some tutoring at Oxford—you knew that—and here. But it is work for which I could never be enthusiastic and I did it simply to meet my expenses. If I am even the least bit successful I shall leave home: for it is very difficult to work here. Your kindness struck me dumb: but you see the danger. It is only by a great effort and in a perhaps visionary hope that I have been able to do anything lately to escape from an idle life of constant reading and sleeping. I feel happier in having

something to do and my very poverty may encourage me. I hope it may, it seems to me my last chance, you would not, I know, weaken it. Excuse all this, Warren; you asked me about myself, and writing hastily and without thought I have not been, perhaps, always intelligible. But what I have said is true—not adequate, for to be that I must have written a volume: yet only three—or perhaps four—know what I have told you.

“Remember me to Harding and Prichard.

“Here endeth the life of P.P. Clerk of this Parish.”

Despite the silence of his Autobiography, by great good fortune a chance description of Marshall at Oxford by Warren has survived. In the last year of his life Warren received a request for information about Marshall from Professor Curtius. The letter of reply is necessarily condensed, but the reference to the Oxford days is worth quoting here:

“Mr. Marshall came from Liverpool. I became acquainted with him at New College, Oxford, in 1884. He was a year or two my senior [Warren, it will be remembered, though two years older than his friend, was twenty-three when he arrived at Oxford from Harvard] and had had a brilliant record scholastically, but had not been elected a member of the Essay Society. At that time, the College was divided. It had belonged to men from Winchester School, and the Winchester men still held apart from those who came from other schools. Marshall happened to take a wrong place in Chapel and some Winchester men called him to order. Marshall exaggerated the offence. He was a shrinking sensitive person, and fell out of the College life. In fact at Oxford well-nigh his only friend was a man belonging to another College. Marshall lived much alone, looked rather pasty-faced, and was, in fact, by no means well. He took his final examination as he had taken his Moderations, with a First Class in Honours, and Classical Honours, of course; and was invited to apply for a Fellowship at Merton: but this, for some reason, he would not do. At that time he used to speak of all University appointments as given for other than scholarly merits, and he used to quote Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* in support of his views. He retired to Liverpool, and seemed to be very much like a light that was burning out.”

The final summary of Marshall's character, if here added, will serve to correct Marshall's own:

“I used to think [Warren concluded] that he took his tragedy in daily life, and his comedy in literature. He was fondest of Laurence Sterne, of Shakespeare in Falstaff, and of Aristophanes; and he had patience with many trifling French books, though never with novels [here a familiar observer says that in his unbuttoned moments, Marshall would also revel in the *Sporting Times* and in the works of Arthur Binstead; for Marshall, like all humorists, was a reader of catholic tastes]. He was a man very much preoccupied with his own subjects, and with his own ideas. Sometimes inappreciative of others who did not strike his own fancy, a better judge of art than of people, but unpretentious and very touching in his affections.”

Of course, the best comment upon his self-accusations of idleness and laxity at Oxford is that Marshall took a First in both his examinations. His recollections are mainly valuable to explain his recoil from Oxford, the isolation that kept him apart in his own college, and the state of nervous tension in which Warren found him when he and Marshall first became friends. After Marshall had refused to take Orders, his seemingly blank future must have made Oxford look like a blind alley. With no inclination to teach, he had no qualifications for anything except teaching, nor apparently could the few friends that he had made offer any solution for the future.

Neither Marshall nor any of Warren's other friends realised that Warren was any richer than themselves, yet, upon the death of his father in 1888, Warren came into an income of over ten thousand a year. Arthur West recorded that all but a fraction of this income was lodged in the Bank of England, and that only £200 a year passed through a bank in Oxford, where Warren's inconvenient rooms, shabby clothes, and the temporary defect in his eyesight made him appear both obscure and impecunious. Of his rooms, when he moved out

of college, he told one of us the following story. The old woman who kept them became one of his pensioners ; he said that she was a saint, but professionally feckless and incapable. When looking for rooms Warren made her acquaintance and learned from her that she seemed unable to let them. "After I had looked them over," he remarked, "I saw that if I did not take them no one else would, so I decided to become her tenant." This was characteristic not only of his generosity but of his aims. He used to say that no intelligent person of means should support popular causes outside his responsibilities to his locality. It was the duty of such a person to support worthy objects that had no popular appeal : studies, distinctions, endeavours that were ordinarily contemned, misconceived, or neglected.

When he left Oxford, Warren was looking for a friend with whom to share his fortune, his projects, and his heart. It was natural that he should consider first those with whom he had been intimate at Oxford. These included Arthur West, Harold Scott, G. V. Harding, Richard Fisher, M. S. Prichard, and Marshall. He remained in touch with them all, nor was it at first clear with whom he would eventually align himself. Most of them were already entering their chosen professions, and the problem was to find a friend of kindred tastes who was unattached, was not likely to marry, and was prepared to make Warren's projects his own.

West was the first of a long line of friends who became his private secretaries. In 1889 Warren persuaded him to join him, and they travelled from Wiesbaden to Rome. West told one of us afterwards that it was on these travels that Warren unfolded to him his desire to share his life with an *alter ego*, that they read Greek authors together, and that he himself had doubts whether his own scholarship was equal to the pursuits proposed, and whether he would care to remain in the position of seeming to be a rich man travelling with a friend when he was in reality accepting both salary and hospitality. The people he met naturally imagined that he, like

his friend, was a man of leisure. West did not feel happy in their innocent mistake, and has since, he said, fancied that he did not give the eye-less Warren all the nursing that he then required. When it was time for him to return to England he had come to the conclusion that he ought not to close with Warren's suggestion, of which the journey had been in a way a trial, and before he left Warren told him that he was in correspondence with Marshall.

The earliest surviving correspondence shows Warren trying to draw Marshall into his orbit, and Marshall over-full of hesitations which take, sometimes, fantastic forms.

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Boston,

27.2.1887.

"The oculist forbade me so strenuously to write until within a few weeks that I have done myself injustice at all hands. . . . At this moment I am reading an hour and twenty-four minutes three times a day, that is to say about four hours and a half in all. I have to rise for breakfast at eight in order to get in the readings with the long pauses for rest, and to have time enough for exercise in the afternoon. . . .

"Do you know, my Neo-paganism seems here like a dream of the past. There is just enough resemblance between the beautiful English life and the Greek to throw one into the spirit of the Oxford Renaissance. Music and gymnastics correspond roughly to *Literae Humaniores* and athletics. Here with cold winds and snow, the traditions of Puritanism, the ugliness of the men and the absence of æsthetic sympathy, all Greece is frozen out. My brother and some friends think I ought to accept invitations and rub off my corners. Behold the defiant ancient humbling himself to find points of sympathy with ordinary people, and discovering, as he expected, that they are pleasant, good, and often thoughtful, and that they are at home in their surroundings and have no far-fetched prejudices to be shocked by the current philosophy of their immature world. . . .

"Meanwhile how fare you? What will become of our project for travel? . . . I am exceedingly desirous to spend

the summer in Cumberland or Westmoreland. I wonder whether it would amuse you to take lodgings with me?"

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Oxford,
5.7.1887.

"I do wish you were here. I am copying the poems and writing the preface. Blackwell is willing to publish the poems at my expense. That is, he is willing now, but I doubt whether he will be willing when he has seen them. A few have turned up that I did not show you . . . I should feel more confident if you approved too."

Marshall joined Warren at Keswick during August, so the letters pause for a couple of months. At the end of October Warren remarks:

"Harold Scott writes that you sent him a very melancholy letter. But to me your prospects seem good, and you have not had bad luck in being able to continue your reading without having to teach."

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Oxford,
8.12.1887.

"My examination comes to-morrow. . . . Duff, I think, will look you up in the vac. He is not an ordinary person and it will probably be some time before you understand him enough to judge him. . . . I like him. His character asserts itself so rudely. He has woes too (health, etc.) which he cured by asking a lot of men in and drinking cherry brandy. He has many secrets, most of which I know. He has helped me not to whine, and to cure my sorrows by pleasure. The treatment conduces to my health, but it is a question whether it will be possible in Arabia. (You know or ought to know why I thus designate my country. St. Paul: 'Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, but I went into Arabia.')"

This is an early example of Warren's peculiar wit which, he used to say, was less spontaneous than calculated. He

had humour, too, and responded quickly to it in others: responded partly on principle, for he revered the solid more than the sparkling. Of the two, humour is closer to the soil.

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Barnstaple,
5.4.1888.

"If you have not answered my letter for ordinary reasons, all right. But I have been afraid you thought an answer must contain remarks on the verses, which would be not only nowise necessary, but also perhaps undesirable."

"Did you notice this passage in Grant's *Ethics*, Vol. II, 250? 'All here is broadly human, and yet the idea of Friendship is purely Greek. The Romans imitated it. But in modern times it has been much superseded by the idea of sympathetic marriage. Christianity ignores Friendship; and theoretically, it now exists only as a temporary advantage for the young'."

A month later ill-health caused Warren to leave Oxford for Alum Bay, and the condition of his father led him to foresee a journey to America in August. He therefore asked if Marshall could join him somewhere during July, and followed this with a characteristic note:

24.5.1888.

"I am wondering how soon your ten days will be up, and being fairly melancholy I call to mind that two negatives make an affirmative and want you all the more. My Father died recently and this may bring me home as soon as I have missed my degree."

In August, 1888, we find Warren in Germany, and Marshall, commissioned by him, arranging the purchase of the oak benches referred to by Mr. West in his obituary notice.¹ These benches came from Ormskirk Church, Lancashire, and the news in the *Parish Magazine* of their successful sale caught the eye of the secretary of the Society For the Protection of Ancient Buildings. It was he who protested in a letter to *The Times* (24.9.1888), contrasting

¹ See p. 82.

the behaviour of our "clerical Aladdins" with that of the "cute and cultured" American.

This must have been the first purchase of an antiquity in which the two friends collaborated. Marshall's letter on the subject, dated 8 August, 1888, concludes with an excuse for not joining Warren at Bonn:

"You interpret my silence wisely: it really would harm me, Warren, if I were to go with you to Bonn. You don't know how much I would like to be there, for other reasons and because I am very seedy just at present, and have in fact seldom felt so weak. On the other hand, I have gained a habit of working regularly and to be with you would ruin it."

The future was to show how erroneous this fancy was.

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Bad-Ems,
9.8.1888.

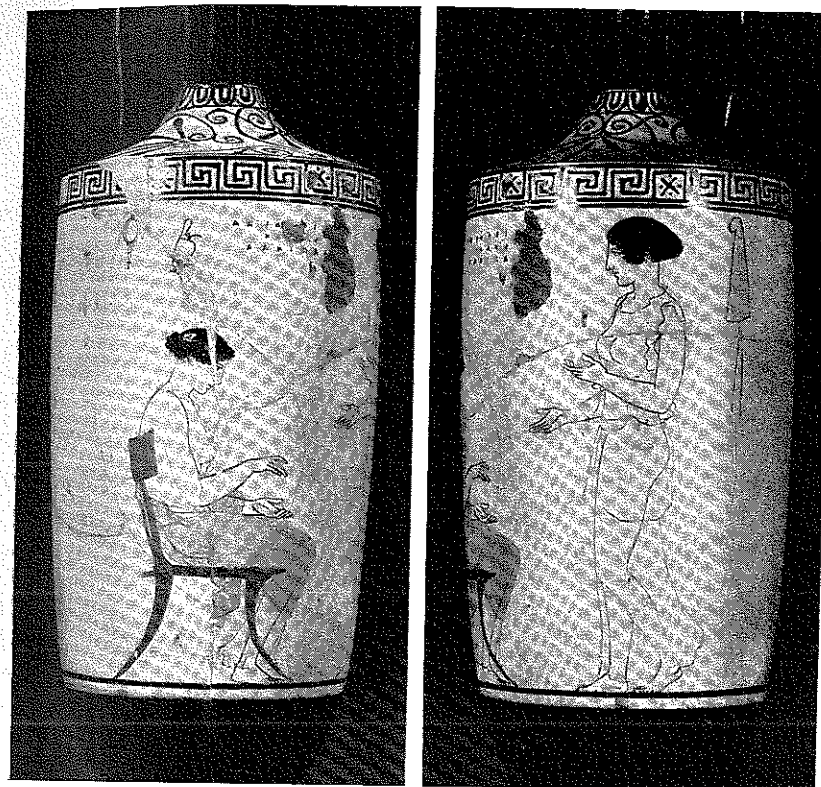
"It is strange that you can be so good a correspondent about old oak and so villainous a correspondent about other matters. . . . I take your sentence to mean that you must stick to your writing and not go out of your way for languages or travel. But remember, my boy, that there are ideas abroad in French literature further developed than their English relatives . . . that you could think better by their aid. Of course this has nothing to do with Bonn . . . unless German, which I do not know, would be equally fruitful.

"Unless I hear from you at once, however, I shall cast out my lines for other fish whom I see drifting down stream. You understand, if you came, you would not have anything to pay, nor anything to do save grumble if I did not provide properly for you."

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Paris,
—.9.1888.

"I am not certain but that a few ideas now rotting (?) in my head would become fertile in yours . . . unless what you would think rot will fertilise me. I have, you know,



MISTRESS AND MAID

Attic white Lekythos, 440 B.C., by the Achilles painter

an idea that in some way or other I am more advanced, mature, honeycombed by true and subtle doubts, than some of my English friends. I ask myself uneasily whether your work will not, twenty years hence, be undermined by my suspicions . . . all the more uneasily because I love your work better than the suspicions of those who have gone further than myself . . . and because I want you to contrive something durable, a system being better as it solves more doubts. However, you know more than I and may find out things without my help ; only would not French help you ?

"I caught the fish, by the way, and (praise my luck), he wriggled with delight as one caught up into the seventh heaven."¹

Here is a letter which, by an exception unusual to Warren's precision, has neither date nor provenance :

"DEAR MARÉCHAL, I had written you a second letter urging you to come, and on the morrow your answer came, which I do not dispute, provided you are not overtaxing yourself. I am not sure that either you, or your father, would form a wise judgment on that point.

"I enclose a beautiful cloud which was blown away before it had let fall its heavy drops.

"Calvinism is a form of determinism, and as such it has a relation to my system. On old habits of thought Amiel writes, I quote from memory : 'Il est difficile de se tenir dans un point de vue exceptionnel. La raison et la pensée se lassent comme les muscles et les nerfs, et la rechute c'est dans le préjugé commun, dans la foi de l'enfance.' If I thought I were doing anything of this sort I should give myself a long lecture. But I could discourse much to you on the meaning of the Roman Breviary, its use of the Psalms and assignment of antiphons ; the thoughts implied, etc., not altogether precluded by determinism. The position which results from the suppression of the doctrine of free will takes some time to realise, and I am not making an effort to think at present.

"Here are some of the ideas that have been running in my head :

1. Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God (addressed to Eros . . . *vide* Speech of Pausanias in the *Symposium*).

¹ The happy fish was A. G. B. West.

2. If I had been a Greek and had got by good luck an εἰσπνηλος influencing me as αἴτας, I should have been one of the best lovers there and should not thus have come to grief.
3. Perhaps I ought now to renounce all hope of the life I care for, look after my dignity, become one of those who, having missed life, give unselfish sympathy (to) those who are likely to have life. But there is a weary, perpetual self-sacrifice in such an ideal, and a kind of washed-out virtue.

I do not want any poems of that series suppressed. Otherwise you have rather the powers of decision . . . certainly you may overrule West. I mean to leave some money for the purpose, but from the state of my health it seems probable that I shall be able to do the whole business myself.

"Tell me what you think of George Meredith's novel *Nevil Beauchamp*. I am trying to find a house in England, with a good chance for riding, in which to establish my Penates. West is a great sportsman, and this has brought the question before me. Shooting would be good for my health, but as yet my conscience does not permit this nor fox-hunting. When the healthy, jolly, manly sportsman is sitting down to his dinner with a good appetite the hares that are shot and not killed are . . .

"I wish you would write a little just now as a poor substitute for companionship . . . on that point you have permission to revoke your decision. Tell me what dialogues of Plato will interest West. We are doing *Phædrus* and *Symposium* and shall do the *Republic*."

Marshall did not come, and, early in March 1889, Warren from Rome wrote to him of his desire to unbosom himself and of his loneliness :

"Plato has given me help and confirmed some of my ideas, but I must use his evidence indirectly and not pose as a Greek astray, although I feel my separation from modern life often. . . . I take refuge in my Breviary, interpreting it in my own sense, and in the Roman services, Mass at times, but mostly Vespers. This is half bracing and half exhausting because I have the effort all to myself. The statues of the

Vatican, histories of Greek art, shops containing Greek and Roman antiquities (chiefly Roman) and bits of similar reading are my resources for rest and forgetfulness."

The letter ends with a plea, on a prospect the fulfilment of which was not very much longer delayed :

"I am not sure that, if you had come, you would not have been repaid and thought any other plan an unwise one. I am very anxious to find a house in England, perhaps in Surrey, or in Sussex near the Downs, where I can ride and read and establish myself more or less. . . .

"I wonder whether you have ever thought that I paid too little attention to the account you were good enough to write out for me. Your difficulties with your father did not come so near to my own life as the rest of it, for my family feeling is not strong, but I do not think that you need to be sorry that you have told me all about it all. I think you will see this when you tell me more, if I can persuade you to do so.

Your faithful friend, E.P.W."

Other letters show the two corresponding about Roman sculpture, and early in April Warren answers some of Marshall's questions and reminds him that they are, somehow, to meet : "I hope by your coming to the Surrey house for which I am now hunting, tirelessly but in vain."

Collecting now begins to be mentioned. Warren, while in Rome, had started, he says, by studying archæology and Greek art "in spectaclèd gravity", then had been ill, then had become frivolous—was this West's contriving?—by attending receptions in his top-hat, then "had got into the way of buying things" :

"(Dr. Wolfgang) Helbig, the Italiker-in-der-Po-Ebene and Campanische-Wandmalerei man . . . is overseeing my purchases. I have got three things (I don't get many and small things on principle), a cista, a large vase much injured but good (*circa tempus Pisistrati*), a small vase of early Corinthian work (much Oriental influence) unbroken, and so far nothing else. But the 'so far' is important. I have

heard of a huge crater of the best period, before which phrases languish and language fails, and this it is which keeps me in Rome. . . . I am reading Plato, Lucian and Xenophon in small quantities."

By the end of April (1889), Warren was back in London, and from Oxford, where he had arrived at the beginning of June, he made another attempt to bring Marshall to his roof:

"I discovered lately that there was another bedder in this house (3, Long Wall). Why will you not come and take it and use my sitting-room? Otherwise I shall have to make some arrangement to see you after term. It is heavenly here. A friend of mine wants a coach in Lit. Hum. . . . I also mentioned you. . . . I wish this could act as an extra bait to bring you here."

In June (1889), he was writing again: "Why is it so hard to stir you?" and in July:

"I think, my boy, that when you have spent some months at the house I am hunting for, you will feel happier and stronger and be less inclined to take into account differences of property, etc., which are external, as you well know. Meanwhile, as far as the tricky god is concerned, your words are the corroboration of ideas which I developed alone, but which it would be hard to hold for ever in loneliness. I have received an introduction to Poole of the British Mouse (so as to go on with the coins matter). When I come to Liverpool to look at the statues I hope you will have developed still further plans being, as it were, the head and I the hand. . . . Do write to me."

In August (1889), Warren was at Askrigg, Yorkshire, and every letter to Marshall had become an invitation:

"If you share Scott's morbid desire to escape from cultivated beauty . . . a desire bred by city life or inbred from some old romantic and rheumatic borderer or cribbed straight from the Lake School . . . you will find this place perfection. A great deal more Rigg than Dale. Not having been debauching myself with so-called civilization, I do not find so strict a Lent necessary."

The point of view is characteristic, for Warren used to call the saying "God made the country and man made the town" an example of "blasphemy". It seems that Marshall did not join the party, but he was beginning to be persuaded, for (11.9.1889) some agreement had been extracted from him:

"If you will stand by your promises," Warren wrote, "we shall hope to do much by the aid of snorting steeds. And to this end I shall soon resume my office of Suburban Provider or whatever was the pretty name you were pleased to bestow on me. Meanwhile you must count on me . . . and not talk or think any rot about my getting too many letters."

Marshall's natural desire was to think of his future, yet his wish to guard his independence does not wholly explain the fantastic conditions which now he tried to lay down when discussing his future with Warren. That, at this time, he was morbid and diffident is clear enough, and he was excessively aware of the difference in their incomes. His surviving letters on this theme would be painful to transcribe, but the tone of them can be guessed from the charming reply that one of them elicited:

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Askrigg,

13.9.1889.

"DEAR MARÉCHAL, you may be sure that your plan of the secretaryship comes near to what I have been wanting a long time, and hope some time to carry it out. How soon, or for how long, we can arrange it, it seems hard to say now, all being so unsettled. It's no use, of course, reminding you that it ought to have been begun last October. As for your plan of dining with the servants, I shall be most charmed, of course, to let you do so if I may be of the party, but I had hoped that usually you would consent to dine alone with me."

Warren's next letter is an apt summary of his lasting ideas of the relation in which his secretary should stand to him. There was to be a long line of these secretary-friends, of whom

except for West's brief passage, John Marshall was to become the first. Almost all of them remained Warren's friends and, even after they had left, continued often till the end, to be part of the Lewes House circle.

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Askrigg,

19.9.1889.

"DEAR MARÉCHAL, There is no doubt that I have somewhat to say unto you. The question is how to put it, and whether I can put it in the best way just now.

"When I took West on I was hunting for a secretary somewhat as I am now, and should perhaps have contented myself with a common or garden one, if it had not been possible to get a friend and companion to do the work.

"Now if you had come to Wiesbaden as secretary to do the work at the time when I first invited you, the following would perhaps have been the result :

- 1st. I should have learnt more.
- 2nd. I should have got on so well there that I should have stayed on, and not risked, or rather not run into, the illness which I foresaw at Rome as a consequence of the life and diet. I left Wiesbaden rather against my will.
- 3rd. You would thus have learnt German and become more useful to me ; and I should be stronger now this summer.

These are the probable consequences of your coming to Wiesbaden at my first invitation. This is the wrong you would have done me by accepting.

"I do not now go into the question of your coming to Rome with West and myself. This question is more complicated. I should have got ill just the same, but certainly not so melancholy. I should have endured less loneliness in my work on archæology and art, and should have learnt more.

"I know pretty well what I want and shall probably continue bold enough to ask for it. For instance, there are times when to be altogether alone is best for me (I am going to rest for a few days at Oxford before going to Sussex). If you were my secretary in Berkshire I should want, at times, the same

freedom, and when once you gain confidence enough not to misinterpret such an action I should like merely to go off myself, or to suggest to you to do so without giving a reason or creating a feeling of offence. Needless to say, I should want you to do the same when you felt like it. But no practical arrangement will work without strong practical sense. And if you do not understand my way and are always on tenterhooks for fear I am losing money or you are losing independence, we had better keep apart than risk a misunderstanding.

"Consider this : I have my finger in about forty pies and I don't mean to take it out of any of them. Therefore I can't make small economies. It is often important to have someone on hand, and yet for some time it is best not to call on him."

As the years passed the "forty pies" did not diminish in number, and Warren's determination "not to take his finger out of any of them" grew. At the moment, he was hesitating between the Berkshire and the Sussex Downs. The house for which he was looking had to be near open country, suitable for riding, and within fifty miles of London, so that town should be accessible to himself, and his house to his friends.

"I sometimes think of myself as a kind of express train, far off and unheard but coming quickly through the darkness, to take you away from Liverpool and your life there, and set you in a warm room surrounded by books, downs and horses. Only there are still a thousand miles or so to be done, and the gods only know the future.

"Do write to me that everything is all right again, for I am so tough and rough, a good defence for another, but apt to scarify him unawares."

The day after writing this, he could send the following disinterested news : "I forgot in my letter of yesterday to tell you that I hear of two fellowships, one History and one said to be Lit. Hum., going within a week at Merton. Shall I make enquiries ?" There follows a batch of notes in which he speaks of a "welcome change" in his friend's attitude, of

devising a pair of slippers for Marshall, lending him classical books and looking for houses. On October 10th (1889) he reports :

"I have finished my examination of houses on Lord Wantage's estate (Berkshire Downs). I think I shall hardly take anything offered to me, and must turn to other land-owners ; but the Downs please me so much that I shall not be glad to hunt in Sussex. Matt Prichard, according to our present plans, is to start with me next week."

Marshall was sending textual queries, and the passage from Grant's preface to his *Ethics* is quoted again in Warren's reply. Perry on Greek sculpture is also mentioned favourably.

The next letter has the interest of being the first with any Lewes address :

WARREN TO MARSHALL

*White Hart,
Lewes,*

22 . 10 . 1889.

"I have seen two houses lately. The first won't suit. The second may. I shall see two to-day, and to-morrow go on to Arundel to see another. Thence to Petersfield for a night or a Sunday.

"The house that may do here is huge, old, and not cheap. It has only three or four sunny rooms (this number might be just sufficient), and then a goodly number of large north rooms. It is in the centre of Lewes and yet has a quiet garden, a big kitchen garden, a paddock, greenhouse, and stables *ad lib.* Downs accessible and green woody country as well. You can also have a walk by the seaside. I am much inclined to it.

"I have finished *Æschines' Against Timarchus* (without dictionary). The oration is decidedly worth serious treatment from a commentator as being probably the view which an ordinary man would take of the matter. For this is the character that *Æschines* assumes, or is his own character. I suppose you know the funny Epistle 10. Shakespeare is a little off my line. *Nothing can be too detailed about Greek.*"

All the same Warren often played truant in English literature and you never could be sure what he might not know. Occasionally he bought English first editions ; Shelley was his favourite among the English poets, as Pindar was among the Greek, and Shelley (we used to feel) would have been the right person for him to have adopted. In Rome Warren would visit Shelley's grave, with tears. There were MSS. of Shelley and Keats in Warren's house, and in the very next letter (*Oxford*, 27 . 10 . 1889), he tells Marshall :

"I found in town first editions of :

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Keats's <i>Endymion</i> | £5 5 0 |
| 2. <i>Queen Mab</i> and <i>Cenci</i> bound up together | both £4 10 0 |
| 3. <i>Revolt of Islam</i> | |

I won't swear to the prices : 1 and 3 in the original boards. I did not get any of them, but can undertake a commission.

"If lines 20-24, 188-192, 947-8 of the first book of the *Achilleis* do not delight you somewhat as a *pousse-café*, you will not be taking Statius quite as I do. For specimens of the *Silvae*, try II, 7 and V, 3. I made you read V, 4 long ago.

"Let me know when you intend to come to Oxford.

"The house at Lewes may do. It would be a very fairly practical place barring the number of the north rooms, and they are not perhaps very bad in a conspicuously dry house and mild climate. . . . Lord ! how busy I am ! I have written to Waldstein and as much as told him I would rather not go to Athens this year. Your slippers have come and don't please me altogether."

Personal attentions were not all on one side, for, on his return from Sussex, Warren found some favourite flowers waiting for him in Long Wall and explained that he had been too tired to send his thanks to Marshall earlier. In this letter the words "Lewes House . . . for that is its name" occur for the first time :

"I have not quite given up because, although the instructions are formal, the agent doubts that the plan will be

carried out. I am to make a written offer in a few days. . . . The water of Lewes House has gone to be analysed, and I am trying to find an inspector for the drainage."

Another house "on the skirts of Gloucestershire" is mentioned, Jacobean, with armour and tapestry, and a postscript explains that the "u" in armour was a Bostonian's afterthought. A visit to Waldstein is projected.

On 6th November, Warren's proposals for Lewes House were sent, and he talked of taking "a few months at Wiesbaden" if he did not go to Athens. The Athens plan fell through and the immediate result was an invitation to Marshall to accompany Warren to Wiesbaden. Since Marshall was apt to jump to extreme conclusions, he was told that he was free to decline. Warren once told Burdett that it was Marshall who led him into the study of Greek vases, but, as we are about to see, this must refer to later concentration only. Marshall in 1889 was writing mainly about Greek authors, Warren about the sculptors and vases and painters. The secretaryship was insinuated into the invitation and, in its author's way, all the drawbacks were put in front:

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Oxford,

13. 11. 1889.

"The arrangement would be as follows. Your salary would be two hundred a year and your expenses paid. But we will not now settle whether it is to continue beyond 1 October 1890. . . . You understand I cannot be sure of my movements during that time and may dump you (say in Oxford), while I go house-hunting, or looking after my people, or taking a vacation.

"You will find Wiesbaden by no means perfect, according to the English idea of comfort. No open fires, the meat served in piles on a little plate, the company lacking in taste and tact, and only breakfast alone in our rooms. No chance to be dainty, you see. No prospect of Southern travel. No library, so far as I know. You may send many boxes of books by goods train in advance. My plan for work is not fixed, but there is

no likelihood that we shall not naturally take the same line if you are not averse to the study of vases, sculpture, schrifquellen, etc., as well as Pindar, Theocritus and Aristophanes. I do not intend this letter as a definite proposal of the scheme . . . but it would be convenient, before going to Cambridge, to know what would be your answer, if I should put the question."

On the same day:

"When I wrote to you I was under the impression that £200 was about £5 a week. So let me change the figure to £250."

On the next, a request for whiskey:

"like that most excellent stuff I had at Askrigg. There is another kind I like much which I can get at Lincoln. So there is no occasion to put yourself out. Indeed, if you do that you will compel me to be more cautious in asking favours."

The author of notes like these is the memory of us all.

To Marshall the invitation to liberty that Warren offered him was intoxicating but unreal. He had not received, nor could he as yet expect to receive, more than a temporary invitation, and no young man oppressed by the problem of the future can stray without some fear into such a tempting side-alley as that to which Warren was beckoning. The questions: "Will not this be a waste of time?" and "What will happen afterward?" could not but fall like shadows on the sunlight. Disparity of fortune so great seemed to forbid the two friends to tread the same path, and it was only natural that Marshall's parents should frown on the proposal. The son who had disappointed the hope that had made them send him to Oxford, who had now turned his back on Oxford itself, must no longer be allowed to trifle. To them he probably seemed already too much under the influence of his friend.

In this story of converging paths that were to join in a life-long friendship it is pleasant to read an estimate

of Marshall's upon his friend. In September he wrote :

"You were to me at first a quality, then a collection of qualities, and at last (I date it from my last visit to Oxford) well ! you were Warren : and now everything you say and do seems inseparable from you and from my love to you. That makes my judgment in the matter infallible."

Of a lover's logic, surely, a perfect example !

For some weeks Warren's letters are wanting, but they must have culminated in another invitation to Marshall, for there still survive five drafts of a reply in which Marshall declared that he had never been so happy. To a tone of almost hysterical self-depreciation, dated November 16th, 1889, Warren sent the following answer :

"I laughed at your list of vicious accomplishments (I hope you won't mind), and thought of Sale's unrivalled humility. But I see this distinctly : that it is all very serious to you, that you are living, imaginative, passionate, whereas I am prosy, commonplace, and, as far as such things are concerned, dead. My chief fear is that I shall 'hurt' you. You are bound to exaggerate everything,—your own faults, my likings or dislikes. My only resource is to be quite plain and simple, I suppose, or else to call upon you to rub your eyes and use all your judgment. After we have lived together some time, you may get tired of my cloddishness and reach a true and distinct view. I hope that then you will not confirm by judgment the instinct you had to avoid me."

It was a trip abroad that was being discussed, and Marshall, for once a true prophet, wrote : "I have an uneasy feeling the chaperon is being chaperoned (I always mistrusted your analogy), and the secretary lifted from his desk." Riding, bicycling, skating, he said, he was ready to be taught. Even about the bicycle, Warren was afraid of Marshall's scruples, and it is his letters more than Marshall's that betray anxiety now that the man of his choice was almost at his side. On November 29th, 1889 Warren wrote :

"Could I go to Germany without you ? Could I do without you all the work I shall do ? Could I have such a good time bicycling without you ? . . . Because I make a big economy instead of a little one, and plan a life, instead of a term with a tutor, and make myself comfortable instead of tying myself down to a desk, you tease yourself in a refined way and invent a fable. . . . If you are going to play the giddy goat and run away like a statue of Dædalus, then mine the loss in a practical concrete way ; for the life I plan falls through. . . . Come now ; summon your faith, and venture out. I have many needs, a bicycle as well as a Plato, and some fun as well as some work."

Marshall at last was content :

"DEAR MASTER : I like Master. I don't think Herbert loved it better, nor was his half so good. You have been my providence for a long while."

Before the end of the year the two friends seem to have left England. Marshall was the first to depart. Their principal centre during the winter was Wiesbaden, but early in April Miss Cornelia Warren joined her brother at Basle. After a short stay at Fribourg, he must have returned to England for, on April 25th, 1890, Warren received the assignment of the lease of Lewes House.

CHAPTER VII

THE START AT LEWES HOUSE

THE house that Warren had taken still stands at the pavement's edge in the centre of the old town, almost at the top of School Hill, a few minutes' climb from the station. Its front is large, gaunt, and forbidding, made of blue brick with a porch of cream stucco between rows of oblong windows. This front, the upper storey of which stops abruptly as if scanted of a balustrade, was added in the first half of the nineteenth century. The back, which is more genial, probably dates from about 1750, although a plan of Lewes dated 1624 shows a building occupying the present site. A high wall divides the large fan-shaped gardens from the stables. These gardens and grounds, which form an island-site of two and a half acres, will live in the memories of Warren's friends. The lawn was paced by Warren and Marshall arm-in-arm, the big dogs played there, and in the corner nearest the house tea used to be taken on fine summer afternoons. By the side of the lawn and next to the high wall there ran a narrow path which ended in a little greenhouse. The kitchen gardens, fully cultivated with fruit-trees, tomatoes, and outside peaches and nectarines against the old walls, sloped away behind the tall mulberry-tree on the lawn. Close to the greenhouse was a little knoll, protected on its further side by a paling and crowned by a sundial. This knoll overlooked the paddock where the Arab stallions were lunged in bad weather, and where the inexpert horsemen of the house mounted them for the first time. Below the paddock, at the foot of the hill and close to the station, were the Friends'

Meeting House and the old Parish Church of All Saints. In the high wall was a door that opened on to the stables. Here over the coach-house, which, never used for a carriage or a car, was later to shelter Rodin's *Le Baiser*, Warren built his private study. This was called "Thebes", a name suggestive of seclusion, and here he was safe from disturbance when at work.

The room, half panelled in new oak, and ornamented only by an Elizabethan portrait group and by two modern carved corbels on which the sloping ends of the roof-beams rested, was reached by an oak stair with a door at the foot that could be locked. There were two other rooms in Thebes as well. These could be bedrooms in emergencies, but were generally filled with books, papers and the litter of scholarship and archæology. The passage connecting the rooms had oak cupboards where more books, Greek vases, cups, pieces of jewellery, ancient gems, and a little tin trunk known as "the Will box", were stored. The key of Thebes was worn on a gold chain round Warren's neck, and when, as sometimes happened, this was left about, it was the first duty of the finder to hang it again round the neck of the owner.

One of the last things to happen to Thebes was the completion, by a local workman, of a little marble fountain for a bay window. This had not been long in its place before Warren died. The room, characteristically bare and distinguished, seemed to centre upon a Greek marble group that stood upon the centre-table where Warren worked. Its only note of colour was the black dress, the white lace, and the green in the Elizabethan picture of a mother with her child on her right arm. For the rest, the walls over the panelling were jade-green, and the floor covered with a deep red linoleum. Of the entire house Thebes was the penetralia. The most delightful or private of all conversations used to take place there. Like the rest of the house, it was lit by candles, but on the stairs and in the passages were electric bulbs. When

someone asked why there was no electric light in any of the sitting-rooms, Warren answered: "For fear it might be used." The outside of Lewes House reveals nothing, but its severe solidity separates it from its neighbours, and suggests, aptly, that its inhabitants might live a life sufficient to themselves and remote from the interests about them.

The inside, as it came to be, was in accord with this suggestion, for, though it was well provided with substantial good things, there was nothing in it that a woman, or for that matter many men, could call comfortable. It was cold, and bleak and full of artistic treasures, but there were no soft armchairs, few carpets, few curtains, and the furniture was mainly of old oak, with monastic-looking beds, including a four-poster. There was no artificial light in the rooms except for the candles. The pens on the writing-tables were quills, and the oak benches from Ormskirk Church were the only chairs on the bare polished floor of the dining-room. On the other hand, the Tudor oak dining-table, of enormous solidity and richly carved, lighted from above by a brass chandelier bearing fourteen candles and the inscription, "The gift of Ann French 1748", well set off the silver and china that furnished it. If you had an eye for the shape of a salt-cellar, a rat-tail spoon or fork, a Dutch candlestick, a Queen Anne soup-tureen, old Derby plates, or Capo di Monte dessert dishes, you ceased to feel the hardness of the uncushioned bench on which you were sitting, and your eye would linger as it passed from one object to another in the bare room. The Italian marble columns capped by Greek bronze vases on either side of the fireplace, the small Dalou bronze on the mantelpiece, the painted clavichord in the corner, on opposite walls the glowing colours of the Filippino tondo of the Holy Family facing a demure sepia drawing of a landscape by Titian, with a Della Robbia plaque of the Virgin and Child accentuating the severity of a Grecian marble relief, would suddenly fall into their places as part of the background

intended by the motto from the *Silvae* of Statius that Warren had chosen for this house:

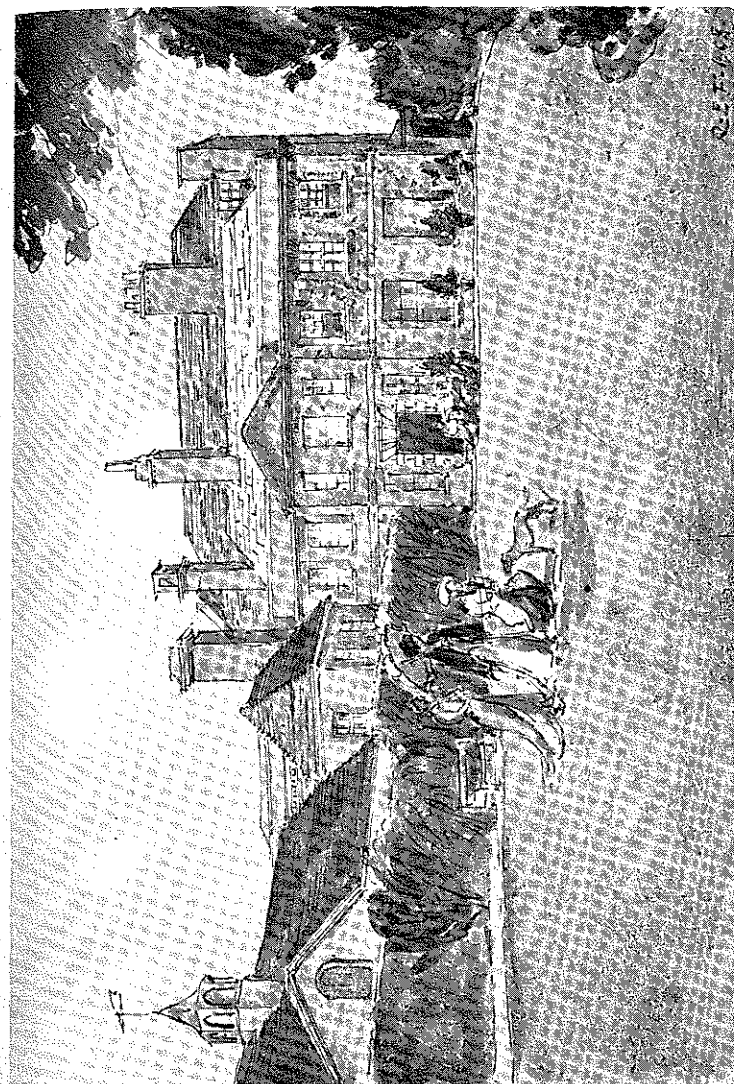
Hic premitur fecunda quies, virtusque serena
Fronte gravis, sanusque nitor, luxuque carentes
Deliciae.

Later, the only picture in the dining-room was an Adam and Eve by Cranach. The apple was conspicuous in this picture, and that, according to Warren, made it suitable for the room.

It was to be a house for bachelors and scholars, and the "good life" was to include much fun and good fellowship, with horses to keep the men fit and good wine and food to complete their well-being. Warren differed from many scholars in not being, primarily, a man of books. Though delighting in minute scholarship, and with a particular fondness for the niceties of grammar, scholarship to him was not an end but a means. The end was the good life as described by Aristotle and Plato, and scholarship was chiefly valuable in preserving the theory, for in the absence of the theory the "good life" itself would break down. Thus the English country gentleman seemed to Warren to live the "most useful" life, and some of his friends were entirely indifferent to scholarship. If they were well and merry and fond of riding, he was content. At the same time he was indulgent to oddities and would find a niche in his regard for artistically sensitive but incapable people. He delighted to take under his wing any boys or young men who, whether they were promising or not, happened to cross his path. He enjoyed their company. He delighted to give them a good time, and he welcomed rather than feared the problem, for which he thus made himself responsible, of their future. It is necessary to say so much in order to understand the steadily expanding Lewes House circle; if we bear in mind also Warren's passion for collecting we shall begin to understand the life of the house.

Warren's habits illustrate the distinction that he used to draw between Pagan and Christian ideals. The Pagan ideal, he said, was nobility : the Christian, sublimity. The former was rooted on the earth and content to make the most of present existence. The latter was not centred in this life, and therefore, to Warren, was unwholesome. "Try to maintain a wholesome abstention from spirituality," he used to say. Even when he was a boy, he had been shocked to read in the Psalms of a God who "rejoiceth not in the strength of a horse, neither delighteth he in any man's legs". He was impatient with Wordsworth for professing to find in Nature "something far more deeply interfused", and could describe quite happily the ideas of Shelley, in whose poetry he delighted, as being "pinnacled dim in the intense inane"! In art, not in metaphysics, did he find his satisfaction. He was always for the solid, the concrete, the masculine, against the airy, the abstract, the feminine. He was able to practise the life of scholarship and leisure; and the crown of this life was to be friendship, for which no sacrifice could be too dear.

These ideas were so much a part of his nature that they met one at every turn of his talk. One night, for instance, the talk at dinner chanced upon Hell. When everyone else had given his definition of it, Warren smilingly said that it had been depicted perfectly by Isaiah : a place where "every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be laid low ; where the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain", and where everything, he added whimsically, shall be reduced to the level of a democratic equality. He delighted in small kingdoms, and would have liked the numbers of European frontiers to be increased. He was very indulgent to singularities of character. When asked whether he gave Greek antiquities to American museums for the sake of the hundredth person who might appreciate them, or whether the ideas for which these antiquities stood were a fundamental challenge to American conceptions, he



LEWES HOUSE : EXTERIOR

replied : " For both reasons, but especially for the latter." Only an American, perhaps, could have reacted from the modern world so thoroughly.

Though the direction of Warren's future work with Marshall can be discerned in them, the few letters that survive from this period are mainly devoted to accounts of the old silver and old furniture bought for Lewes House, and to Warren's attempts to nurse Marshall into the assurance that his future was definitely tied to the plan that had been started. In a letter from 67 Mount Vernon Street, dated September 9th, 1890, Warren wrote : " I wish you were here to get a clearer idea of the work that lies ready to be done. But the shortest cut to it is what we have planned, namely your visit to Germany. I have just come from the Art Museum." Then follows a description of some vases.

" There are plenty of casts but the Neapolitan Doryphorus holds its own. Mamma's Caligula in black basalt is good, and the little bronze Papa gave is mounted on a pedestal protected by glass and marked the Warren Athena. 67 (his mother's house) has gone further in the direction I dislike. It is confused and showy. My brother Fiske's rooms, furnished by a professional, are very jolly and so is he and Henry. I find my independence recognized as it could not be in papa's day. . . . The life here is delightfully luxurious and the weather jolly hot with plenty of air and little sun. Cooking comes up to my brags, and even German beef-steaks toughen by contrast." . . . " We have a big enough future if we have strength, wisdom and resolution to use our chances."

In September, 1890, Warren was back at Oxford, and wrote from there : " I don't care whether expenses are crowded into one year or not, provided we do two things : (1) furnish with things of lasting value ; (2) take advantage of extraordinary chances. . . . This is the standard I shall want applied."

Before the end of the year, the essentials for the house had been chosen, there were horses in the stable at Lewes, and

riding had begun. Warren remarked with satisfaction that Marshall's opening months were over, and was satisfied that the doubts of his friend's parents were disappearing.

During 1891 began the series of trips abroad to visit museums and to consider the purchase of antiquities. Throughout the spring Marshall was mainly at Lewes and his letters show Warren to have been away. The lighter side of life runs through the correspondence. Great St. Bernard dogs had been brought into the house, and, as Warren afterwards put it, a new local industry was established in "catching Mr. Warren's horses". From Marshall's account, the dogs seemed entirely untrained and would foul the stairs or raid the hen-roosts with equal nonchalance. However, he was able to write: "Cats and horses and secretary excellent well." For the first time he writes as if he were thoroughly at home, and reports the purchase of a horse, offers of old silver, and the like, with no longer a trace of depreciation or self-consciousness. His letters are very cheerful and are garnished with humorous sketches, scraps of verse, and drawings of dogs and horses.

During that summer, Marshall stayed for some weeks in Oxford, and then went to London to inspect a collection of Egyptian fabrics, because there was on the market, apparently, another collection in Germany, which Warren was thinking of purchasing for the Boston Museum. The fabrics, though not Grecian, were thought to show Greek influence in their designs, and Marshall was to equip himself for judging their value. From London he travelled to Munich by way of Cologne and Frankfurt, inspecting museums in both places on his way, and in Munich meeting Mr. Edward Robinson who was also interested in the collection to be sold. Marshall found nothing in it to rival the fabrics he had seen at South Kensington, and he was able to convince Mr. Robinson that the prices asked were excessive. Robinson and Marshall were to be much in contact, and this first meeting of theirs has an interest, apart from its being occasioned by the first of

Marshall's journeys in pursuit of ancient works of art. Another person with whom Marshall renewed acquaintance on this visit was Bernard Berenson, an intermittent correspondent to the last.

Though Marshall had written happily and was enjoying his researches, he now began to complain of a flaw in his tongue, drawing alarming inferences from the reports of the doctors whom he consulted. From September, 1891, his letters are full of the subject for some while. His fears, however, proved unfounded, and the incident is only worth recording because of the extraordinary solicitude that Warren displayed. His concern can be judged from one of Marshall's replies: "Many thanks for your letter and the pains you have taken. I owed already everything to you: and yet you write sixteen pages to [Dr.] Herringham about me, and to me about myself."

While the result of a medical analysis was in doubt Marshall was naturally nervous, and keenly aware that if he fell ill it would gravely deflect Warren's plans for their future. "What becomes of you," he wrote, "makes the judgment on me. I have known this for two years." With this customary impulsiveness, therefore, Marshall began to urge his friend to marry, adding:

"were I in good health and likely to live long, I should pride myself on a Roman act of friendship in this counsel; but now—he knows I like him but he doesn't know how much I like him—he must forget me, for I have disappointed his hopes. I was never untrue, but I didn't work hard enough nor regularly, and so when the scissors seem closing there seems little done—not anything worth a thousandth part of what he has sacrificed for it. I was a born lover, I think, and not quite right for a scholar: though I loved scholarship above all things, I always loved some man better."

No one knew how to interpret these impulsive statements better than Warren, who was confirmed in the conviction of

his necessity to his friend. That he was appreciated, a single extract from one of Marshall's letters will show :

"You have helped me in every trouble. You have given me bread and a happy life. Without you I should have died and very miserably. Now I am happy, as I have been ever since I have been with you. What have I done, could do, or now can do in return? If I give you anything, it is from your own store; if I say anything it is only words, words, and you think me imaginative and unhealthy. There is the book; but what I am doing here is but preliminary to it. You must forget me very fast."

The book presumably was that *Defence* that Warren himself wrote, but only after the plan that Marshall should do so had been abandoned. There seems no doubt that the subject was much nearer his heart than it was to Marshall's. Marshall had not Warren's passion for theories, since, however interested he might be in that of others, he himself lived by impulse rather than by philosophy.

The next letter is dated from Liverpool, whither Marshall had gone two days before Christmas. On the next morning his mother was suddenly taken ill. She died on December 27th, 1891, so that the year ended in trouble for him.

His duties as an executor kept him at Liverpool for some weeks, and a bad throat, due to "congestion of the vocal chords", further delayed his return to Lewes, which in one letter to Warren he had "almost" called a "home". Warren was busy with the dogs, to whom he was administering a quantity of Naldire powders, in treaty for another horse, reporting the arrival of decanters and silver, and taking Turkish baths to reduce his weight. At this time both friends were energetic riders, taking out the horses often twice and sometimes three times a day. Warren's solicitude for Marshall's health led the latter to write on March 10th: "To know you is to be always in debt. I never have a chance to give Puppy a bone. He foresees everything and has his plan for everything, he makes everybody selfish."

The letters of this year are mostly about matters that seem trifles in retrospect, but occasionally Warren's contain pieces of artistic or literary criticism which reveal his mind. On March 10th, 1892 he wrote :

"The coin has come. It is very good. It must have been a different age from ours, when a country artist set himself to produce so faithfully all the details of a figure neither ideal nor corrupt—for I fancy the obscenity is only naturalism. He is very careful to make you understand the whole figure. The right thigh appears behind the right leg. The left leg does not hide the left hand, and the tail comes round from behind to show itself. The figure is so realistic that it hardly keeps within the natural limits of numismatic art. You see the Satyr, not the coin. The Dionysus, though more conventional, is carefully treated, especially the nose which is not straight but has its little rise in the middle and at the tip. The ivy leaves, the ear, the hair and the moustache, are a little worn, and the long ear and beard of the Satyr, and one of his breasts, but these are very minor points."

Both had been reading *The Portrait of a Lady* by Henry James, and in the same month Warren wrote :

"I never said *The Portrait of a Lady* was my favourite novel. Perhaps I hardly have one. I am not fond of novels. It is a dislike of motion, I think. Novels carry you on to the end. I told Harding that the novel I preferred to read (at long intervals) was the *Chartreuse de Parme*, but that may be only because it is different from other books. I like the *Princess Casamassima* by Henry James, because it stands still—but I don't exaggerate its merits. *The Portrait of a Lady* is like a large canvas painted by a young American artist. There is plenty of room; the colour is rather weak, and the whole thing is spread out. But you have what the title indicates, a lady. Her generosity and her refinement in action are summed up in that term. There is no more. Faith and principle are there only so far as they are implied in the special conception of an American lady. Ralph is the corresponding gentleman. The character of both is unworldliness, though they both live naturally in the world."

As the reader will have inferred already, in Warren's vocabulary "refined" was not an adjective of praise. Motherhood, he would think proudly, is not refined. He had no high opinion of the "special conception of an American lady" or of "the corresponding gentleman". Such refinement was "irreverent" to him. The unworldliness that he valued was not of a spiritual exaltation derived from Christian ideals. It was the magnanimity of an aristocratic nature superior to the commercial standards of men "stained to the soul with money-bag and ledger": a line of Austin Dobson's that he would sometimes quote.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY FRIENDS AT LEWES

MEANWHILE friends from Oxford were paying periodic visits to Lewes House. As was natural, they had been mainly members of New College: A. G. B. West, who travelled with him before he was joined by Marshall and chose the first horses for the stable at Lewes; Richard Fisher, who arrived about 1891, who was with Marshall in Italy in 1892, and had means of his own which he sometimes advanced for the collecting; Harold Scott, who was at Lewes during Marshall's early stay in Germany; G. V. Harding, who arrived from a solicitor's office in 1894, and M. S. Prichard, who came about the same time, of them all perhaps the keenest and most capable assistant.

West never joined forces with Warren after their holiday abroad, but he remained a fast friend to the end. After taking Holy Orders he went to Australia, whence he eventually returned to become Vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East. Later two of his sons also became friends of Warren's.

Of the other early friends, Richard Fisher, although he was at Lewes House for several years, is the most shadowy. The reason for this seems to be that he was a gentle, not very effective, character, whose main occupations were running the household and the stable, and practising photography. Fisher stayed at Lewes until 1901, when he went to America with Prichard and for a while held a minor post at the Boston Museum.

Harding, a solicitor by profession, played also a subsidiary part in the story until Warren's personal relation to Marshall underwent a change. Then he became the sympathetic

witness of Warren's ill-health. Harding was the first to leave the circle by getting married. Harold Scott, who seems originally to have been Marshall's friend, and to have been connected with a firm of publishers as an authority on poetry, was never actually employed by Warren.

The most individual character was Prichard. Mr. Gearing, permanent secretary from 1902 till Warren's death, remembers Prichard as

"a kind, rather grave and studious man, ever with a book of some kind, who while shaving taught himself Turkish or Arabic by means of lists of words on slips of paper stuck in the frame of his mirror. Prichard was always courteous, fair and just in all his dealings with the workpeople and tradesmen who came to the house, and very liberal in tips when the work was done—a tradition which I had difficulty in breaking when, later, I had charge of the petty cash. He taught many of the Lewes lads to swim, and even the burly George Justice, a local cabinet-maker who made many things for Lewes House, including the big oak gates that dignified the entrance from the lane to the stables, and became later the chief dealer in antique furniture in the town. George would never have attempted to swim had it not been for Prichard's interest in the local swimming baths. Prichard never wore a costume (nor did anyone from Lewes House). He loved to get the fellows to pose for photographs, but plates and films being much slower in those days his photographs of diving were rarely successful. He had a great opinion of George Justice's capabilities, and in return George, like others, almost idolised him.

"Prichard was over six feet tall, with spare athletic body, a long, rather cadaverous face, and long, thin, nervous hands. He could ride, though I do not think he cared over much for horses. He was very thorough in all he undertook, and very precise in details. It was he who learned all about different developers and papers for photography, trying different experiments; works of art were always being photographed in the house. It was he who took the interest in vase-cleaning and repairing, teaching me all he knew, and learning tips from W. T. Ready (to hand on to me), or getting Ready to come down from London for a day's work on Sunday, when

of course I was only too delighted to be asked to be present. It was Prichard who studied chemistry in order to make experiments in cleaning the deposit from antique marbles. The household accounts were never so perfectly kept as when he had charge of them, and when coins became his hobby his Registers of them were a delight to see. He tried to make me one of the only three vase-drawers of the world, and to him I must be grateful that my name can still be published in the *Archæological Journals*, even as late as this year (1931), in Prof. Beazley's last work, *Attic Vase Paintings in the M.F.A., Boston*, because after my experiences in the War, my hand was never again steady enough to draw these delicate designs.

"Prichard took an interest in rifle-shooting, and was often over at the open range in Oxteddle Bottom. He got up a subscription round the dining-table one night, bought a pair of portable telephones and other necessities, enrolled a party of workers, and night after night not only superintended the digging of trenches in which to bury the cables from range to range, but took off his coat and worked with the others, afterwards standing bread and cheese and beer at the public-house at the foot of Cliffe Hill.

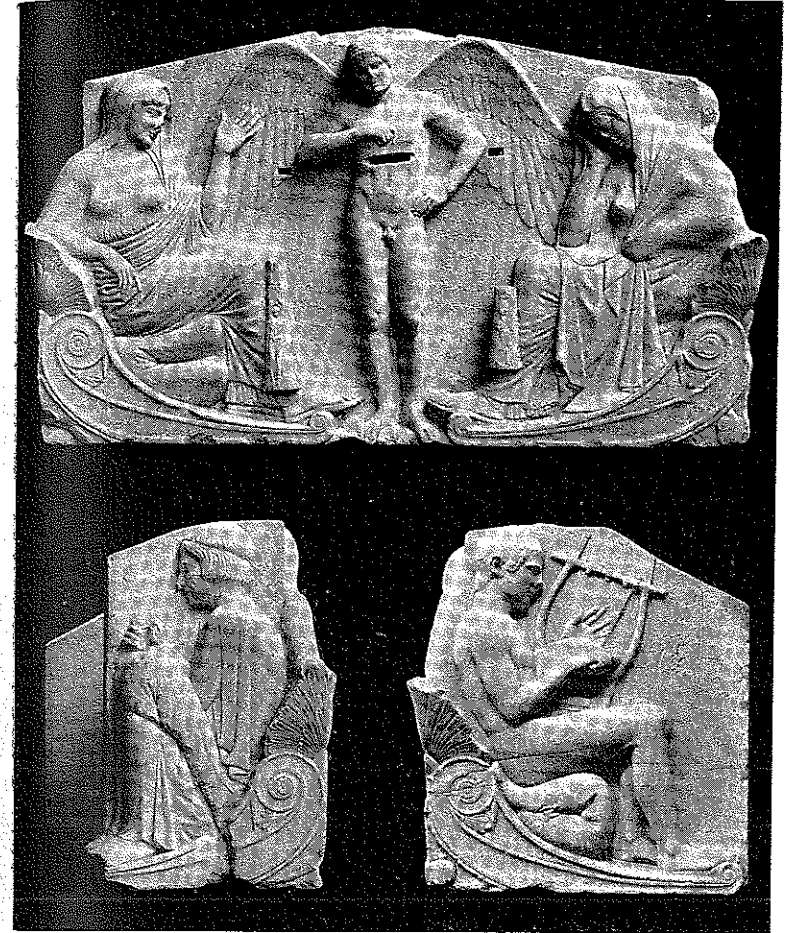
"After one of his trips to the East he developed a fad for Orientalism. In the streets of Lewes he wore a Turkish fez, walked in the middle of the road with an abstracted air, impervious to the jibes and jeers of the locals, salaamed on entering a room, used Turkish or Arabic phrases on greeting and departure, and gave the impression that he had a private working-arrangement with Allah."

These recollections of Gearing's are not only of interest in recovering Prichard's personality. They help to recover also the reputation for eccentricity that Lewes House used to have in the town, and recall the happy confusion of interests that went on under Warren's roof. Each of his friends was encouraged to do as he would, sure of a laughing indulgence for any singularity. George Justice, the cabinet-maker, and the Bridgmans, the marble-masons, were more or less constantly employed on repairs, or improvements to the house and its contents. George eventually became the "office of works", and the custodian of Warren's superfluous purchases of old

furniture. Thus arose the curious position that Lewes House was a mystery or a joke to most of the gentry, was a familiar and friendly puzzle to many workpeople, and was dismissed as the home of the "mad millionaire" by those who had no contact with it. Except at the baths, or in a canoe on the River Ouse, or on horseback, the inhabitants of the house were not often seen in the town, and when they appeared their clothes, the fine Arab horses, and sometimes their behaviour, excited more or less humorous comment.

Indoors they reacted on one another, with Warren presiding as the benign diplomatist, to whom cases of conscience were always a joy, and the confidences of his friends a profound interest. Able himself to be accommodating to anyone—however odd—whom he admitted to his circle, and failing as a rule only with women, and not always with them, he expected, without exacting, similar accommodation from his associates. He was capable of great self-sacrifice, and tended to make excuses and allowances for any member of the household who was under criticism. No one would listen more patiently to complaints against himself or others, but no one seemed to be less influenced by any opinion except his own. Once you were adopted by him you were secure, and the more secure, it often seemed, the more you presumed upon his forbearance. The consequence was that those who presumed least would feel themselves less appreciated than the more presumptuous, and favours seemed to be showered on those who did the least to deserve them. Those most loyal to him would think that they were taken for granted, while those who asked most appeared to be rewarded for their asking. The consequences were that Warren's quixotic generosity was often discussed by his friends, and the following conversation amusingly illustrates Marshall's opinion of it.

Talking of it one day to Burdett, Marshall said: "If you want to be appreciated by Warren, there is only one thing for you to do."



APHRODITE AND PERSEPHONE

WITH EROS WEIGHING ADONIS IN THE BALANCE;
THE SCALE SINKING TOWARDS APHRODITE

Three-sided Greek Relief in Marble, 470-460 B.C. (The holes are for the insertion of parts of the balance which were in metal.)

"What is that?"

"You must rob him of £500."

"But why?"

"A man did once, and what happened? Not only did Ned refuse to prosecute, but he found the man another job and pensioned his dependants! After the theft was discovered he could never do enough for that man. If you value your future, you will follow his example."

This story was substantially correct, and the explanation seems to be simply that Warren was so afraid of being wanting in magnanimity that he tended to be over-generous.

Another instance concerns the domestic staff, most of whom at his death had been in his service for over twenty-five or thirty years. During that period the value of money fell, but their wages were scarcely raised in proportion. Warren's custom was to present £200 and a piece of antique silver to every one on the twenty-first anniversary of his or her engagement, and to include them in his will; but during those twenty-one years they may have felt that their wages were monotonously steady, and that in the upshot their reward was greatly different from that of Marshall's thief. In a sense, those who felt aggrieved had themselves to blame for not asking. Warren used to say, and say truly: "I think few people have said 'No' as seldom as I have." The only criticism one can venture is that he seemed to put a premium upon asking, and asking is an act repugnant to the loyal nature. Warren appeared to presume that anyone who asked nothing had no need to do so.

With an inner circle of several men occupied with loosely defined duties, and with tastes varying from scholarship to hunting; with an outer circle of their friends or relatives, and a fringe of beneficiaries, whose needs or desires sometimes entailed a good deal of correspondence, Lewes House in time came rather to resemble a tiny German court. Its members none but Warren would have collected and their chief tie was their relation, affectionate or greedy, to himself. He would

discuss each "case" in detail, and there would be heart-searchings among those who resented the real or fancied exactions of the others. The effect of this was to make the household seem a society apart, an isolated community. The outside world shrank to a memory. Newspapers were little read and rarely discussed, and the interests of Warren became our universe. A little example of this used to tickle him. There was a great sectional map of Sussex so large that, when folded, it required a leather case. When this case had been made, it bore in gold letters the words: "The Country round Lewes House", as if the word "Sussex" would have been derogatory.

All things were supposed to be common property, and hats, coats, trunks, were borrowed at a moment's notice without a thought to whom they belonged. This extended even to towels, sponges and so on, and the bathroom was a truly communal spot. The bath was large enough to hold two men at a pinch, and when people returned from riding, games or exercises, the room would be full. One of the friends on his departure received the following farewell: "We shall miss you from the bathroom." Even the hospitality of the house was to some extent communised. Warren delighted in not knowing what was happening. He used to relate that one day, when he had finished his work, he made a perambulation of the house. Johnny was at his books. Someone else was mending Greek vases in the North Room. Upstairs he found the bathroom crowded with strangers. When he came downstairs, he discovered the dining-room brightly lit with candles and showing every preparation for a feast. On venturing to ask what grand dinner was in prospect, he was told that the Harrier's Hunt was to be entertained by one of his friends. There can be no doubt that the cream of his content lay in the fact that that was the first he had heard about it. Everyone was differently occupied. Everyone was happy. That was the realisation of his domestic dream.

Such a household involved a certain disorder and an undoubted strain on the staff. The hours became unusual. Breakfast was at eight, though Warren was sometimes the only punctual person. Latterly he used to go to bed almost immediately after breakfast, for he was accustomed to wake soon after five, to make himself a cup of coffee and then to read Aristotle or Pindar until breakfast-time. When he awoke about eleven o'clock he would work with his secretary on the letters until luncheon, then ride, then forgather with the rest for tea, and then work until dinner at seven. The food was good. He had taught his cook, Martha Shepherd, some American dishes, and her fish chowder, her *vol-au-vent* of oyster, her chops in paper bags, are delights to be remembered to this day. After dinner, the party would retire to the Red Room and talk till ten, when Warren himself would shuffle off to bed. No one else kept these early hours, and breakfast at eight in the morning was a surprise to most visitors, who were, none the less, free not to appear till ten or eleven. Cigarettes—although he himself insisted upon rolling his own in a very untidy manner—stamps, and all such things, were provided by the secretary, and the more readily they were accepted the better pleased he seemed to be. A favourite story of his will illustrate this. At the end of dinner a fresh box of cigarettes was generally handed round, and Warren, more observant than he appeared, having noticed that the top row was invariably wanting, asked the servant the reason why. "It is the custom of the house, Sir,"—an answer that delighted him.

Among Warren's unfinished and overlapping fragments of autobiography are two that refer to this time. They give his own account of his motives in collecting, of his relations with these friends, of the poems he wrote, of his ill-health, and thus condense a mass of surviving correspondence. In one he speaks of

"rebellion against Sam and against all to whom I had objected from youth, the worldly wisdom which was inconsistent with love and enthusiasm. Not so had I worked for

the Museum ; not in that spirit had I endeavoured to help Sam by persuading Mamma to alter her Will. I have always said and believed that it was hate of Boston that made me work for Boston ; but that hate is covered by the last line of 'Noontide' [a poem in *The Wild Rose*]. The collection was my plea against that in Boston which contradicted my (pagan) love."

References to other poems follow here. Then the fragment reverts to Lewes House. The unmentioned year in the following paragraph probably refers to a date about 1900 :

"I don't know whether Johnny would have been discontented if these people had never been in the house ; but he did resent the presence of anyone save Fisher. When I took Prichard and Harding as secretaries—I think it was then, he said : "Die schöne Zeit ist vorbei," a most pathetic utterance, though I could not see its reason.

"Prichard at least was the foundation of sane collecting. With his help our finances were made clear. That either he or Harding could ever take Johnny's place was out of the question and the fact indeed seemed to me to disappoint Prichard. Johnny did not perceive that part of my worry, and consequently part of my illness, sprang from want of such help as Prichard gave—that a systematic secretary was a necessity, and a necessity because of the collecting which he [Marshall] desired . . . I had taken nothing from him [Marshall] that he had not, contrary to my wish, refused in advance."

In the other fragment referring to these early days, Warren wrote :

"I shall never be able to acknowledge all my debt to Johnny. I had always imagined that the greatest authors were beyond me ; that I should never appreciate their greatness. To deny it because I could not understand it was far from my spirit of reverence, but I must take it on trust without perception. But Johnny saw those things as real which I took on trust. His liking for the best was genuine. What a dawdler and potterer I might have been without him.

"His various ills were decreasing in his new surroundings. At first he would say : 'I shall never see Lewes House,' but

we got into it and the new life began. Or rather he complained that it did not begin. At first he was rather pleased with the buying. I was content with a set of King's pattern silver which would have settled many questions at once. He would like to see me have something more dignified, and the silver hunting began. But as it went on, fire-curbs and furniture began to be a nuisance, and he did not care to count the silver at night.

"I cannot be sure of dates, but I remember the first years of Lewes House as a dreadful struggle to be cheerful. I had constant pains in my neck—'at the base of the brain' is the doctor's phrase I think. The riding did not cure me at once. We had spirited horses, and did not know how to ride them, and we were constantly falling off and the horses coming in alone, partly because of the St. Bernard dogs whom we allowed to follow us. These St. Bernard dogs were a nuisance in other ways. They spoilt the garden, and as we fed them ourselves in the dining-room after dinner, they made a lot of noise. Moreover they had ailments.

"At this time afternoon tea was prohibited altogether, and tea or coffee at breakfast often. We had what we called Elizabethan breakfasts with hot beef-tea. The plan was not quite unreasonable, for Johnny had suffered from heart-trouble, a functional, not organic, trouble, and after he had been with me some time this disappeared never to return. My prohibition was part of a general system which I found it difficult to make Johnny observe : regular exercise and so forth. I wanted specially to reduce his girth . . .

"I depended a good deal on Sundays, but here I was driven to the other extreme (i.e. an excess of exercise). Harding and Prichard, two old New College friends, used to come down. Prichard was gently adaptable to whatever might be proposed for the day ; but Harding, continually overworked at his office, needed, or thought he needed, exercise. . . . Johnny was very willing that they should go on long walks or rides with me so that he might be left alone. . . . Prichard was rather disposed to sympathise with my difficulties when he summed up : 'You haven't got a secretary.' I haven't indeed, and I needed one. There was a good deal of desk-work connected with housekeeping for which I was not fit, and in which Johnny's help was quite irregular. I could not depend on it that a letter consigned

to him to be answered would be answered, or even findable, and the cheques and accounts were not better looked after.

"I was unable to read as he did, and thought that at least I could be of use in buying antiquities. Robinson of the [Boston] Art Museum came over to Munich and there found some Fayoum tapestries which he wanted me to buy. I should have done it, but Johnny, by a visit to South Kensington where prices are affixed to acquisitions, discovered that the things were not worth the price and saved me, if I remember, some thirty thousand dollars. He also advised me in my purchase of things at the Van Branteghem sale (Greek vases, May 1892), which brought dealers to make offers to us, and started the collecting.

"Instead of a secretary I had got a valuable friend, but I needed a secretary and got Fisher.

"Fisher was chosen because he was a friend of Johnny's. . . . There is a very touching account written by Johnny of him among my papers—one of those honesties which Johnny thought essential to the foundation of his relations with me. Fisher was a very loyal and kind friend, and was excellent as a guard for the household, knowing what servants were to be trusted, and maintaining the dignity of the establishment. Like Johnny he was also very tender to me in illness. . . . He was shrewdly observant of people and of dress, very well acquainted with comic opera and with the genealogies of kings and princes, a great reader in his sleepless nights, and fond of looking after the poor. He had suffered, however, from a tyrannical father, and had, I believe, during his boyhood been alternately cowed and petted. Consequently he was broken-spirited. In any household disturbance he would be alarmed.

"The occasions of such disturbance were not wanting because when I began to collect, my brother Sam was anxious about my finances, and my letters, written when I was nervous or hysterical and founded on no financial knowledge even of my Lewes expenses, could only convince him that I was irresponsible. There were periodical excitements about money, and these flabbergasted Fisher.

"Of course the household was somewhat mad. The groom was drunken and we did not know it; the dogs, say five or six St. Bernards, were all over the place; the Elizabethan breakfasts and the prohibition of afternoon tea

(Fisher used to get some on the sly in the pantry), were depressing; Johnny was often in his moods, and I was occupied in getting him out of them. Fisher was amused and patient—he admired me, by the way, for my patience, and said that he had never seen anything like it, but this, I think was later, in connection with Harding. Fisher was not, however, manly, and gave way to melancholy so that he discouraged Johnny. I thought that the origin of his trouble was indigestion and I persecuted him not a little with remedies—specially castor oil."

"Towards June, Sam came to Lewes where I had taken St. Anne's Parsonage for him. Mamma came to London, intending to visit me. I should not have chosen the time for either visit. I could hardly sleep after the winter. There was blood in my urine from the phosphates. I wanted to see Sam, if he would but talk to me during my best moments, for I was very anxious about my expenditure on the collecting. His wife, however, wanted to establish herself in or near London to see her father, Mr. Bayard, then American Minister or Ambassador. I asked Sam to come into the house, leaving his family up the street. This he would not do. Althaus pronounced that I must either go to Kissingen or to a hydro-pathic establishment. Sam, unconvinced of my illness, which he thought fancy, went by my permission to Althaus. 'I thought him a very foolish man,' said Althaus. 'He wouldn't be convinced. I told him that if you only described your feelings there might be error, but we had positive evidence, the blood.'

"I went up to see Mamma and Cornelia at Bailey's Hotel, and told her that I could not wait for her visit, because I must go at once to Kissingen. This was one of the two occasions (the other was Cornelia's fall from her horse) when I admired Mamma most. I was her pet son. She had come from America to see me, and I was leaving her after an afternoon call. She took it very quietly and I never heard of her complaining.

"While Sam and I were at Lewes he counselled retrenchment. My opinion was that I needed Harding at Lewes, and, to avoid crossing swords with Sam, I offered him the post of secretary without consulting Sam. This brought down

Prichard who, though successful in his law, thought (wisely) that he could be of use to me and (unwisely) that he could not do justice to his artistic tastes in the law. I wondered at the latter assertion, but offered to take him at a year's notice from me, nothing said, I believe, about a year's notice from him. He had some property and was expecting more. But Harding could not leave without a contract to last till the death of his father and mother when he would inherit money. The contract, I imagine, was not finished till I was in Kissingen; but the verbal agreement was reached, and I disappointed Sam by telling him that instead of retrenching I had taken two secretaries.

"Prichard went with me to Kissingen, and on the way I wrote the poem *Still Waters*, June 1894. After the cure at Kissingen during which I was a great burden to Prichard's unfailing kindness, he took me to Bludenz, and there left me when Harding came out to bear me company for a month. Harding was excited when I met him at the train. 'I didn't know you wanted me,' he said, and he looked dazed.

"Kissingen was a turning-point, the end of the first and very doubtful stage of my recovery. After Kissingen sleep came back. I remember the luxury of it, the slackness of rest, the beginning of health.

"Johnny, as he afterwards told me, had thought himself very generous in allowing these two additions to the household. But with them we could introduce order at Lewes. Prichard found two coins that had long been lost; one in a box of zinc ointment for dogs, the other in an old coat-pocket of mine. I gave him a trunk of old letters, which he found mixed with cake.

"The first sale to the Museum was arranged at Innsbruck with Mr. Brimmer, I journeying thither from Bludenz.

"The collecting was now to be more serious."

This fragment of autobiography ends here.

CHAPTER IX

COLLECTING IN FULL SWING

IN May 1892 the great Van Branteghem sale of vases was held at Paris, and at this the serious collecting of the two friends began.

Since Greek vases occupied a large place in this sale, the reader who is no specialist may be glad to have Warren's own statement of their interest. This is to be found in a letter written in the autumn of this year to his mother, whose help he hoped to enlist, since her own purchases and gifts to the Boston Museum ran on lines other than his, and in ancient art inclined to Phœnician and Millefiori glass. Greek pots were not then much appreciated in Boston, and this letter shows Warren trying to gain a supporter on the spot:

"I hear that the Phœnician glass is good and am glad that you have aided to get it. Other reports from home are that the Millefiori glass is not thought a great prize and that a small collection of such glass would be as useful as a large one.

"I can well understand that Mr. Robinson should write as he did to Miss Norcross that her vase would be a desirable acquisition, and also advise you not to purchase it at the price. From the description it seems to belong to a fairly common class. . . . There is a great difference between such and the expensive ones of which I wrote you and for which I am still negotiating.

"1. There is first the difference of date and style. We want the vases that throw most light on the best periods of Greek art, and that have some claim to be considered high art themselves.

"2. Then there is the difference of execution and spirit. Vases differ in their way as much as Sèvres differs from Liverpool transfer.

"3. Then there are differences of an archæological and historical sort. Some vases throw light on questions of which we have but scanty written records, or none. They were made at a time and in a place where something of importance was done of which we want to know. The literary accounts are late and untrustworthy, perhaps, for this special fact. The vase supplies the evidence.

"The result is that there are some vases of immense value, others that one might, if it were not inadvisable, get any day and cheap. No one wants them. There is also another consequence. A museum, more especially an American museum, should possess a fairly large collection of carefully picked specimens. To one vase we must go for instruction or pleasure of a certain kind; to another for quite a different sort. Some are like note-books illustrating Plato and the Golden Age. Some show us the decline, and a different way of looking at life. Some explain the tragedians, some the comic poets. 'It is plain,' says the writer in Baumeister's book . . . a book which is a great refreshment in the literal sense to a classical student, 'that almost all branches of ancient life and thought down to the time of the Romans' (146 B.C.) 'are illustrated and made plain by the antique vases and the representations on them. These representations do not only tell us of the habits of life of the ancients, their dress, their history, their religious ideas, their myths, nor only are we enlightened about changes in taste and artistic excellence: often we obtain a glimpse of things unrecorded by any historian, very often they are the most important evidence for a whole period of civilization. (This, of course, applies to the oldest for which I have not yet gone in.)

"They are particularly needful for an American museum because only in vases and coins can it hope to obtain a collection representing all phases and times, and illustrating all that we read about.

"Of course it should be added that the coloured vases throw light on paintings and the use of colour by the ancients. Thus of the three vases that I am after in Rome one is elaborately coloured and, I believe, is one of six treated so freely. This was offered at a well-known sale and was withdrawn because only 21,000 francs was bid for it. I shall be paying about that for it, perhaps a little more. This will show what value the owner set upon it, and he was a

connoisseur. He owned many things now in the British Museum.

"My second vase resembles the Æginetan pediments at Munich. You know they are very stiff; so is this, but you see it comes, so to speak, straight from home. It does not illustrate the marbles in a far-off way. The third vase I am trying to get left out of the sale—they want me to take the three together. Its value is about 5,000-7,500 francs. But I want to save myself up for the best things. For the lot I shall pay, if I have to, 50,000."

The letter ends with a characteristic touch of humour:

"So Fiske's [his brother's] child is like him. The French say that when a man really loves his wife the children look like him. I am expecting some grand reformer from parents who go in so much for high principles and theories. They will prove their poor old uncle to have been much mistaken in his old-fashioned ideas of life."

The Van Branteghem sale began to make Warren and Marshall known to the dealers, and from this time forward they were nearing the centre of the highly complicated market where diplomacy, foreign chicane, and skilled tactics were unavoidable to gain the prizes and to escape the frauds.

The following letter, of which the beginning is missing, shows him coaching Marshall in the gentle art of managing dealers:

"If you go to Capua, first meet Innocente and be trotted about by him. He will probably put you up for the night with a friend. I advise you to accept, but to offer payment to Innocente in the morning to give to the host.

"Be patient with long confabulations, and offer a little less than your final price at first. The price asked is 5,000 francs for the two vases. They are what the Italians call 'urn-shape'. Assume that they are genuine and unbroken, unless they look suspicious. If you think that the Museum would want them, make up your mind how much they would be worth to the Museum, and if you think there is any chance

that that sum would be accepted, offer it. If there is no chance, say we do not want it. I should have said offer ten-elevenths of what it is worth to the Museum as your final price, beginning of course somewhat lower. Whatever Innocente pays the owner, he is to have ten per cent. profit on it, hence the ten-elevenths. It is to his interest to buy at a fair price, but he would not want to pay very high prices, because he would have to continue paying high prices later on.

"If you are in doubt, or if you think to bring down the price, you can let Innocente make the offer from Rome after you have got there. You should in any case make your offer through Innocente. You have a free hand to purchase these vases, or any, or not to buy. Do not pay for them until you have examined them at your hotel in Rome with methyated spirits or benzine. If they are wrong, or broken in any serious way, return them without paying the money to Innocente.

"Remember that Italians expect you to spend a long time over a purchase, and sometimes keep things in reserve till the first have been sufficiently talked over. You will not have to play a part, but you will seem dull and uninterested. Your *carte blanche* extends to other things besides vases. Try and spot whether Innocente pays less than you offer, or gets part of it back again afterwards. The best plan is to stick to him. He should, of course, only have ten per cent. on the price he gives, and his profit should not be mentioned to the owner, nor counted in with what he has paid at Capua. All his expenses to be paid by you."

This is a fair specimen of the detailed instructions that Warren's letters contained. He delighted so much in the manœuvres with the Italian, Greek, or German go-betweens, that he made this moral twilight the subject of a poem. Written in 1903, and having next to nothing to do with the other poems in *The Wild Rose*, "The Naiads" gave rise to an interesting passage in the Preface to the edition of 1928, and this passage may be quoted here because it throws a light upon the tortuous paths that we have to follow.

"Unfortunately a special explanation must be given of 'the Naiads', the only poem in which symbolism or metaphor

tends to cloud meaning. I should call it a study of half-lights in morals. *Obscurum per obscurius*; wherefore the following:

"It is not a linguistic fantasy; it was occasioned by doubt whether the author had been right in his conduct of a certain matter of business with Italians, substantially, whether in Rome you should do as the Romans do. Their indistinct conception of moral principles may be adduced to excuse their disregard of precept, and a stranger cannot appeal to what is not in them.

"The ethical tradition and condition of a society must be remembered when we try the actions of its members. They may live in a slackening atmosphere, in a twilight of moral thought, believing that to be permitted which would elsewhere be condemned. All their doings, and, indeed, their very natures, are conditioned by this environment, which may give opportunity for grace as for disgrace. Their way of life is not without its charm, which the poem is meant to indicate and at the same time to be the poem of water, sinuous, adaptable, placid. The writer's mind went back to an early remembrance, well before 1887, of a dark, coiling pool seen by moonlight in the gorge of Ripogenous (Maine) below a fall. Here there was an analogy to Italian life.

"The Rome intended is that of those who believe not, or who do not take their religion seriously, therefore saintless and heathen; that Rome which is a record of things dead, Pagan or Christian, and which draws its life from their decay; the Rome of such intrigue as can be met only by the wary and the strong, not without its fidelities of the wise to the wise, but treacherous to the simple; Rome indulgent, quiet, deep, and dark.

If you live yourself into this life and master it, there is pleasure in the requisite policy, patience, and indifference, training in avoidance of dangers, in mannerly resistance, even in humanity; but, in the end, you are brought to a halt by a perception of the indirect and ultimate consequences of the system, and this although you cannot abandon what you have learnt. You are convinced that it would be wrong to judge Southerners as Northerners; you doubt that it would be reasonable to measure your dealings with Southerners by a Northern standard. You must admit half-lights in morals. Indistinctness of moral conception must be assumed as the condition of true vision. If you flash the light of your own

conscience on such life, it is most dubiously lit in the sense that the justice of your procedure is most questionable. What are you to think? What are you to do?

Plainly your conclusions, whatever they may be, will apply far and wide to moral problems. As plainly, I hope, no other poem from 1887 onward pleads such a cause or needs such a defence."

Marshall admired the prose of this preface, and two stanzas of the poem may be given because it is in character that Complexity, (here, moral twilight), should have inspired Warren to a poem.

But sweet it was to fare
through arches whence the morning hardly swept
the evening air,
and dream alone, or others' dreams to share
who nightly crept
down by the water gate, or plunged
from oozy stair.

O fancies black and bold
fledged in their hollow hearts' insidious pen,
'twas sweet to hold
you only truth, and, while the river rolled,
them only men
who loved in sinewy arms the sinuous
waves to fold.

Having quoted a poem we may mention that, after the juvenilia had ceased in 1883, no more were written with one exception until 1893. The bulk of *The Wild Rose*, as the preface to the edition of 1928 records, was composed in 1902 and the years immediately following. The original volume, in fact, called *Itamos*, was published, on the heels of its composition, by Grant Richards in 1903.

In August, 1892, when Warren's mother and sister visited Lewes, Marshall and Warren were in England. Marshall had been with his people at Liverpool, and was proposing to bring his brother Bennett, a banker, for a short visit.

The following month Marshall sailed for Naples and his

short notes of this time show him perturbed. The matter would not be worth a glance were it not typical of the complications that in later years beset the household through the whims and jealousies of the different friends who had the run of it. Warren expected each of us to use the place as if it were his own, provided that the priority of Marshall were respected; but we did not always show the same complacency to one another, for the consideration that all received was a temptation to each to consider himself the privileged. As time went on, Warren spent much time and trouble smoothing ruffled feathers among the growing flock around him, and what none of them could understand was that instead of feeling annoyed at the discordance he appeared to enjoy it. An indigestible psychological pudding seemed to be a favourite mental dish.

Marshall was too impulsive to be tactful when his feelings were aroused, and some of his feelings were undoubtedly due to occasional scruples that he was not as useful as he might have been. He was impatient of routine, and yet not too much pleased, in these early days, if Warren himself or anyone else undertook some matter that he had neglected. Thus he wrote from the boat: "When I am away I am always dreading that you may some morning discover how little really I do when at home, and may think things I would much rather you did not think." A few days later: "I often dread that some day your eyes may be suddenly opened, and you may see when I am away how little I help you when I am at home." These sentences were written on board, but on the eve of sailing he had remarked: "I wish I could leave for Rome with a clear conscience. It does not require much thinking to show how much I was in the wrong. It is with over-feeding, *ὕβρεως κόρη*, and too good treatment." Naturally, Marshall, the first of Warren's friends, liked to reign alone. Had he been different, there might have been fewer successors, but when these came he was not pleased. Warren's replies¹

¹ On Sept. 5, Warren wrote for the second year in succession: "Yesterday being Sept. 4th, your salary was raised by £50 *nem. con.*"

are not only reassuring, but rather those to be expected from a junior to his chief. For example: "Don't bother, my dear boy. Lewes House belongs to you and not to him; and so do I. You are doing a great deal even if you accomplish nothing tangible, by making me feel sure that I do not leave stones unturned"; and he promised to carry out all the needful payments and petty arrangements of which Marshall had sent him a memorandum. The first mention of the ancient gems that Warren eventually secured for Boston is also made in this letter, which encouraged Marshall to visit a Count whose Greek intaglios Helbig had reported.

By the autumn of 1892, Marshall was thoroughly launched upon the work of collecting in Italy, and an almost daily exchange of letters took place between the two friends. In these letters we see Marshall losing his early diffidence. He ceases to defer, and begins to conduct negotiations as one absorbed in the work and no longer in doubt as to whether he shall prove satisfactory. Whatever sight or talk has interested him, he reports with lively ardour, and Warren's letters to him show equal eagerness.

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

7. 10. 92.

"I have your first letter from Naples this morning. I want you to be very clear about one thing. Even if there is nothing to do about the L. things, you cannot cut short your stay in Rome. Present your introductions at once. Call in ten days on Lanciani, Mackay and on any others that I have forgotten. Don't hurry anybody or appear in the least hurried yourself. . . . Take all your Museums in a leisurely and thorough manner. Whether you enjoy Rome or not, you will value your recollections and notes later, and they may help you when you go to Berlin. See the Vatican vases thoroughly and repeatedly. Try to see the statues in the Albani. . . . Perhaps go to Ostia, it is well worth seeing for Roman archæology, some upper storeys preserved. I think if Helbig knew we were interested in signed vases he might

put you in the way of getting some. They mostly come from Vulci and Cervetri and there seem to have been private collections in that neighbourhood. You could mention it in connexion with Martinetti's vase. . . .

"Don't shirk the table d'hôte. Spend money on carriages and lunches. . . ."

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Oxford,

13. 10. 92.

"I have your letter with quotations from Brunn, and am hoping you will either find signed vases from private collections of Italians in Etruria, or else that the forty gems will be attractive. These gems, if they represent all periods, will be a rarer find than any but the rarest vases.

"There are of course only a few first-class specimens in the Ashmolean. Yet I am enjoying the collection much. Nikosthenes treats the same subject as our 'petit support de vase'. There is by the way a 'petit support' in the British Museum. A couple of riders exactly like those on the Parthenon frieze are represented on an amphora of Nolan shape and assigned to the best period of Greek art.

"There is also a curious winged Victory playing on a lyre, the chin shaped so [rough sketch showing point pinched in below the two cheeks]: the angles strongly marked, and there is a (later) Aphrodite on a swan, in position much like that on the white cylix. The white lecyths are so much restored and painted over that you have first to ignore all doubtful parts of the surface. The chytra torso, Cumæan terra-cotta and bronze mirror have been delivered to Ready to send on together with the two statuettes. . . ."

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

18. 10. 92.

"I am progressing rapidly here; but my visit to Oxford has set me back. You would be doing much for me if you could put through the L. business alone. Get your lawyer's name and have it ready when it is wanted. Don't you think the documents could be sent here for me to sign? I hope

His Holiness will not fight us. . . . Take things quietly and douse your head in cold water after you have seen anything good."

The Greek gems owned by Count Tyszkiewicz are the principal concern of this autumn's letters.

On October 19th Warren wrote :

"The gems are *not* off, I think. Our estimate was forty times one hundred pounds : £4,000. If T's best gem cost him £800, we might infer that the average value would not be £200. The collection would then be forty times £200—£8,000. If the Piombino affair is really to be put off *mehrere Jahren* (which I misdoubt), and the collection is worth £8,000, it is to be considered."

The detailed discussion of prices has been omitted from the extracts that follow, together with the descriptions of the separate intaglios. Anyone interested in the latter can consult *Ancient Gems in Lewes House*, by Professor Beazley, which was published by the Oxford University Press in 1927 shortly before the collection passed to the Boston Museum.

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

21. 10. 92.

"If the Pope bought the sarcophagi (they were the ones we saw . . . twelve of them), he paid 175,000 lire. So I understood Helbig to say. H. said they were of great archaeological value as showing what Greek pictures were like ; were very well preserved, but of small artistic merit. He thinks it absurd for the Pope to buy them. No Museum needs more than one or two sarcophagi, and the Vatican has too many already. . . .

"Dr Althaus's aunt is very charming ; rather nervous, expected to see an older gentleman and had made a lot of plans for introducing me all round, especially to Princess Lovatelli, a great archaeologist, in whose drawing-room one sat on old gravestones. I liked her very much. She *would* lend me a little book by Gregorovius on the tombs of the Popes : 'the dear man is dead—he was so pleasant—there

are so many pleasant people in Rome. Gregorovius was so great that many said of him—Rome the pedestal : Gregorovius was the statue.'"

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

22. 10. 92.

"Your letters are like cocktails. Always something exciting. The wolf's head should be worth the 138.40 francs taking the fibula at your own valuation, and it is right that you should allow yourself to be used, seeing that you use the Professor [Helbig]. . . .

"Don't show yourself too enthusiastic when you see the gems. . . . I have always wanted to get some credit for not making an offer for the sarcophagi now gone to the Pope. . . .

"We are flourishing. I have almost got over the results of my Oxford trip. Brock [Arthur Clutton] pays us a visit this week, and Harding, Matt [Prichard], Roger Fry, and perhaps Tomlin, are down for Guy Fawkes day."¹

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

22. 10. 92.

"I went to the Graf's [Count Tyszkiewicz], and having got there stayed an hour and a half, wasting much of Helbig's precious time. Still, I wanted to satisfy myself. He has collections of gems, vases, glass, and small bronzes. The first two you may buy ; the glass and bronze he would not part with for any sum. . . . The glass he (Helbig) said was extraordinary. I did not look at it much.

"The vases. These can be bought.

1. R.F. [red-figured] signed Polygnotus . . . not a thing to get, I fancy, considering what else there is.
2. R.F. about twenty inches high : a magnificent thing of early best period. The Count says it is by Duris but it is not signed. Helbig, who would talk in French,

¹ Lewes preserves the Protestant tradition, and the old Bonfire Societies of the town with their torchlight processions maintain an annual spectacle which attracts thousands of visitors on November 5th every year.

said it had been described and much discussed by Professor Robert who finds in it a representative of the Epic-cyclists (especially Proclus?). . . . There is no doubt about it; it is a magnificent affair. . . . The vase is much finer than anything Branteghem had.

3. Another crack piece, but polychromatic. It is not so beautiful perhaps as the polychromatic vase with Peleus and Thetis in the B.M., but the colours are better preserved, and it seemed to me to be as fine a thing as I had ever seen of that kind . . . gold, light blue, red and white.
4. A Corinthian vase . . . intact and a very fine specimen.
5. An Aryballos, quite six, perhaps seven inches high. On it boys playing knucklebones, i.e. a children's game, as on yours. The Count said: 'That is the only piece I have which is restored. They have also varnished it all over and, that washed off, there will probably be a name. *Nearly all vases with these scenes have names on.*'

These are five vases of which try to secure four. Now I go to make some calls. To-night Italian, and then to a concert at Helbig's. I will try to finish the gems in some interval."

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

22. 10. 92.

" . . . Now the gems. There are only twenty-five, and Helbig thinks the price is one hundred thousand lire. Of the twenty-five I saw twenty-three and a cast of the 24th. He says I may see the other two in ten or fourteen days' time. From which I suppose he has sent them off somewhere.

"The twenty-three are all very fine. I can't judge, but they seem all fine. They are mostly late; there is nothing like e.g.—Catalogue of B.M. Gems, Plate D., Nos. 274, 257, 294, 279. There are no gems like those in Plate C, for which I am grateful.

What there are, are these:

A. From the Piombino collection.

1. Large Cameo. . . . Cameos date all later than 150 B.C.—see King's *Engraved Gems*, p. 49; though

the Introduction to the B.M. gems says the cameo became a favourite sort of gem in the fourth or more probably third century. There is a luxury about this that suggests Imperial times.

2. Side face of a Hera. Sard. . . . Very large and filling the whole face of the gem. It is very fine. . . .
7. Head of Aphrodite? in burnt cornelian. . . . You tell it is cornelian by the reddish tint when you hold it against the light; otherwise it is a lustrous bluish white.
9. Two busts in white on a dark (red?) ground—Claudius and Messalina. This makes it remarkable. The names are *not* inscribed.
11. Gem signed by Lykomedes. An amethyst, very large. You could not have anything finer of its date (20,000 francs—Hellenistic).
17. Side-face portrait of a Roman. Helbig very enthusiastic because it is so realistic . . . the finest of that sort I have seen.
18. Beautiful thin shallow-cut large sard—the largest Tyszkiewicz knew of a woman's face. . . .

The Count who seemed a very pleasant and simple sort of a man invited me to call again if I wished.

"I take all dark-red translucent stones, rather darker than your Hermes, to be sards. By amethyst I mean a lucent coloured stone, coloured like the colour amethyst. If I can tell a paste, there are no pastes. But then I can't tell a paste!

"Gems don't arouse much enthusiasm, and they are about the most difficult point in archæology, I suppose. I know nothing about the matter, and I can't very well point out in the B.M. collection gems exactly similar or similar enough for your judgment. The whole made an impression on me of being more like jewels—so much light came through them and from them. I can see you can't judge them as you judge sculpture—is a thing of the best age, before, or after? In that case you would condemn them . . . the rest, and the crack gems of the collection, are all later. Some are Hellenistic, most Graeco-Roman. . . . There are not so many early best period as I expected there would be. On the other hand all the specimens are fine."

In another letter, dated October 23rd, Marshall writes :

"Count T. said that he had bought very many gems in his time, and nearly all he got at first were bad. Ready was the only man he knew who could cast a cameo, or who could cast an ordinary gem correctly. No one in Rome could do it. I like the Count, he is so very simple. Probably I must be all the more on my guard."

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

24 . 10 . 92.

"I have a long letter from you and Fisher another. Am very glad that you are enjoying Rome.

"You will remember that the possessions of the Prince Torlonia (Villa Albani and Museo Torlonia) may come into the market. The second I can get you a ticket to. . . . The Villa Albani is more accessible, but better known. I should like your opinion on the bronze Sauroctonus, the Æsop, the Leucothea (relief), the relief of the best period (man on horse-back), the statue by Stephanus, and Antinous as Doryphoros with horse (bas relief over a door).

"Then there is the Kircheriano and the Vatican vases which are important because you can't see the things elsewhere in casts. However I am not hurrying you up, only pleasing myself with thinking that you have a chance to see things thoroughly. Happy thought to learn Italian. . . . We are very athletic; clubs and a run outdoors before breakfast and a walk in the afternoon. My riding falls in the morning. There is not much (the horses being blistered).

"My dear boy, I hope you will canvas your method of life before you come back, make up your mind what you will do, hard or easy; consider whether, if I have too much Puritanism, you might not do well to consider life more as a chance to exercise will power, and Lewes House not as a place where pleasure is 'swift to come at call' but as arranged to make you hardy and strong without the drawbacks of 'roughing it' as e.g. in Texas, which I avoided in favour of civilisation plus strength.

The following letter explains the consideration that led Warren to prefer the vases to the gems :

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

28 . 10 . 92.

"I have just received your letter of Tuesday written after your first visit to Martinetti.

"I seem to gather from your expressions :

1. That you think the gems are worth getting at the price.
2. That you think the two vases (Duris and polychromatic) would be worth getting at something less than 40,000, say 35,000, and
3. That you think the Hercules is the least desirable of the three purchases, and that 40,000 is enough for it, more especially if we get the gems and vases. I also gather that you would take the whole rather than a part of T's collection of gems? . . .

"The question whether it is worth while losing the Hercules by not raising the offer is interesting. I myself think it looks well for all future purchases to be slow in making an offer and stiff in sticking to the figures. Besides, we estimated the value of the Hercules to us at £1,200. We have now offered, or rather . . . were thinking of offering, £1,600.

"Whatever Martinetti will take, we have at all events tried to meet him. By our luck during our first year of experience we may expect to be tempted when we no longer have the funds, and the gems and Hercules may then be on the list of things we should like to sell to raise money for a new purchase—not so early vases, or anything that has the touch of a Greek of early date. I am not persuaded that T's gems mean art as statues and vases do."

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

28 . 10 . 92.

"I saw the statue at Martinetti's. I cannot say anything fresh about it : I have no fresh lights. [A detailed description of the Hercules follows.] . . . As to giving 45,000 lire for it, I can't advise. It is certainly a great rarity; and as it is a question of a curiosity, one should perhaps pay through the nose."

Marshall's extreme sensitiveness to even an implied qualification of his own verdicts produced the following paragraphs. Would anyone else have been ruffled by anything that Warren had said?

"I am sorry that your warning about accepting what I said of the gems *in melius* came too late to prevent me writing almost enthusiastically. I think you would almost be enthusiastic yourself. I believe I concealed my thoughts from the Count. If Lewes House has been so far a failure, as far as I am concerned, we *must* have a new arrangement. Your ideas about me crystallize in my absence: I see one thing, almost, I fancy, quite fresh in your letter. I am not going to the Museum for a day or two, until I get my permesso.

"Am I to leave Lewes? You are finding, I suppose, your work better done than when I was there; you feel better. Harding and Prichard will probably advise you, you are in a better way. I will finish this business here—it rests almost entirely now with you—hear what can be heard of the Ludovisi matter; see the Prince if you like, and then, if you are happy, my occupation's gone. You would need to save up for a few years to be able to buy the 3-sided relief¹ and perhaps some other things, and make a good start in sculpture for the Boston Museum. You could do this without fatigue, if things are properly arranged by me now. I will arrange them so if I can."

It was plain that diplomacy would be necessary to the end.

Two further letters were written by Marshall on the same day. The gems were much on his mind.

In the second:

"Better now. I feel that Mrs. Helbig sometimes says true things; to-day she said how good one feels when one has done anything disagreeable. To-day I called on her and met a lot of people talking German, which I couldn't understand. I was conscious that it was easy and felt very stupid. Then

¹ i.e. the famous "Ludovisi throne", of which the "Boston Counterpart" was later obtained by Warren. At Lewes House each in turn was called "the D.R." from the German *dreiseitiges Relief*.

I saw Helbig alone, and then Mrs. H. again. They were then talking French; not a word of English. . . . He said you would never see such a collection of gems again and that for the Museum it was '*viel wichtiger*' als der *Ercewls*. . . .¹

"Helbig says Martinetti can't get the bronze out of Rome under 5,000 lire. He would take 40,000 for it here (as you said). Is that a point?

"I have written in bad temper; please forget. Some little things had annoyed me. My advice is:

Get the whole gem collection (that would be the greatest thing).

Or get the vases (if possible. The 2 great ones are magnificent).

Or get the Hercules. In fact, if the Hercules interferes with the gems, let it go. If you don't like the gems, then get either—or neither of course—of the others. I have not compromised you.

"Helbig warns me against Innocente and Marinangeli. Marinangeli's vases are all touched up by Raimondi of Capua, the most able forger living. Love me and don't listen much when I feel bad."

At the beginning of November, another prospective purchaser for Count Tyszkiewicz's Collection appeared, and telegrams combining German, Latin (*periculum magnum in mora*) and English, in the same message are evidence of Marshall's excitement:

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

1. 11. 92.

"I wired to you at length an hour ago! I suppose, and Helbig supposes, that it is all over with the vases, or at any rate if it is not all over the worse will have passed soon. Of course it may be all untrue, but if it is we must cut H. and at once.

"His explanation seems lucid enough. The Hermitage, St. Petersburg, was offered the vases, and the thing got to the ears of Prince Alexandrovitz, who is a rich amateur. He

¹ Lewes House vernacular for Hercules.

was in Florenz (*sic*), travelling about for health when he sent the courier to Tysk. H. says you won't have the offer of the vases until the prince has refused them, which is improbable if he asks H's advice, as I understand he is about to do. It may be, though, H. only flatters himself; but he said so.

"The gems are to be shown also to the Prince if by Friday (before, if possible) no definite answer comes from you. . . . You have at present the offer of the gems, but naturally not for an indefinite time when such a customer is at hand. It is a great point for the Russian nobility to toady to the Czar. . . .

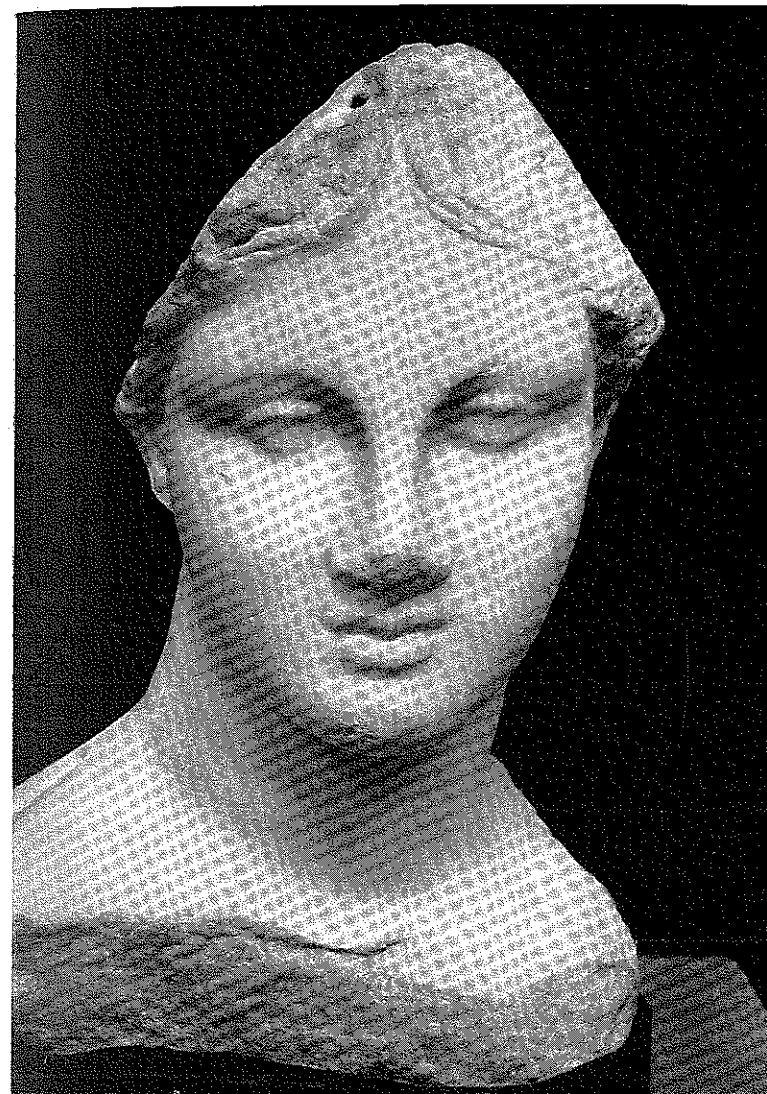
"Helbig is in great feather; silk hat, new gloves and God knows what. 'Do you know?—I must be away all to-morrow; must breakfast at the Russian Embassy, &c.' Altogether a fine thing for him. . . . I am not nervous, but very excited."

Warren's detailed and rather intricate reply ends on a clear statement of policy:

"Without taking it as certain that gems or vases will be secured by my telegram, I am thinking how I should feel in such a case. I think it is the right action for the Museum and this is decisive. I fancy the gems are rated at their worth, rather above than below, but not at an extravagant price.

"You may have got the gems, but the vase question may still be open. In such a case, unless your hand is forced by a hostis, assure yourself that we are not in for the Hercules before offering to take the vases. If your hand is forced, take the vases. . . . Practically you have the whole matter in your hands, and can say, 'Warren refuses to do this; he agrees to do that,' or 'I cannot decide without consulting him.' These things you can now say at any time, and they will be truthful enough. . . . You are a good boy and your visit to Rome will not have been in vain."

Helbig naturally desired to know Warren's decision before he advised the Prince, and the plan was to put off the Prince's visit to the Count's collection until Warren's verdict was known. On Tuesday night his authorisation to purchase came; on Wednesday morning Marshall told Helbig, who was to arrange the price with the Count, and Helbig went to



THE CHIOS HEAD

Marble head of a young Goddess found in Chios, 4th Century B.C.

the Prince whose wife had "the megrims", and who proved to be "rather tired". To Helbig's surprise, the Prince did not ask about the vases, but only about the gems. Meantime, the Count was arranging his collection "very beautifully" for his Russian visitor, and Helbig muttered to Marshall: "I daresay this visit of the Prince will cost you 5,000 lire." It was a relief to Marshall when this "dangerous rival" was forestalled.

Their first big purchase naturally caused some heart-searchings to both friends, and in the next letter we find their positions momentarily reversed, and Marshall dispensing the comfort.

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

6. 11. 92.

"If you are anxious you must calm yourself. Whatever has happened or may happen, at least what you did you did as seemed best for the Museum. Hold fast to that; and all faults then are mine or are merely accidental. They may be mine; for, on reflexion or closer knowledge of the subject, you may find the gems forged, say, or not worth the money. I think them genuine and that they will always have a high value.

"It comes to this: such a collection could never be got cheap. It was all or none; and I think it was wiser to get all. The worst is that a big sum has been spent on things good perhaps but not wanted; not 'early best period', not (all) Greek. But it is what happens: you don't find the thing you want, but only something like it. In the end, if we keep at it, we shall find the Greek head and the Greek bronze; but not for grass. Puppy comfort himself.¹ It is so with the vases. Vases we did not want. Suddenly two or three very fine ones are offered at a high price. One is of the right period, but not in the nude; another is 'late fine', but exceptionally good. The third is good, but could be done without. The three go together: are they to be bought or not?

"There is a limit to purchases; Puppy must not overspend. Still, it is an opportunity. If he has the money, and

¹ It was a jest between them to call each other "Puppy".

hesitates between the vases and the Hercules, then rather decide for the vases.

"The bronze you want will not be dug up in Rome.

"I wish I were at home. I think I could make you right. You see I don't take the trouble off you by going to Rome. Puppy must always think: 'Is his description correct? Isn't he enthusiastic? I wish I could see the things for myself.' You have to decide between very nice shades in a bad light when you determine anything on my reports. I doubt I shall ever be much better at the business.

"You must ride a lot; go to Althaus, and speak to him of his good aunt; get sleeping medicines, and ride; don't play (music) much, but let Fisher play to you, and you try and go to sleep. . . .

"About bronzes, the one in New York is the only other bronze discovered and sold in the last 30 years. Yet in those thirty years look what has been got somehow by the B.M.—Marsyas, the head of Aphrodite, the head of Thanatos or Hypnos, and the like. Martinetti and Helbig forget these things. All they tell us amounts to saying: 'Rome is used up for bronzes.' They should add: 'If you want good bronzes, go to Greece or Asia Minor.'"

In a later letter, there is an interesting passage on the delicate matter of exporting antiques from Italy:

"About the Eleusinian vase and the Polygnotus . . . pay duty. The Polygnotus I shall doctor myself, just painting the name out with something that will wash off. That will go by Roessler Franz.

"The Eleusinian, Helbig thinks 'a man he knows' can put through the Customs for about a hundred lire. The man is a rogue of course, 'but there is no danger' . . . it is very strange, but 'the dirtier the business the more secure you are in trusting to the honour of certain Italians'. . . . 'The reason is that the priests to whom they always confess such things, always bid them carry the matter out and keep their word.'

"The same man it was who got the Copenhagen busts out of Rome for almost nothing when Tyszkiewicz was in despair as to how he could pass them. 'He covered the noses and chins and ears with stucco as though they had

been repaired, and made them look so bad that the authorities thought them valueless.'"

In a discussion of prices Warren reminded Marshall that the Greek marbles were "worth more to us" than the vases, because the marbles were a rarer chance. Of the Hermes and the archaic head reported, Warren wrote:

"The points on which I most need information are:

1. What head that I know or can look up most resembles the archaic marble?
2. Can you guess at what time it was copied from its bronze original?
3. What date would you assign conjecturally to the execution of the Hermes? Is the face-polish a sign of late style? (I suppose not.)
4. Do either of these marbles possess that kind of charm which one usually finds in works which, whether copies or not, are of a good date: a certain vigour and freshness, each line having a meaning? (I assume they do. There is a German word—*Allgemeinerung*—which I cannot find in the dictionary. It seems to mean the opposite—reduction to the commonplace.)
5. The practical question: to what rank would you assign them according to their importance for us?"

Since more will be heard later of the Ludovisi Throne, an early reference to this in one of Marshall's letters is of interest.

"Then about the main question, the Ludovisi collection. I went through it carefully for about two hours. . . . Of the five great pieces I haven't a doubt. The 3-sided relief [the throne or D.R.] I like even better this time."

On November 14th Warren writes that he wants "a mass of evidence which shall leave no room for doubt. It will strengthen my position for the future. If you had seen Sam's letter, you would understand my eagerness". Marshall was also asked to call upon Felix Schuster, "an honest and generous

fellow worth knowing". In a final injunction in this letter he was asked, in looking up the Ludovisi literature, to "pay special attention to the D.R. and the archaic discobolus".

In another letter about this time, Warren disapproves of Marshall's idea that he might move from the hotel into lodgings. If Marshall does this "or is not regular at Molaro meals" he will be ordered home. There is, too, a hint on social etiquette in Rome which may help Marshall when dealing with princesses :

"Remember the Roman rule, that if you are introduced at a reception to a lady and you find in conversation that you are congenial, you must call next day on her, leaving your card but not asking to see her. . . . This will lead you not to be very free in your conversation with those to whom you are introduced ; but where a lady has been mentioned, like the Princess Lovatelli, you should probably call after being introduced. . . . You must call once a month, at least, on that day."

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

18 . 11 . 92.

"I have no hesitation in authorizing the expenditure of the seventy-five thousand lire (or francs) to cover the three vases (it is plain that you should include the Polygnotus), and the Hermes or Hypnos ; and I would accept the difficulties and deceits attending the exportation if the Count will not be persuaded to export the things himself."

The next fact of importance reported by Marshall was the likelihood of the Ludovisi Collection being open for sale about June 1895, and his fears lest his linguistic and personal limitations should be too great for a matter of such consequence. In his letters he discusses the qualifications of some of Warren's other friends to deal with it ; in others he is obviously in a state of tension through his belief that he has been in some way tricked. Warren's replies are calming, and he lightens them

with trifles about life at Lewes, perhaps with the idea of showing Marshall that he was unperturbed at possible errors. One day they had walked to Brighton for a Turkish bath, Waldstein had appeared at Lewes. "I gave your brother [Bennett Marshall] one pound from you and have asked him to dinner some day this week." "I want your permission to give the following Christmas presents. . . ." "I have written to Dr Diesterweg that I will pay three or four marks a day for Fräulein Zimse¹ if he will take charge of the money and see that she lives well in a good *pension*."

A mild rebuke is worded as follows :

"Now Johnny, I am sorry to hear 'I can't' from you. It has always been my theory that I could do anything, and it seems to me very much a question of one's own theory, and of keeping one's temper. I send you a quotation from Casanova [missing]. It is not my counsel, but part of it is right. And I believe everything is possible to one who understands it. However, as you observe, I don't ask you go to in for finesse. I ask you to do nothing where you don't feel in your element."

The final warning was, "Always remember what is ahead" : this implied that, to a collector, chances to come are worth more thought than remembrance of past deceptions. The effect of Marshall's letters had been to confirm Warren's faith in Marshall's taste and artistic judgment, but to make him wonder whether Marshall's excitable temperament was well suited to negotiations with Italian dealers and go-betweens. These negotiations Warren admitted that he himself would "enjoy".

¹ Fräulein Zimse was a nurse and masseuse who had been in charge of Warren during an illness abroad. She was usually in financial difficulties, and successfully appealed to Warren's generosity during his lifetime. After Warren's death one of his heirs continued the monthly allowance from a fund left by Warren for such cases until her death a year later.

CHAPTER X

YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT

IN the New Year (1893) the correspondence is resumed between Warren, at Lewes, and Marshall, in his hotel in the Via Gregoriana at Rome. The almost daily letters, most of which have been preserved, continued to be crammed with detail concerning the slow and devious progress of negotiations for the purchase of certain antiques, in particular of the D.R. or Ludovisi Throne. Marshall reported his wanderings among dealers, his meetings and conversations with go-betweens, his suspicions of their behaviour, his surmises of their motives, his proposals to counter their manoeuvres, and his periodic fear that his mission would prove nothing but an expense to his trustful friend. Warren replied with unfailing encouragement, and with warnings to decide nothing in haste. In the end, the friends acquired the chief pieces they were after, and the extensive correspondence that the quest involved is chiefly important now for the light it sheds upon the character of the two correspondents. In his unfailing desire to encourage Marshall's self-confidence, Warren wrote in November :

"I don't bother much over Johnny's reports, whether they are pitched too high or not. When once I have his description and his opinion I know where I am : e.g. I have felt very little uncertainty about the vases, that they should pass before the Hercules, nor about the gems since we had to choose between all or none. . . . At all events Betsey [J.M.] musn't believe too much and then have a reaction and want to cut loose. . . .

"The reason why I am still keen on getting help from Amory Gardner for the Hercules is that a statue, because it

PRUDENCE AND POLICY

is large and intelligible, makes an impression in such a museum as ours. Its artistic value is not accurately measured by visitors ; being a bronze, it looks old and yet well-preserved (not like a spotty or dirty marble). . . ."

A characteristic piece of advice is the following :

"Treat," Warren wrote of one go-between, "his little ruse lightly and continue cordial. . . . This is all guesswork, but as a Jesuit I like intrigues and prefer to keep you well armed for all chances."

He repeated his rule : "to buy only the best things and to give, if necessary, high prices." His liking for innocent intrigue was sincere, and more than once we wonder if he would not have been happier in Rome and Marshall happier in Lewes at this period, although, of course, ideally, they should have been busy side by side.

"If I were in Rome," Warren wrote, "I should thoroughly enjoy the gems. . . . But, before all, Prudence and Policy. Less of the Puritan and more of the Jesuit. You have a taste for *les grand moyens* when you get into an Italian passion."

His fear of Marshall's nervous precipitation led him to warn :

"I am afraid only of what you do without waiting to hear from me, thinking that something must be done at once. It is a good plan for you to take risks that result from waiting !"

Warren's estimate of the qualities required for a negotiator with Italian dealers can be judged from his impression of a meeting with a Mr. Dryland, who was sent out to help Marshall :

"He has a very distinct and practical conception of how to go to work, once it is a matter of business and he can have a fairly free hand. He is the sort of person to bully Helbig or to bring the Prince to hand. He will find out to whom the Palazzo is mortgaged, whether they have a lien on the Collection as well . . . thinks readily of business ways and means,

and is in this respect a first-rate man. But for craft, subtlety, wiles of the Jesuit order, he is second-rate. He has caution, but it is the caution of one who will not invest in an unsafe concern. It is not the caution of an intriguer."

One of the major problems, when an antique had been purchased, was to take it out of Italy. This problem gave rise to a typically complicated and ingenious plan that Warren laid before Marshall in case of need. This particular device was probably never employed, but the letter shall be quoted for its amusing suggestion :

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Lewes,

16.2.93.

"An idea occurred to me in bed, very safe but requiring much care. You have it (the object) delivered at a dissecting-room by Erhardt's favour. There it is packed in a coffin and locked. The coffin is screwed in a rough box. It is exported as a corpse to England ; then taken to a dissecting place, there boxed again by Althaus, so that it shall not arrive here in a coffin.

"You would have to have a certificate that it died by no contagious disease, and you or Matt would go by the same train, for sentimental reasons in deep black and with a band round your hat."

Scarcely a glimpse of life at Lewes is allowed to enter these letters, but the day after the preceding Warren wrote :

"I am very busy with the horses, the groom having got erysipelas. I am in the stable at six. Yesterday and to-day I fed them all and cleaned out one stall. Besides this I go out riding."

This unexpected task may have suggested the pretty rebuke that Marshall shortly after received : "Try to put yourself in my place—what would you advise me to do? You must learn to go in harness, and that means accepting a collar."

Inquiry concerning a college for Marshall's brother at Cambridge led Warren to write to Marshall from King's, where Warren had the use of Waldstein's (Walston's) rooms while sleeping at the Bull :

WARREN TO MARSHALL

Cambridge,

11.3.93.

"I said to F.S. [Felix Schuster] I don't want to keep Marshall huckstering during the best years of his life, and I do want him to have time for his archaeological reading. [A project for a German travelling agent was then outlined] : in short, Master, you seem to me bound by cobwebs which you think are ropes. My belief is that, for aught we know, you may have everything in your own hands if you are stubborn and quiet, a sort of Spencer."

To Marshall's inquiry about a pleasant Miss Beresford in Rome, Warren replied from Cambridge as follows :

"About Miss B. [almost everyone in these letters is referred to by initials, and the antiques by cipher letters] I know only what I have told you. When you turned up in the afternoon and found English people there and weren't introduced : 1. It may not be etiquette to introduce English to English in Rome ; 2. Had it been etiquette, she was bound by your request to keep your incognito. She will always know exactly what you think and feel. Where she can help you she will ; where she can't she won't, and she won't apologize. However you feel, therefore, place absolute confidence in her. . . . If you want to please her, offer her your escort if she wants to make any expedition. (You pay expenses, of course, but the main point is that ladies often can't do things in Rome for want of escorts.) You order a carriage and do the thing in grand style. Be assiduous in your calls and complacent in your appearance. Never mind how you feel. I have to lump it, too."

"The golden rule of conduct" is repeated for Marshall's benefit :

"Finally, the golden rule. If you want to make me grateful no end, take a week about anything you do and

always hear from me if you can first. Show no eagerness. Be humbugged into no moves. Resolutely act against the promptings of your energy. Then I shall sleep well."

The sale of antiquities at this time in Italy, whether from new excavations or, more frequently, from the possessions of encumbered nobles, was complicated by the proposal of a law to limit their export severely. Such limitations as existed already were largely a dead letter or were easily evaded by bribing officials through dealers who knew to whom precisely the bribe ought to go. The consequence was that the proposed new law was throwing the whole Italian trade in antiquities into confusion, at the very period when Marshall was taking his apprenticeship in it. An interesting light on the conditions in 1893 is thrown by one of Marshall's letters :

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Rome,

15.3.93.

"The Minister of Public Instruction, Martini, is being fiercely attacked for his proposed law.

"This law will make it absolutely impossible to carry on a trade in antiquities. All private collections are to be registered; and the best pieces may not be sold. Of the rest, none may be exported without *dazio* and permission. Everyone discovering antiquities must give notice within 5 days; no one may dig without a permission, etc.

"In fact it is the old *Legge Pacca* over again. In Papal times the *L. Pacca*, though nominally in force, was never carried out and was a mere dead letter. Now it is to be carried out with a will.

"The attacks are very severe and good reading. They resolve themselves into this: 1. If this list is made out, it will really be a list of everything good, and will warn off people from the things offered for sale. 2. That there are few or no private collections with anything good in them, and the few masterpieces outside the public galleries wouldn't be missed (they instance the *Amor Sacro e Profano*). 3. That Rome and even Italy are exhausted in the matter of antiquities. They quote Martini himself saying that good things turn up only

two or three times in a generation. Italy has too many museums already: all the things worth having are there. There is no chance of anything good turning up. Why spoil trade? 4. The English pay mad prices for things not worth anything. And they buy forgeries. The new law will do away with all this trade. Italian art is in a bad way already, and if the forgeries are to be stopped Italy must shut up shop."

The endless planning and slow progress had affected Marshall's nerves, and on March 20th he wrote:

"I feel so weak here; I am rather down—I can do nothing. I go round and round seeing worthless things: I suspect everybody. . . . I will go in an Italian family, I hope, in a few days. It will do me good. I am sick of being alone; and, Puppy dear, it is bad for me. I would sooner do anything than live alone. Do therefore, if you can, hurry up the business here. I am a bit unhappy."

He asked if Warren could come to Rome, or if he himself could return to Lewes. The Italian family was a compromise. The company Marshall really wanted was that of his friend.

To his friend's restlessness Warren answered: "You speak of coming home and I rather advise it, or else a journey to Athens. There is no responsibility of action resting on you now. You only listen to L. talk, and possibly report some of it to T. If however you feel uneasy under this arrangement you can certainly return."

Writing at the end of March, Warren reported delightful conditions in England and happy activity at Lewes House: "We have had clear warm weather for three weeks and it still keeps on. Ever so much riding, walking and cricket, and I have resumed my clubs. Feel chalks better." A few days later he added:

"We are being very athletic while Matt and Harder are here. Fishlet is always getting constipated; I think he should try some German cure. I find if he takes fruit at six and then dresses and exercises till breakfast his belly works better."

These medical details were characteristic of Warren's interest in the health of all his friends. He also mentioned to Marshall that

"the Boston Museum needs mythological subjects and vases with plastic decoration. It might be worth while, therefore, to obtain the price of the Acteon (sic) vase and of anything that falls under these heads."

On April 19th, Richard Fisher at Warren's request wrote a letter to Marshall to be called for in Paris on his way home in which the gossip of the house is forwarded. Two dogs had whelped and a third was expected to do so very shortly; Bennett Marshall was in Paris; the weather had been so extraordinary that only two showers had fallen since the end of February—"nothing like it since 1803".

Marshall was back in England before the end of this April. Before his return he had left Rome on a short visit to Naples, chiefly to see the collection of Bourgignon, a Swiss banker. Like others, Marshall was refused a sight of the Stevens collection of vases from Cumae, but became friendly with the owner. He also went to Capua to see Salvatore Pascale. Marshall reported that the Bourgignon collection was "about the size of the Van Branteghem collection, but I think much more important. There is no rubbish. Everything is picked". The courteous Bourgignon spoke of the Stevens collections and said to Marshall: "You are fortunate if you ever get to see it: I have never seen it, and I have been here thirty-four years." Marshall also saw the collection at Acerra. This contained "the finest vase I have ever seen (the Makron vase)", but the whole would be an absurd purchase, he said, for a going Museum. The subject of the Makron vase was Menelaos seizing Helen who was being protected by Aphrodite. . . . Though the vase was in about thirty pieces, nothing was missing, and it had been put together without any restoration. He gives a minute description of it, and of three other vases of note.

During the summer of 1893 the two friends were in England. In September Warren was taking a walking holiday with Harding, Prichard and his brother Ben, and a friend, while Marshall was off to Berlin. The letters concern the purchases of several antiques from Italy, largely arranged by another friend, Dryland, in Rome—an illness for which Marshall was under treatment in Berlin—news of the horses and dogs at Lewes—and the foundation of a new Essay Society in Town, formed mostly by New College men. Harding, Prichard, and Warren became members. At the first meeting and after a dinner, Arthur Clutton Brock read a paper on "Town and Country", which was pronounced good. Warren's comment on the occasion was: "The curious thing to me is that you can do this in London but you couldn't in Boston. They couldn't find the material or the time. One sees that the English are not victimised by society. Meetings fortnightly always preceded by a dinner. Schuster got it up and makes a charming manager."

Marshall wrote:

"I think Berlin very pleasant. Most things are cheap; there are any amount of amusements, and the people are very broad in their way of thinking. That comes partly from the fact that most are freethinkers, and partly because the life is fast. Some of the cafés are open all night, and they take their suppers often after midnight. There are plenty of theatres, though generally the acting is terribly bad. But they are filled and the people enjoy themselves . . . all the cafés are full; especially the *Café Bauer*, where it is quite a chance if you get a seat. Cigars are good and fairly cheap. Books are dear, and they never have what is in their catalogues. I have bought, though, some good ones. I don't think that the archæological school is much frequented. . . .

"The Thiergarten is a fine place for riding, but the horses one gets at 'Tattersall's' are fearful. You feel they are coming down under you, and they can't trot one bit"

Marshall started his days with an early ride, at 8.30, and after his return at 9.45 he went out for a German lesson. At its

close at 11.30 he went to the *Café Bauer*. Dinner was "about 2 p.m." and usually lasted till 3.30. Then he went out again till 6. Supper was over at 9.15, then he sometimes went out or wrote letters. He said that he only wrote when he was tired.

Wishing to matriculate at Berlin University in order to attend the archæological lectures there, he encountered many formalities, among them a visit to the police in order to get a ticket "with a number on like a coachman's, which you are bound to show at every lecture and street-corner". His German teacher was a lady,

"a thorough German, very inquisitive and with an ill-concealed idea that people who speak English cannot understand the rudiments of anything else. She wants to teach archæology so that I may understand the lectures. Would I begin with fossils? I told her I was limiting myself to later periods. . . . She wished to take me to the Museums, and did take me to the Schliemann Museum, and presented me to the man who takes your stick at the door, to whom on leaving I gave two pence. If I wish to know anything about the things in that Museum, he will tell me."

According to another English guest in the house where Marshall lodged, their hostess had similar characteristics.

"The old lady," Marshall reports what he had heard, "takes a fancy to everyone for a while, and is very jolly save for being far too inquisitive. She asks questions about England and the English, and contradicts your answers very flatly when you intimate that one gets some decent wine and fruit there, or that there are decent teachers at the University who are not German. . . . In the shops too they are very rude. But the Town generally is not bad; for a modern town I should say very good. The buildings are often very pretty, and by no means so outrageous as I expected. The streets are wide and fairly well kept, though by no means so well as in London or Liverpool. The monuments are less Prussian than you think."

"I am at the corner of the Pariserplatz where is the Brandenburg Gate. I look out over the Thiergarten and am as it were on the city-wall. Ten minutes to the University, and about ten minutes to the Potsdam station."

Marshall ends his letter by saying that Warren is wrong in "thinking me acutely unhappy", and that when he feels unhappy he will "write and ask about coming home". He gives a list of lectures and lecturers and finds that he could go to twenty lectures if they were but in the same place. Among the libraries which he visited he mentions particularly the Archæological "Apparat", open from one to three, where he usually spent those hours.

"I have read through most of the new edition of Overbeck, and shall go on to read K. O. Müller's *Archäologie der Kunst*. It is a wonder we haven't got that book. It is old indeed and in parts out of date, but for a general survey you won't beat it. The edition I have is by Welcker, and I have bought the *Kleine Schriften* of both Müller and Welcker. Welcker has written a great deal touching my subject. Also Rosenbaum (whom I think not over thorough). Pindar I find hard, particularly in the Mythology."

Marshall then inquired of Warren about the "pelvic line".

- "1. About the Attic pelvis; (a). does this theory occur in any writer you have met? (b). does the form occur in any photo you have seen, or man you have seen? If so, of what race is he?

It seems here not generally recognised: at least they attribute the Subaroff bronze to a Peloponnesian artist, though it is extremely Attic in that particular.

- "2. Have you anything to say why the difference in form is not caused to some extent by the different way in which the pubes is treated? According as the pubic swelling is or is not considered part of the pelvic curve, you get a greater or less depth in the inguinal line. In the Naples group it is so considered, in the Doryphorus it is not so treated. . . . I am going to choose something in that line for my *Hebungen*. . . . Those beastly *Hebungen* will be the only things to rescue me from blank despair. If they fail, I shall think about returning: for I feel very lonely here and am tempted to eat in my own room."

The letters passing to and fro during this autumn are curiously inconsecutive. The two friends exchange news. They do not answer one another's letters. Warren's are full of advice and details concerning Marshall's disease, which does not appear in the latter's answers, and the source therefore of Warren's information must have been the doctor's reports.

To the questions about the Pelvic Line Warren finally replied :

"There are three kinds of treatment of the groin and stomach lines (better not say pelvis, for it is not the pelvis : besides I shall want that word later).

"The first : The penis is hung on the lower stomach line, the hair being often placed on the stomach. The pelvis is disregarded, or nearly so. Examples, Æginetan marbles and the Doryphorus. This form becomes stereotyped, e.g. you find it on emperors' statues.

"The second : Here you still have the shallow lower stomach line, but between it and the penis comes a pelvis. The hairless flesh through which I have drawn a dotted line [sketch in margin] is foreign to the Ægina marbles and the Doryphorus. It appears on the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Apoxyomenus and, like the preceding treatment, becomes stereotyped later, mostly, though not exclusively, for languid and youthful figures.

"The third : The case of the Harmodius and Aristogiton. The pelvis is omitted. The hair lies on the stomach as in the Æginetan marbles. We have a deep stomach line [sketch]. You explain this deep stomach line as a groin line, and you may say that the stomach line is omitted. We should have only the lower boundary of the pelvis, i.e. the groin line proper. I admit that this appears to be the case in the Aristogiton in Naples (marked *Gladiatore combattente*) of which I send you a photo, but it is obviously not the case in the Harmodius, (marked *Atleto*), in the *Metopes of the Parthenon* (Murray, Vol. 1, Pl. 3 to R), and some of the figures on the frieze, if I may trust my memory. The frieze varies, just as the eyes are sometimes crossed, sometimes not.

The *Metopes* should have more deep stomachs in proportion. The *Idolino* is a doubtful case.

"You never have a deep stomach and a pelvis hung under it. It would be ugly. If the figure is youthful and a pelvis must be shown, the lower stomach line is omitted and you have only a groin line. It is only later on that the artists solve the difficulty by means of their shallow stomach which combines gracefully with a pelvis.

"If you think this argument rather thin, look at any statue with a proper Attic pelvis from the side, and see whether the outline does not project till it reaches the pubes as in our *Hermes*. Does it not look as if it were meant to be all belly and no pelvis or only the shadow of a pelvis as in the *Idolino*?

"The best subjects for study would be the *Parthenon* marbles, but of course the treatment would be more distinct in the older statues. I fancy it can be traced to the primitive *Apollos* and to Ionic influence. Statues not exemplifying it would of course be dug up on the *Acropolis*. Perhaps the *Moschophorus* is a case in point.

"This form never becomes stereotyped, but reappears in the enigmatical statues like the *Dionysus* of the *Therms*, and in works of the school of *Stephanus* and *Pasiteles*.

"I think I got the theory from *Kalkmann's* essay in which he publishes the *Florentine bronze*.

"I have only looked into the photos of models. There are examples—one very distinct 'Attic groin'—of which I will send you tracings, probably Tuesday.

"I hope this is enough for your investigations. Always look first for a deep stomach or groin line (you will find them rare) ; then see whether line is a groin or stomach line. If a stomach line, the case is a strong one. Then ask whether there is any reason to suspect old Attic influence."

MARSHALL TO WARREN

Berlin

8. 11. 93.

"The doctor advises me to go 'home', and thinks it will not be a long business. But from pain and absolute sleeplessness I feel a bit done up.

"As I told you, I am keen on *Kalkmann* : but the modern Berlin school—*Furtwängler*, *Kalkmann*, *Graef Winter*—go in for *nothing* but measurements. You must have a history

of the way the eye was gradually developed, the neck, the shoulder, the nose, &c. And from all these you spot the date. Furtwängler's great test is the height of the head in lengths of the eye-ball. Ah well! I am sleepy and can no more."

At the beginning of 1894 Marshall was at Liverpool with his family, partly on family affairs and partly to see the Ince Blundell collection. Marshall found that covered with dust-sheets in a house filled with workmen: "The Pantheon," he wrote on January 3rd, "is being re-roofed and decorated in the Reckitt's blue style." He "went all over the place" and found nothing upstairs to interest Warren. "The one you will want is the Satyr and Hermaphrodite which is a much better thing than I had thought it."

A few days later Marshall returned to Berlin, where he continued to receive medical treatment and to attend lectures on Greek archæology. He writes:

"Yesterday Kalkmann had occasion to show a picture of it (the D.R.) in his lecture. He said it was a very beautiful piece, and efforts had been made to secure it for the Berlin Museum, '*ist aber nicht gelungen*'. . . .

"Kekulé had proposed to lecture on the Idolino, but when we got there—this is characteristic of the man. He has 'artistic sensibilities' you know—he said he had been thinking about the Parthenon pediments a great deal lately: and since his head was full of them, he would lecture on those. It was rather interesting. His points were these:

"1. There is not the same style throughout. Matz had first pointed this out; Puchstein (?), Winter and himself agreed. The 'three Fates' were not at all like the 'Iris'.

"The East pediment is much finer than the West: indeed some of the West is distinctly bad (legs of seated figure where the drapery is certainly very bad).

"2. There being these differences, in the well-preserved East pediment you can find two styles at least: (a) the figures in the wings, (b) those in the centre. The 'Iris' could not be by the same artist as the 'Fates'.

"3. Pheidias himself would be working at the Parthenos, and he would leave the pediments to his pupils.

"4. His two pupils were Alkamenes and Agorakritos.

"5. A work on the Acropolis (Procne and Itys) has been identified by Michaelis and Winter as by Alkamenes: and undoubtedly the style is like the Iris.

"6. The three Fates will therefore be by Agorakritos and indeed they show such a knowledge of marble—Agorakritos was from Paros—that we can well understand that the artist must have lived all his life, &c.

"One less novel but interesting thing Kekulé pointed out is that the attitudes of the figures are momentary—as much so as on the Balustrade. (I think this more or less true.)"

In reference to the arrival of a Proto-Corinthian lecythos and the Andilly vase, Warren remarks that he cares for sculpture much more, but fancies it may prove wiser to buy other objects than the best, which alone he wants, in order to hear of all offers that may be available.

Marshall reports the opinion of Kalkmann that "Murray's book on Greek Sculpture is better than any German book, Overbeck being very bad: he (Kalkmann) finds himself unable to agree with Furtwängler on most things. They hate Furtwängler very much here". A sneer by Kekulé is quoted—Furtwängler replies on the same day.

Apparently during Marshall's time in England, Warren had shown him an essay which he talks of sending to Berlin. He adds that he has recovered from the state in which Marshall had found him, and ends "You are very sympathetic, Johnny, and should never bother for fear you don't do enough to console me. I never find you wanting."

In January, Marshall returned to Liverpool for consultations over the new terms of partnership in which his father, the wine merchant, was concerned. Warren threw himself whole-heartedly into this discussion, and his elaborate and almost daily letters to Marshall on this topic are characteristic of his active generosity in anything that touched his friends. The visit to Liverpool prolonged itself until April, when Marshall announced his return and looked forward to a "long time" at Lewes House.

In May, Warren's elder brother, Sam, arrived in England with his family and stayed at St. Anne's Rectory, Lewes, which Warren had procured for them. Later in the month his mother and his sister, Cornelia, arrived in London and visited Lewes just before Warren's departure for Kissingen. Writing to Kissingen from Lewes, Marshall reports the impressions made upon him by these relatives. He found Mrs. Warren very charming, and reminds Warren of her deep affection for him. He talked with the sister of her brother's health and found her somewhat sceptical; and without much understanding of the Greek things that he showed to her. The dates of these visits are recorded in Miss Warren's diary, which has a note from Warren at this point: "The first let-up in illness from 1885 was in the summer of 1894." This was Warren's first visit to Kissingen, a visit to be repeated in the following year.

It was also in 1894 that, in Warren's words, "parleys for first sale to the Museum" in Boston took place.

A quotation from Marshall's letter about the other Warrens helps to define their attitude to Ned. After a visit with them to Battle Abbey, Marshall wrote:

"I think Mrs. Warren likes you as much as ever: she is keen to see you in America soon and has hinted more than once that, if you would see her, you should not delay too long. One can't be long with her without loving her very much. Whenever she tires of hearing or seeing your purchases, she listens to rot about vases and gems which it is out of human nature to stomach without a lively interest in their owner. . . .

"Miss Warren has no criticism to make of your object in life. Once, she said, you made her almost feel she could never believe in you again. That was towards the end of your stay in Oxford. Now she understands matters better. She doesn't question you have been and are ill: but whether your life here is curing you she thinks can only be tested by experience. And if you find it impossible to endure your people's company for a while, she thinks this proof enough that your treatment is not the right one. She agrees with

your brother's criticism, that you have too much done for you.

"She once thought you ought to marry: now she thinks you are not fit to marry. She thinks it unmanly to be always anxious about your health, and thinks the only remedy is an appeal to your will."

From this we can gather in part why Warren found his family irritating, and why he thought their criticisms superficial. It is also possible to find in these criticisms the reasons for the irritation that he himself aroused in people out of sympathy with him throughout his life. Marshall also is anxious that none of Warren's other friends in Lewes should "put obstacles" between his friend and Mrs. Warren. This report evoked an interesting reply, evidently from Kissingen, but only with its date, June 6th, 1894.

WARREN TO MARSHALL

6.6.94.

"I am glad to have your report of the visit. Cornelia has never been interested in pretty things; Mamma on the other hand more or less started me in collecting. Auntie started her, perhaps, and also influenced me. I think matters will be all right at home if I can get well. Lack of sleep brings with it a paralysis of natural kindness or at least of good humour. When I sleep I can be myself again. At present it is often hard to represent my true or my past self by what I say and more especially by the way I say it. You are a little bitter, I think. I understand it, but I hope it will not last.

"I do not take seriously what you say about your judgment in antiquities. I am not clear myself whether I prefer the Alexander or Hermes. I wish you knew how contented I am with you except when I am uneasy about your happiness, and how necessary you are to me and also to my work. I mention the last because it is a point on which you express doubts, but no one doubts it except yourself.

"Suppose the book finished [the *Essay* Warren eventually wrote himself] and an essay on the Sonnets [Shakespeare's

evidently]¹—do you think I should no longer need you for my collecting? To put it merely on financial grounds, you would probably save me money by your advice. The plan of taking Matt Prichard and Harding is intended to afford me a greater chance to carry out your suggestions. We are all now banded together for one purpose, and you are in a way the head of the band. I hope we shall work together like one family. If so, it will be the making of all of us. I can't see why you should have any hesitation about your position. Do set it aside. . . . You think that by taking on new people I give you a sort of certificate of inefficiency. This is only true for the less important parts of your work : things for which as a matter of fact I hated to call you off from more important things. You see I speak frankly, and you should trust me when I tell you that you are worth your salt. I should not think it necessary to go over this if you were not perpetually setting it in doubt. I have no doubt myself and want you to come to see it as I do. But letters may do little good. What would do good would be for me to become well and light-hearted again, and I have been getting on that way every year."

There is, by the way, nothing in the letter from Marshall thus answered that implies, as the reader of this might infer, any recrudescence of Marshall's original misgivings. Perhaps he had voiced them in talk, though his letters suggest he is as permanently at home at Lewes House as such a moody man could possibly be.

Marshall next wrote of some help he had been giving to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Warren who were house-hunting in the

¹ An essay on Shakespeare's Sonnets was never discussed seriously in Warren's later years, but some idea of his manner of approach to them is on record. A main contention would have been that evidence of Shakespeare's Greek Eros is not, as commonly argued, confined to the Sonnets, and therefore contradicted by the plays. Warren appealed also to the plays, particularly to those with a disguise motive ; most particularly to *As You Like It*. His interpretation of that play, and of the meaning of its title, which is highly ingenious and original, given to Burdett in conversation during a ride over the Downs, was subsequently recorded from memory by the latter, and worked out from the text of the play in detail. It is to be found under the title of "An Imaginary Conversation" in *The Art of Living*, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1932.

neighbourhood of Richmond, and he whimsically remarked of the pair that : " You feel she has not arrived and that Sam is looking after the luggage." To this news Warren retorted : " You have been very good, but I hope you understand my dictum that American women take room enough for two without doing the work of one." Marshall's impression of Mr. Sam Warren may be given because of the lawsuit that Warren eventually brought (and won) against his brother :

" I tried to do for him what overcare for me, I fear, had rendered you unfit to offer him yourself. I like him, though, muchly, and I think him a fine, strong, and tender man, unhelped, and with too much on his shoulders. He asked for little, and yet was reluctant to ask it. . . . He said, ' You'll find the only way to prove to a woman that a thing is impossible, is to let her try it.' *Fiat experimentum* : he'll lose his money, but he won't have the friction and bother."

During this year G. V. Harding joined the Lewes House company, but from Marshall's point of view, and indeed from his own also, was not a great success and left after a few years. Marshall felt that the addition to the household was a pity :

" We should be very happy alone, without horses, without servants, with a piano and with some books, and far away from everyone. But if you will have Matt and Harder and Fish and me, well,—. I am a bit sore, and you must allow a little license to Vashti before you bid her pack."

Fisher was often unwell, and Johnny and Matt did not really get on if they were left together, though Johnny could never understand why. Warren during the summer was in Bludenz getting back his health, and such work as there was to do fell on Marshall ; he also had the task of keeping the liveliness of the horses within bounds. " I ride regularly at two, and sometimes two horses ! I have no lunch and don't eat much breakfast ; yet my weight will not go down."

During this autumn Robinson, of the Boston Museum, who had been somewhat cold about the collecting, was to visit Lewes; and it was Johnny's business to entertain him. The visit was an important occasion, and much time was spent in drawing up lists and prices. Robinson felt, naturally, a little pique at the methods of purchase, since normally it was a Director's business to do the buying, and the method Warren advocated was more than unusual.

The visit, however, was an almost unqualified success, and marked a radical change in Robinson's attitude. "I wasn't aware Ned had anything like this. Now I can understand why he did not want to collect more vases." The more he saw, the more he was delighted, and after much time spent on the collection the evening was spent in archaeological discussion and gossip: opinions of Furtwängler and Wolters and Puchstein, Hauser and Waldstein, and of Helbig, Hartwig, and especially of Pollak, from whom Warren had just acquired a vase supposed fine, but actually, as Marshall put it, "a poor specimen of Via del Babuino¹ ware"; on to Robinson's experiences with his Committee, how one of its members once said: "I have something here which will help you in your selection, if not give you your selection ready-made; a list of the casts made for the Louvre of which the greatest number of copies is sold", of another who asked: "I want to ask you for my own information—and I'll take your word for it—whether an original statue is in any way more valuable than a cast"; of another, a doctor, who caused the rejection of a fine terra-cotta on the ground that "no healthy woman could be formed at the hips like that". After the meeting Marshall relaxed, and had a good time in glorious weather:

"I don't like to think of your being out in the rain at Bludenz when I am eating mulberries and peaches by the plateful and riding two horses every day. Ah, child, you ought to see the Downs now. They are a bit too hot for me,

¹ A street much frequented by antique dealers.

and poor King Arthur [one of the horses] sweats in rivalry. But they are so misty and so dreamy: quiet, too, with never a soul about save the shepherds and the sheep. Betsey [another of the horses] was never in such fine condition; you feel that you are managing her easily and yet that she needs managing. She goes over hurdles like an archangel."

The year ended in contentment and with the collecting a step further forward. The next year and the two following years were the most hectic of the whole period, partly because it was the period of the great expansion and of Marshall's important visits to Greece; partly because in 1895 and 1896 all the negotiations and anxieties of the "Boston Relief" used up time and energies. It was a good testing for the taste, knowledge, judgment and diplomatic skill, of the two men. Warren remained abroad for most of the year, chiefly in Rome, but also in Naples, Perugia, Paris, yet always waiting for some decision or at least something definite about the Relief. Naturally there were a good many "wheels within wheels", and promises of secrecy were broken in more ways than one, so that the price of the "oggetto", as it was usually called, rose from 150,000 to over 200,000 francs before it was finally bought by Warren in the early part of 1896: a good adventure well ended.

From December 1895 to March 1896, and again during the first four months of 1897, Marshall paid two visits to Greece, and did perhaps some of his most valuable work there. He was at his best in the letters he wrote during his Greek travels. In Athens he lighted on a cheap and very good hotel of which the only drawback was the fleas. But it had a porter who dealt in antiquities and who introduced him to many important dealers with whom a valuable and lasting connection was thus established. He went busily about Athens, getting to know both its beauties and its people, and among others met a delightful "ephor".

"My Ephor is a capital man, takes me to church and gives me money for the collections—3 collections per service, plus plates at the door in and out—and has introduced his sons, one a lawyer, one a doctor. Yesterday afternoon he came round after having taken me in the morning to St. Irene's. We drove to the Museum. I had with me an Oxford man, one of the party on the boat. Museum shut: should we go to Eleusis. In the end we drove to the Daphnæum to see the mosaics. On the way the lawyer-son quoted Homer and Sophokles and Demosthenes and we had a very good time. The Ephor said the mosaics were the finest in the world. Of what date? 'Fifth century. One of the figures was of Anna Comnena.' But wasn't Anna of about the 12th century? The Ephor did not answer, but the sons after consultation said she was 15th century. We climbed up to examine one of the mosaics which was—they said—untouched. To me indeed, O Socrates, it seemed otherwise, but I didn't say so to the old man who ran for a candle and showed me all the beauties of the piece: the Theotokos and her father Joseph presenting her to Caiaphas. The son corrected him: not Joseph but Joachim. And there in the dome was the Autokrator. Then we went outside, tried to kill the tame raven which sat unmoved in a tree: the Oxford man and Ephor were great at this game. The lawyer, to be polite, praised the English: the Oxford man, instead of answering with the move more usually employed by Black—saying how jolly Athens was—began to expatiate in awful French on the wealth of England and the beauties of her Constitution. I did my best to save the game but he broke in with delightful confidence: 'My dear fellow! If you are to do these people any good, you must open their eyes first. You must explain that art and the like cannot come till after wealth and trade. Trade and industry is what they need: and they all want to idle and talk politics. Tell them how our nation became great. 'La Constitution anglaise a été imitée par les autres nations, n'est-ce pas?' 'Malista, malista.'¹ (The sons explain the question to the Ephor—explain it wrongly.) 'Mais la vôtre, qui a fait la vôtre?' The sons don't understand this, so I try to put it in Greek. They answer Kodros, Solon, Pericles and the Ephor adds Dracon. The Oxford man tried in another way on the hypothesis that the French for commerce was

¹ Gk. *malista* = yes.

commerce. The sons thought he wanted the Greek word for commerce: *emporiko*, *ergasia*, *ergon k.t.l.* Finally we shut the Oxford man up. My Ephor knows the Peloponnese well; he was at Vaphio when the golden cups were found. Before they were cleaned the inspector said 'Menelaos drank out of these. Let us drink', and so my Ephor drank."

Marshall was planning a journey through the Peloponnese, though he felt it more important to go to Thebes whence everything of value seemed to come; but as the passes were blocked he felt justified in carrying out his long-standing plan. The journey did not come off as it had been planned, owing to the foibles of Greek time-tables and the weather, but it was an entertaining business which Marshall described in admirable detail:

"We were at Ægina about 11.0 a.m., when it was raining and we could do nothing but go round to the sailors' houses in hopes to see something. My Ephor met some 'patriots' and we went round their houses—all the people very poor. The town is horribly dirty but the parlours are clean and they are very hospitable people, insist on giving you jam and cognac and when you go, some trifle, usually a sponge. I got six sponges like this and a great deal of cognac. It was not till the second day that I noticed how you could stop them bringing any more—by merely putting the glass to your lips; and it would be taken away to be washed just the same.

"I came across Lampadarios, a very intelligent man and a lawyer of the town. He told me about the B.M. gold find. He said it was discovered near the town and bought by an Englishman, a representative of some sponge firm. He gave, it was said, next to nothing for it, took it to London some three or four years ago and sold it, again it was said, for £10,000. Lampadarios, too, gave me a sponge.

"Next day we waited for a boat to Kranidhi. To me, O friend, it seemed a fine day but the Ephor said it was stormy. Anyhow the boat didn't turn up, and there being nothing more to see we took mules across the island to the Temple of Athena. The temple is small but the isolation makes it impressive. There was a monastery an hour out of our way, which, people said, had a horde of antiquities. I was glad

when the mule driver said the road was too bad. . . . Still I would have liked to see a road worse than the one we went along. All the stones on the whole island, you would say, had been spread along it. It was ugly walking but I pitied the mule so much that I got off twice. But no sooner was I off than the driver was on, and the second time when I told him he wasn't to get on, his son got on. It was cold coming back and we were all but frozen; and we found ourselves turned out of our rooms by an Englishman and his wife who had brought their courier and cook—and their own beds. So they had precedence. Next day the English went off in a hired boat and we waited. Again no boat—*trikumia* again, though anywhere else one would have thought a fine day. I got angry; still there was a boat 'certain' for Poros at 2.0 p.m. My Ephor went off to some friends on the understanding that he would appear as soon as the boat turned up. The boat turned up and sailed past without stopping; the Ephor had found some more patriots and had not noticed the boat.

"Next day was Wednesday. I had had two bad nights; there were no blankets on the bed and as there were no towels, you had to wipe your face on the sheets. Anger, cold and the cognac gave me no rest. We went as usual to the *zacharoplasteion* for breakfast: *trikumia* again and no boats, but one to the Peiræus, which I resolved to take. The old man alternately bored and amused me. When I was writing he would always for company read aloud. He wanted me to go to all his friends' houses and planned that we should leave the hotel and go and stay with one of them. Yet I admired him. He was good-tempered, stood my ill-humour well and showed a lot of cleverness, and did a lot of good work with the monks and the islanders. But when without consulting me he tried to carry our things to his friend where for a family numbering already six there were but two rooms I thought it was too much. Yet the wife of that Islander had a pleasant face and beautiful black hair, and white teeth. She was pleasant to look at though she was nearly 50."

And so they got back to Athens with not very much accomplished. That was the outcome one had to expect, and a journey to Thebes which started off with great promise, and did indeed later lead to good results, ended apparently with almost

nothing achieved. Marshall had seen a good deal of Margaritis, and took the opportunity in the absence of Margaritis' fellow-dealers in France—they had gone, according to Margaritis to sell things they had no right to sell since the European business was his concern—to buy for himself important finds that had been reported, bronzes, marbles, terra-cottas and vases. They decided to go *via* Chalcis where Margaritis was known, and they called first on a man who had a reputation for luck.

"I was to pose as poor student whom M. was taking round. The man himself had little but he took us to a toyshop where were some vases, 'grave gold' and a marble head. He said he had paid 400 drachmae for the terra-cottas and about the same for the gold; he had given 200 for the head and wanted a profit. M. said as we left, 'See what liars they are. I would have given 100 for the gold and more for the terra-cottas, but——.' We heard later that the man had paid 60 for the gold and terra-cottas together."

Chalcis having produced nothing, they voted to go direct to Thebes, since the post went at 4.0 p.m. On being ferried over to the port, though it was not yet time to go, the chaise was filled with six "stinkards".

"When we said we had places reserved the driver cursed us and said we would have to wait till next day. M. said, 'See how I manage my people.' He began joking with the driver, gave him a cigarette and made him laugh with silly tales. After a minute or two the driver went and hauled two of the six out of the chaise and we got our seats. Only we had to feast the whole company at the stopping places and give the driver 5 dr. and make him, as M. said, a friend for life. I was surprised at the way M. managed the peasants. Of the men there, one was drunk and none was in a pleasing temper, but in half an hour M. had them all laughing and even the two whom we had turned out on to the roof were delighted with him. By the time we got to Thebes every one was his friend. I could not follow the conversation, which was in Albanian, but I heard Gegas (pronounced Yeyass), Geladakis, Lekas, and other names I knew."

They arrived at Thebes at 10.0 p.m. and in their inn came across a soldier, a *patriotes* of M. He knew he would be watched by the police and it was good to have a friend in the force. The next day was the "most novel and disagreeable in my experience". As all excavations were illegal, they had to be managed on a system.

"There exist in Thebes and all around, groups of *tumborrouchoi*, whose sole trade it is to excavate. They work in fives and sixes, and divide between them the price of anything they find. A stranger can never approach them and the dealers have a curious system of go-betweens. This rests on the Greek custom of having *koumparoi*. When a poor man has to christen his child he gets a richer than himself to be godfather—*koumparos*—who buys the baby dresses and gives the parents a present. He and the father are *koumparoi* and the godfather in relation to the child is called Nounos.

"This custom is the fortune of the dealers. As there are professional *tumborrouchoi*, so there are professional *koumparoi*. M. told me he already had one in Thebes, a barber called Patroklos, whose wife had just had a baby. The relationship is sacred and the father must in every way further the interests of the *koumparos*. Patroklos' shop was the most miserable I have ever seen: a small mirror and in front a barber's chair; on each side of the door two seats for customers, two glasses to hold hot water for shaving; a *thermastra* at the far end of the room, and near it a barber and his brother—a poor lunatic in rags—seated on their hams. M. was warmly welcomed, but he did not begin straight away. Patroklos was shaving him, while some of the children came in and played with me. After about an hour—it seemed like ten to me—the questioning began. Yes, there were finds. Then a long whispered conversation and the barber went out, and returned after some time with a good-looking peasant of about 40, strong, thick-set and with a black beard. Several more peasants came in, and with each one there were more drinks. I was honoured with one of the two shaving glasses, which was rinsed and wiped with the towel on which customers wiped their faces. I must have had about twenty *kraoi*¹ that morning."

¹ A small Greek cake.

Patroklos and his peasants did not however accomplish very much, and Margaritis was highly dissatisfied. However, another peasant's wife had just given birth to a son and he offered to be *koumparos* in that household also. Neokles—that was the name—seemed more likely to be useful than Patroklos, and a visit to other peasants was arranged for after dark. But the visit accomplished nothing except mystery and a fall in the mud and bad temper. Next morning Johnny decided to visit a shopkeeper to whom he had an introduction, but again without success. In the evening Neokles returned and led Johnny and Margaritis over the fields to a barn where eight men were assembled. The door was locked and the treasure brought out—eight or ten terra-cottas, one or two good. Margaritis curtly ordered Marshall not to look at them so closely, and after bargaining got the men's demand of 1,000 drachmae down to five hundred. One terra-cotta, he claimed, was worth three times as much.

"Meanwhile Neokles was talking of some great finds made by some *tumborrouchoi* whom he knew. We went gingerly in the pitch dark like thieves to an open space opposite one of the churches. There we were joined by two ruffians who led us up some foul alleys. When the whole gang was assembled, we asked to see the main treasure which was said to be bronze. They refused and showed some of the usual things, quite good and worth getting. But we could not see the bronze. So we left next morning by road, the best I have seen in Greece. We crossed a railway twice, a railway on which an engine has never run. At Tanagra we went to Aristides, a capable man who had been a sergeant and ran the excavations. He had the only shop, which was a tavern, beerhouse, butcher's shop, and everything combined. He had whole gangs working under him, who admired him tremendously and did their job excellently. It was quite impossible to spot the men working and even the mounds of earth were inconspicuous."

They had some success with Aristides, who promised to let Margaritis know of anything good that turned up, and they

met a number of other dealers, all those whose names recur so often in the letters—Lekkas, Gegas, Geladakis, Christopoulos and others.

"But it is all a lottery. The dealers want not 20 or 50 but 500 % profit. The tomb-robbers are usually half starving; a find comes and for a month they are rich. The police are watching round, not to stop the work but to share the plunder. The buyer has to play the hypocrite, pet the children, send presents, invite their *koumparoi*. Thus Neokles gave us a dinner; there was no table or chairs; there was only one fork and the wife broke the chicken on her knee and tore it limb from limb. M. says after every interview 'Do you think that after this I am content with 20 %?' Neokles gets perhaps £15 a year from M. and knows it is dangerous work: and he sees in it only the relation of *Koumparos*."

There followed a visit to Corinth with similar experiences and similar difficulties. Then there was a visit to Olympia; later one to Arcadia. Each journey had its own amusements, and served to test Marshall's enthusiasm, tact and skill. He came to know "his Greece and its dealers" well, with excellent results for not only the Boston but also the New York collections.

1896 was a good year, enjoyable in every way, and the work developed to a notable extent. In 1897 it progressed even better, and solid foundations were laid over a wide area. On looking back, though he could complain of being weak and of having an increased sense of failure, Marshall was satisfied that he had earned his pay. In guidance, taste and archæology, he had been supreme, and, according to Warren, all he needed now was to "pack his *Weltanschauung* into an essay". That projected essay was Warren's great hope, and for it he was prepared to stop the collecting. But Johnny, for all his complainings, could not give up his work, and it was left to Warren, twenty years later, to write the essay alone.

CHAPTER XI

FRUSTRATED PLANS

THE winter of 1897-98 was active, and interesting. Warren enjoyed his return to energetic work after the years in which he had had to be more of a spectator and adviser than an active participant.

Johnny was in Greece and Warren planned to join him there after January 15th. It had always been a dream of his to be in Greece with Johnny, and there was the additional reason that the Pallis head had to be bought. First, however, he must see his mother at Monte Carlo, return to Rome—unknown, except to Coleman and Benedetti and Sebastien—then, while Pollak and Canessa were in Naples, scout round the agreed places in Sicily and S. Italy, and, lastly, return northward and try to bring round Simonetti; "By a display of the *sangue freddo* he so much admired last time. I can't divine the reason for the chill."

Marshall was busy with the Pallis head¹ and was hoping for Ned's presence, since matters were rather complicated. There was a fine terra-cotta in a large tomb—a *tomba di camera*—in Eretria, discovered in the previous year. "In addition were found a number of swords damascened with gold, a gold vase with scenes on it, and the shields which we got." The authorities had heard of the business, but the peasants had buried the gold vase and swords before they could be taken. Lambros thought he could lay hands on the things, including those which had been handed over to the authorities. Though a good watch was now being kept at

¹ See Ch. XVI, page 331.

Chalcis, the peasants had offered their find at 5,000 drachmae, guaranteed. "But everyone is afraid of six months in a Greek prison; and assuredly six months in a Greek *hotel* would deter most people."

The vicissitudes of the quest for the terra-cotta involved some typical Greek diplomacy. It had been sent "for safety" to a *βουλευτής*, and Lambros said it could be had for 5,000 francs gold, which Marshall, who had been told simply "5,000 francs", refused to pay. Presently Lambros apologised and then came a typical Greek trait:

"Kurie Marshall, I will be frank with you. The price the owner had agreed on was 3,500; I told you 5,000. Now he asks 5,000, so I told you 5,000 gold. . . . I must make something.' So we went to the Deputy's: a bigish house, tremendous passages and halls. In the main hall were ten to fifteen men walking up and down waiting for an audience. I asked Lambros: 'What on earth do they all want here?' He shrugged his shoulders, 'Theseis (posts); and then, you see, he is preparing for the elections.' Then the deputy, who is certainly a very competent person, showed the terra-cotta, not so fine as I thought, and offered it for 5,000. 'My friend paid for it, was tried in connexion and got imprisoned for 93 days. I don't get anything out of it.' I had agreed to take it for 5,000 and had to take it. Whether Lambros gets anything depends on Ned; I am against it."

All Marshall's letters at this time are full of his experiences with the dealers. It was very necessary to have one's wits about one. A dealer whom he had paid for a terra-cotta which proved to be a forgery came to him and said: "I confess I shall never be able to pay it," and then, "gathering courage as he went on, asked me to lend him the same sum again!" Another, when asked the price of a not very good bronze he was offering, said: "I will show you a telegram I have just had from London." The telegram said simply, "They offer 480." Johnny, thinking this meant drachmae, and regarding that as a fair price, was about to congratulate

him, when he was shown a letter, supposed just to have arrived, which said that the Museum offered £480 without seeing the bronze. The letter was a memorandum from a Greek firm in London and was undated and unsigned! What could one do with people like that?

Johnny was intensely interested in Greek life, political and general. On one occasion he was tempted to go to the Megaspeleion, the big Arcadian monastery:

"The guides think the monks a disgrace to their religion; certainly they attract me. Women may go into their cells at any hour, while men coming have to leave all their arms—daggers and pistols—with the porter. That regulation about the men leaving their arms has quite captivated me. Except for the matter of images, the Greek church seems to me more pagan than your Italian. The Greek priest is intensely ignorant. Then, he has nothing to do—never visits as a Roman priest does. He goes round at stated seasons with the holy water and gets a fee. . . . By law he has no vote, but as the voting takes place in the churches, the priests have a great power in politics. If the rival man gets in, then he petitions the Metropolitan to get the priest changed. I want to see all this, and one can see it in Greece, while in Italy you can only trace it."

But priests had other uses. Once the find of a sixth-century relief near Thebes was reported; but the dealer, who also taught modern Greek to some men at the German School, could not keep his tongue quiet, and it was obvious that the Germans were trying to get the relief from Thebes to Athens:

"Lekas dashed along the main road to stop any wagon, spotted the relief and hailed the peasants. The peasants swore that they had been offered 6,000 marks. Lekas did not believe them and challenged them, in an assumed rage. He happened to have two brothers in the house, one being a priest with great bright eyes and long hair falling below his shoulders like an Apollo, and the other a painter of pictures of Saints. He brought in four eikons of Our Lady, St. John Baptist, St. Demetrios and another, and called for his brother the

priest to come and bring the Gospels. And his brother came in his vestments with his long hair and his copy of the Gospels. He challenged the peasants to swear by the Gospel and the saints and, to make it more terrible, put the Gospels on the floor and bade them stamp on the leaves. The peasants excused themselves as it was Lent. But he persisted, and as they were frightened, for they are wonderfully superstitious, he made them acknowledge they lied."

So the business went on, visits from and to dealers of all sorts and all names. The correspondence about this time gives the impression that Johnny's success lay chiefly in making contacts and establishing confidence. But there were substantial purchases too, both in Greece and Italy, and if little is said about them, it may be that they gave less trouble and agitation than formerly. When Warren and Marshall had foregathered in Athens, they decided to go to Thebes, there to view some things—vases and terra-cotta figurines—of which they had had word. Warren gives an entertaining account of the visit:

"Lekas came with us, bringing lamb and ducks and wine, good cheer, and we had our own carriage instead of suffering the coach. The drive by Eleusis and Eleutherae was jolly; the road just misses Platea. The railway is not finished, one is still in the wilds. Nothing is done, save at night, and the first night Lekas was out hunting."

Meanwhile Johnny

"picked up with a Scotsman of the Copaic Company who speaks Copaic as one might say, by way of hearing of things. Lekas and he frowned at one another a bit. We went off to Cabirion, to the excavations. Lekas amused us by discovering a shard with an inscription"—[the latter done with Johnny's knife and spotted at once by the Scotsman]. "Coming home, we were both invited to tea: 'Tea,' says Lekas, 'there is no tea in Thebes.' 'It's the Scotsman's,' say I. 'Johnny has gone; I stay with you.'"

Thereupon Lekas appealed to Warren to make him their agent. His answer was that a faithful friend would be rich

in three years, but it was hard to find one. In reply, Lekas pointed to his breast.

"In the morning Lekas was lethargic. Johnny and I stole out of the room to the Scotsman, who promised us a carriage at once to get some gems at Tanagra which otherwise Lekas might bag so as to get his profit. We returned to the inn for coffee. But now young Lekas turns up and wakes old Lekas, and they sat arguing. We left and sat waiting for our carriage; it came however to the inn, where it was bagged by Lekas, and soon we saw him driving off to Tanagra. We ordered another and in half an hour were after him. We had better horses, soon caught up, and drove by. But he got ahead again where the road turns into a downlike country, and then began a race. Our team was the better, but his was the better driver; and the art consisted in picking out the smoothest lane. We were often just behind one another but we failed to get ahead, and at last were so delayed by a complication of ruts that he got a few furlongs ahead. We put to it, but not well enough, when to our immense delight one of his horses fell. We drove ahead and had seen and rejected the gems by the time he arrived.

"The next thing to do was to go on to view the figurines and we went off comfortably after lunch. Seeing us pass, Lekas and brother mounted two horses and gave chase. We took different roads and arrived at the same moment. Johnny was disappointed about Lekas: he had never sold us a forgery and had an eye and judgment so that a report of his was as good as seeing. We were agreed that a rupture was undesirable—only a stiff lesson. Lekas sighted us and asked for a few words. The peasants who knew of the quarrel were surprised to see the rivals engaged for an hour in conversation. Lekas argued that he was not in the wrong. Johnny's replies were perfect: firm, gentle, to the point, no weakness, no violence. He required co-operation free of charge and the Theban vase at the price paid and as a rule 10%, not 50%, on journeys. Lekas departed. After a little a procession of peasants brought us all the figurines. We bought some, some good ones, and arranged with the host to pay in advance. We slept on the ground and returned over a beautiful pass to Athens *via* Declea. The host took a donkey and a cut to avoid the guards, and arrived at Acharnae where he bought

a bag of chaff, packed the things in it, and arrived at the hotel."

In Smyrna, whither Johnny went after the Theban transaction (Warren going back to Italy with his bag of chaff), he met new men, especially in connexion with coins, and acquired a tetradrachm of Miletus, of which there were only four specimens, and a tetradrachm of Clazomenae, his favourite, for which he paid "through the nose but with his eyes open". The various negotiations, visits, offers, and counter-offers, left him worn out but gloating over his two successes. "I have to get up half a dozen times a night," he writes, "to make sure they are still there and that the covering is not rubbing them too roughly."

In May he returned to Italy to rejoin Warren, who meantime had been combing and enjoying the South country, and who had written to him:

"Coming even to Messapia is glorious. I fell upon a church which seemed miles high, and a hotel clean and comfortable in the midst of a clean and religious town. That is the change you need: S. Italy and Sicily can't be visited too often. Rome could be the Red Room; S. Italy and Sicily my sitter, Greece your sitter."

There was much to be done in Rome, too, before the season could close. The winter had seen so much activity that Warren was rather swamped with dealers, and there had been difficulties with some of them. It was about this time that the Boston Museum added to his difficulties by sending Henry James to interview someone at Lewes "as a prospective official agent", a prospect Warren found terrifying, and to avoid which he had to use much diplomacy. Then there was a dispute with Hartwig—settled, as Warren put it, "by the use of his special instrument, money". At the end of it all he could still write that the liberty and constant trotting about had done him good.

In June Marshall was at last back in Lewes, and Warren was with his mother and sister in Paris. Both were in good

spirits, being able to look back on the acquisition of a series of vases, "got at indifferent prices", which would vie even with the British Museum 500-470 B.C. series, as well as a batch of coins which made Arthur Evans himself envious. And now there was the prospect of the Tyszkiewicz sale, in its way likely to prove as important as the van Branteghem sale some years earlier. Marshall had also to attend to the Morrison sale, and he went up to town for a pre-view of the gems and the other antiquities. While there he called on Murray of the British Museum, to argue about a vase which he felt sure was a forgery, and found him looking at the Parthenon marbles in the morning light:

"Murray said, 'I go every morning at nine to look'—the Museum opens at 10.0! It's rather jolly to think of the old fellow going round an hour before, seeing the masons and their work, walking up and down before the East Pediment proud to think that he knows those pieces better than anyone has known them since they were made."

The Tyszkiewicz sale opened on June 9th and the prices for the good things were fantastic. The great tussle was over the gems. The Hermitage were in the bidding and had been authorised by the Tsar to go up to 100,000 francs. Warren had a bad night when he heard of it, and plunged into consultations and calculations. Ready calculated 80,000 as a high offer; Marshall (by wire) thought about the same. Frohner, who knew the prices paid by the Count, was noncommittal but encouraging. Warren took the plunge and got the collection—64 pieces—for 106,000 francs. He got a number of other things: a primitive Apollo and a good Artemis bronze, the price for which was high but carried with it the first refusal of any other bronzes that might come on the market. In general he was pleased and considered his £5,000 well spent—though spent before he had it.

His appetite was insatiable. Having already overspent £3,000, he was sending people to Lewes with bronzes and

urging Johnny and Matt Prichard to give high prices for them. He was also involving himself in purchases, chiefly of pictures, for his mother, for whom he wanted to get a certain Lippo Lippi and the Filippino which hung later in Lewes House. Being with his mother and sister in Paris was apparently confirming him in his view that "women don't have much strength of imagination or delicacy of divination".

Mrs. Warren and Cornelia left Havre on May 25th, and Warren went to Lewes, where he found Marshall, Prichard, Fisher, and Fausto Benedetti. For two months Johnny and he enjoyed something of the old life together at Lewes: the riding and walking, talking, arguing, reference-hunting, letters and accounts, dinners and visits to Town, as well as visits from dealers and friends. The only worry was the search for a new secretary, as Harding had left, and Prichard, who wanted a change from running the "efficiency department", was anxious to try his hand in Greece. Prichard had not only made many changes in the arrangements and equipment of the house, but had kept accounts, classified letters, and generally got some system into the place. These changes had struck Marshall very forcibly when he returned earlier in the year and, fearing that Prichard's mantle might fall upon himself, he was glad of the suggestion that he should take a cure in August and visit some German museums.

This summer Warren, though not in the best of health or spirits, found plenty to do. There were possible benefactions to consider—they would justify him in foregoing certain personal extravagances! Then he found a new secretary in John Fothergill¹, who was introduced to him by Robert Ross and who in the next year became a regular member of the establishment. As always, of course, Warren's chief thought was of Johnny. When Johnny was away he wrote very nearly every day, sometimes more than once a day, either to discuss business and everyday matters, or just because he felt the need to write.

¹ See pp. 257, 258, etc.

The previous winter had shown that some definite plan in relation to Jakobsen of Copenhagen¹ would be useful, and in September Warren's journeyings were to begin again. But his departure was delayed by difficulties which had arisen in the transport of his mother's pictures by the Italian dealer Virzi. It was suspected that someone was playing false and that the various packing schemes would fail. Marshall, indeed, expected to find empty packing-cases, copies in place of originals, or some other tampering; but all his doubts were done away with when the packing-cases did arrive. The supposed Titian did not move him; as to the Wohlgemuth, he had his own opinion. The Memling, he thought, Mrs. Warren would like. But the Lippi captivated him.

"It is a great picture; it keeps you from work, from doing anything save look at it. The rich liquid colours, the sweetness of the Madonna, the adoring eye of St. John and the naturalness of Our Lord—all is charming. St. Joseph is somewhat out of composition, but his figure is the best painting of them all."

In Copenhagen, whither Warren went to discuss things with Jakobsen, he was not impressed by the mass of material in Jakobsen's house:

"It is the kind of collection I might have made without you to keep me up to standard; there are only three or four things I would like. I passed home by the brewery thinking how his generous purpose—he is a very sincere man—and the huge expense, have been frustrated by the unscrupulousness and failures of the men we know, and how I, in five years, with good helpers, have done more to acquaint my people with Greek art."

Compared with his own, Jakobsen's collection was like a Dissenting chapel set against a cathedral.

The real object of Warren's visit was to discuss the Ludovisi collection, of which he wanted his share; and a contract

¹ A Danish brewer, who was also famous as a collector.

was drawn up between the two men for a division of the spoils *if* they succeeded in getting them. But the work spent on that object, though approved both by Johnny and by the Museum trustees, was wasted, since in the end the Government asserted its right to the Collection.

Warren was to have met Berkeley Updike in Germany, then to have gone to Berlin and Munich and Italy, but he returned instead to Lewes. He was concerned for his mother's pictures—their shipment to America, and publicity for them in England so that their value might be increased for any later sale—and also because, in spite of wishes he had expressed the previous winter, his sister Cornelia was once again to be burdened with the duty of keeping her mother company when she went south. Ned was prepared even to go to America to insist that a companion should be obtained and Cornelia given a rest. After this delay in Lewes he was further held up by nose-trouble, the treatment of which by a famous doctor in Paris cost him another three weeks. Paris palled, though as soon as the nose was presentable he took it about to museums, especially the Museum Guimet where there was a thrilling fourth-century head, and to the Louvre, with which his acquaintance was both extended and deepened.

Before leaving Paris at the end of November he had burst into sudden creativity and had passed from writing letters to story-writing. As always, the remodelling and enlargement were left till later.

"I wax cool and copy it with corrections; it must keep the lines of its nature while it is filling out. I mean to do a last-century trick, not padding with emotions and descriptions but broadening the ripples of hasty style till they reflect the meaning placidly."

The story was a source of some worry, not to say oppression, but he believed that Johnny was "satisfied that he should lay this egg even if it kept him roosting for a day or two". And so December had begun before he had reached Berlin, taking

Copenhagen en route to settle the Ludovisi contract with Jakobsen.

Marshall, meanwhile, was anxious to get away from Lewes, where there had been illness in the household and other things to worry him. Prichard in Greece, for instance, was wanting money which for the time being was not available.¹ The two friends did at last meet in Berlin, whence Johnny went on to Schwerin, which he found a good place, well looked after by the Grand Dukes, and full of "good manners which I hope will be found to have affected mine", and Ned to Munich, where he visited all the important people but found little of immediate importance. He heard there of a Victorian Nudist Colony, where the visitors forty years ago were as advanced as any modern colony:

"They go about barefoot in a single silk vesture and sleep out of doors; in the summer months minus the vesture. The diet is little meat, no wine, tea or coffee (a favourite drink is the juice of carrots), mostly vegetables, fruit, and salad made with lemon juice and cream."

Warren was therefore able to leave quietly for Rome to deal with any matter that might turn up there. But at once the complications of the collector's life emerged afresh. Prichard wanted his two friends to come to Athens. There were some pieces, a bronze and a marble, about which he needed advice. In Rome itself the Villa Giulia scandal was blowing up to a crisis², and Warren urgently required the presence and help of Fausto Benedetti. Relations with certain German agents, among them Helbig and Hauser, needed clearing up. Then Johnny, who had returned to Lewes, was ill and depressed. Warren had to be quiet and tactful all round and as usual got out a very involved scheme for coping with his various problems, to which was now added a financial

¹ Though shortly afterwards Warren was able to report that when all antiquities were paid for there would be £7,000 at their disposal for next year even if the extra museum appropriation fell through.

² See page 409.

mix-up, due to blunders at three ends—a mistake by Marshall in the code word for a certain figure, Warren's mistake in not making clear that he expected six thousand pounds and not six thousand dollars, and mistakes in Boston due to the absence of Sam.

Still, Warren had his consolations. Prichard had done very well in Athens, and the death of Rhousopoulos¹ enabled him to get some good things—a fine terra-cotta and some coins. Further, Campanes intended to sell a marvellous Elean coin “in crack condition, far finer than the one we luckily missed”, which Warren was as keen as Prichard to get, in spite of warnings from Marshall about the finances. The Greek field was working smoothly. Prichard returned to Italy and thence to England, where there was much tidying up and recording to do. Marshall had two seventh-century vases which, he maintained, showed the earliest representations of the Ismene story and of the Dioscuri taking the cattle of Idas and Lynceus. These Prichard was particularly anxious to see. On his return, Marshall and Fisher left again for Rome, continuing their journey to Greece by way of S. Italy, where Warren was in the midst of an enjoyable visit.

“This hunting-ground of mine,” he wrote, “is a pleasant one and chippers me up. There is always excellent stuff to see, little to buy and much conversation to go through; and there is, as now, warmth, room, light and freedom, with a total absence of culture and a fair abundance of good manners.”

Still, even for the antiquities' sake, the journey was worth while, and a cup acquired at Bari gladdened the heart of Marshall, alone at Lewes House.

Early in 1899 Warren's brother Henry died, but there was too much to be done in Greece and Italy to make a visit to America possible before the summer. Many things were afoot, including the investigation into the Papa Giulio affair. So Warren carried on with his Southern tour, Bari, Lecce,

¹ Rhousopoulos, a well-known Greek dealer.

Taranto, Palermo and other places, including the ancient Temesa, where, Viola informed him—just as he had been reading the story of Euthymus' fight with the local ghost—the excavations of bronze work were promising. He collected some moderately interesting pieces, and preached not prudence, but courage in buying.

The summer was taken up with family and museum business. Everything seemed to be going well. Warren felt that his family was better disposed towards him, and Boston inclined to view him more favourably:

“I feel distinctly attracted homewards, though not to live here without English friends. The same ideal tendency of love which drove me away would keep me from being happy at home unless I discovered kindred souls. The atmosphere of character here makes one buoyant. The people, free and easy, are often attractive as well, and the conventions are good fellowship, progress and fairness. . . . The Lewes kennel seems rather needlessly quarrelsome. We are happiest when we ask most of ourselves and accept lightly contraventions of our freedom as part of the general freedom.”

Warren's chief anxiety at this time seems to have been the possibility of his mother's falling into a long illness and becoming a burden to his sister and Sam. However, he made arrangements at last for his mother to be properly attended and was back in Lewes in September.

There he found much clearance effected and many new things bought, some from the Bourguignon sale in Paris, others from the Marlborough and Forman sales in London. The registers and the accounts were almost up-to-date. For a time Lewes House was spared those “chaotic excitements” which had been so frequent and so unnecessary.

The Boer War, though it was taken seriously, did not affect the individual to any great extent unless he happened, like Prichard's brother, to be fighting. Both Marshall and Prichard had enough respect and admiration for the Boers almost to wish them success. Warren professed himself

frantically Anglophil, though not inappreciative of the Boers. "You have two not contemptible races opposed, but one of the two is worth more than the other and happens to be sufficiently in the right." Like everyone else, they miscalculated the length of the war.

At the beginning of 1900, after more domestic upheavals (owing to the death of the stable-man from fits), Marshall got away from the dispatching and the accounts, leaving Matt Prichard to spend "at least another six weeks with old T.", who had been engaged to do the accounts when, close on sixty, he had lost his post with Johnny's uncle in Liverpool—another instance of Warren's habit of surrounding himself with irremovable satellites. Old T. was not very good at the work, he was muddle-headed as well as slow. It was typical of Prichard that he should have stayed on to cope with things, while Fisher went for a sea voyage and Marshall was agitating to get away.

In February Marshall had an interesting experience in connection with an agate from Virzi which Ned had supposed to be antique:

"This is the most curious accident that has befallen me in our business; it shows how providence rectifies one's judgment. I went to the Geological Museum because I was suspicious of the stone for reasons I told you of. The Jermyn Street man called the stone a chalcedony—my first point was knocked on the head—said he could not tell the provenience, and that such things were not made now, inferred therefore that it was antique. He could not explain why it was hollow. Simply on this point, but also hoping to get an idea of provenience from an expert, I went to W's. . . . By luck W. was in: he is generally out and his brother attends to the office. By luck he took me to be a friend of the Jermyn Street man, and, by still greater luck, he happened to have in his safe the very replica which settled the matter. He has promised me a copy of the whole as it was exhibited. 'I made it,' he said, 'and tell your friend I will make him any amount for £50 each.'"

Such things were amusing, but Marshall felt that he was wasting his time sitting in Lewes House waiting to deal with matters which were so trivial. He could not help feeling that Warren had some special motive in keeping him away from Italy and Greece. The fact was, probably, that Warren was going through one of his blind moods, those periods when he appeared unable to see, in every sense of the word: to see other points of view, to see what interpretation others must make of his actions, even to see whether or not an antiquity was good. The stone which Marshall had proved to be a forgery was but one of several blunders at this time.

At last Marshall got away to Greece. He spent some busy days in Athens with the usual herd of dealers whom he loved so well, then crossed to Asia Minor, for he had had word of a head in Chios that "might be as good as the Pallis head". The visit was somewhat of a gamble. Two years previously he had met a man, whose name he could not even remember, who had talked of a fine head. In Smyrna he obtained a list of names of famous people in the island, and with that and nothing more to help him, he set forth.

Fortune favoured him. He heard of the owner of the head from the first man he visited. He saw the head, was captivated by it, but rather shied at paying the £1,000 demanded, for he reckoned it as about equal in value to the Pallis head which had been acquired for little more than half that sum. He was frightened to let a piece like this get into the market, yet, having bought it, he was frightened at what he had done. "One ought not to buy things in that way. An attack of romanticism, white wine, a pretty figure, or a warm windy day, may any of them unbalance one's judgment for the hour, whereas if things are taken slowly you see their faults before you feel their beauties."

Warren saw at once the beauty of the head—he was not in one of his unseeing moods:

"You need not give yourself any anxiety about the head. For aught I can see it is one of five in the world. I prefer

this to most of the others : it is what the Americans call purer, the French franker, I simpler, and the loveliest piece I know. It might be the work of a successor, or an instance of the *Variationsfähigkeit* of Praxiteles."

Later, as is well known, Marshall sought to prove that it was a work either of, or very close to, Praxiteles.

This was the achievement of the year, one worthy of any year, though Marshall was also active elsewhere. He paid his first visit to Turkey and did encouraging business. Pleased with a good season's work, he looked forward now to a good time in Lewes, where he hoped to entertain Hauser and Robinson in June. After that he would follow Warren to Boston.

There were financial and family matters to straighten out across the Atlantic, a task to which both could contribute—Marshall in his own way, not less than Warren, because he could meet people and talk and make a good impression.

The time was not unfruitfully spent. Ned did to some degree make his way back into the family, and he enjoyed being visited by cousins and nephews and nieces, some of whom liked him immensely. On the whole he enjoyed himself :

"We are well and happy, not going through any strain though alternately pugnaciously loquacious and disgracefully quiet up in the rooms. But all the colour would wash out of me with much of this social talk. . . . A winter here would give us good backing. All goes slowly, but you feel the firmness of your gain. These people are always giving. They need only to have you in mind as one of the less uninteresting while equally worthy objects."

Museums and collecting became decidedly less uninteresting to the Boston public after Sam had held a dinner at which the more important people were able to listen to Ned.

Marshall returned to Italy and was very active—too

active for Warren. He bought a Crivelli, paying much more than had been intended, though in the end Warren approved the purchase. "The Crivelli is a satisfaction. It is not for the M.F.A. yet, but it and any others we can get like it are our sheet anchor and will fetch us loads of money later on." He continues humorously :

"Someone must die and leave lots of money to the Museum. We shall get our 100,000 [dollars], but this only sees us for a very small period, say a year. There we knock against a wall again. The death is much to be wished of some prominent citizen whose loss would be keenly felt by all, and most of all by the Museum. The President says that the trouble with the Museum is that people (meaning himself?) don't die fast enough."

At any rate Boston had begun to realise that Warren was valuable. At the dinner mentioned above, Professor Norton had said :

"There is not and never has been in America or in Europe a man with such capacities, will and circumstances for collecting, and the Museum must be entirely dependent on him ; if Mr. Warren's life were shortened, the hopes of this Museum would die with him."

It was pleasant to look back on that as the epilogue to his work in Boston.

Soon after the New Year, having been delayed by a severe attack of bronchitis, he was home in Lewes. That year was relatively quiet, without major purchases or major upheavals. For two months Warren and Marshall were together, enjoying each other's company in Lewes. Later on Warren was mostly in Rome, but he visited also Brussels and Paris, and went frequently to the South Italian towns. Marshall had a chance to visit Greece in the early summer, whence he sent some good letters, describing the doings and sufferings of his Gilbertian friends, the dealers. Some were in prison and

others were threatened with imprisonment. One of these men was

“ridiculously innocent, but to prison he went—not like the usual Greek prison, but a quiet clean room over the police station. ‘But I was out every night at the theatre; friends came and dined with me. I did my correspondence every day at the office, and while I was there the warder locked the door to the empty room and told the inspectors I was ill.’”

This gentleman was bored at having to be in by 8.0 a.m. every morning: he appealed and was set free. His case was championed by a woman of high family, who happened to be related to the highest judge, on whom, in turn, the judge in the appeal case was dependent for promotion. For seven days the papers attacked the Ministry. Was X., with his big ship and his big lorry and his big horse, was he a man without substance that he should be put in prison? He was advised to bring an action for dr.100,000 damages; but on reflection he felt that he had occupied the public stage long enough.

Marshall and Prichard both came to Italy in June. Matt wanted to go to America and there was some talk of Johnny’s accompanying him, “to buoy him up”; but in the end it was Prichard and Fisher who went to America together, and the split between them and Lewes House dates from this visit.

The summer months went by pleasantly and fairly peacefully in Lewes, but in September Mrs. Warren died. Ned’s presence in America was indispensable and he himself was anxious to be appointed a trustee of the business in her place. Johnny did not disagree with the implied intention to give up collecting, but he was by no means sure that Ned would be welcome as trustee. Sam would probably prefer Cornelia. It took some time to reach a decision as to whether or not to go, and Warren was thus able to fit in a visit to France and Belgium, where he inspected a number of collections and



BRONZES

Left: HERMES WITH A RAM
Bronze statuette. Peloponnesian Greek work of the 6th Century B.C.

Right: WOMAN WITH EROTES
Bronze mirror-handle. Greek work, early 5th Century B.C.

met a vast number of people, though without much result except the pleasure of their acquaintance. By the end of November he was off to America. On the boat he finished off the famous—by now almost infamous—article on the Museo di Papa Giulio, which had been on the stocks for so long.

On arrival he was faced with the task of finding money for the Greenwell coin collection, for which Matt had been negotiating during a great part of the year, and about which he had settled, unfortunately without making sure of means and methods of payment. Warren found him and Fisher

“enchanted with the place and received everywhere. They will have done much good to the cause in a quiet way. It is not hard to see why Matt is contented; he always liked society and diplomacy. Fisher is very warm to the Bostonians: ‘they have something we haven’t—I don’t know what it is.’ Mrs. Ely says I must see Carnegie, Vanderbilt, Pierpont Morgan and Avery.”

He became conscious that he was feeling some spite towards Matt, as Matt confessed that he did towards Ned. “Matt has been working very hard; he thinks you are coming in at the last moment and spoiling his work.” Matt and Sam got on well together, perhaps too well. They were both of the frock-coat kind, in which costume Roman acrobatics like Ned’s were quite impossible:

“All that is my bitterness; Matt was right and he will have done much good. . . . I wonder why it is that at Oxford I was well enough liked; in Italy I am thought even polite. Here my men friends to whom I can speak out are few. As for women I get along better. I could name far more women who, little as I know them, are likely to find my follies amusing.” And a little later: “I fancy the American men have got their frock coats into their nature. Fish smiles and observes; but perfidious commentaries we may expect.”

He was not very comfortable in mind. For one thing he had somewhat of a guilty conscience in the matter of

acceptances to dinner. He realised that he was getting a reputation for going only to those dinner-parties at which he would meet men able to contribute to the collecting. "People will be offended if I pay no attention to them except when campaigning." The Bostonians generally were "used to Sams but not to Neds". There was an important, complicated negotiation to carry on with the Museum, and the Museum could not be moved to act except in its own way and at its own speed. Ned had also the difficult business, entrusted to him by the family, of settling the sale of his mother's pictures, china, and bric-à-brac.

Another worry was that Matt seemed to fear interference in his schemes and to suspect Warren of trying to supersede him. After some weeks of latent hostility he consented to an interview of which only Ned's verbatim account survives. The conclusion reached was :

"By his own wish I am now free of the difficult task of holding together ; my object had been to retain Matt, not to obtain any work out of him now, and we knew that a rupture would come later, though we hoped it would be later rather than now."

It was hoped that things would run more smoothly, but later this year (1902) Matt was officially taken on at the Boston Museum. After the first shock, Warren wrote to Marshall : "Do not let us be carried away about Matt ; after all he has his life to lead." He prophesied that Robinson's appointment as Director, which had opened the way for Matt, would not last long. No doubt the discontent Matt had displayed on many occasions during the last ten years had often had excellent justification, but it was good that it should now be removed. Discontent had at times become insubordination, and at these time it certainly "unhinged joint action" between Johnny and Ned :

"During the troubles at Lewes I could not eat anything without gravel, whereas here I calmly devour the most

dangerous *frutta di mare* in the midst of disturbances. My best friends have a power of disturbing the vitals : the troubles of business can only bother the head. . . . My prayer to you, then, is that you look after yourself, that you keep me well informed of your condition. In looking after you I am only selfish. You can throw away what I cannot replace, and what I soon hope to have uninjured for myself."

Yet even if the trouble with Prichard had been cleared up, other issues remained. Museum matters were no nearer settlement, nor was Sam any nearer understanding his brother. There were, according to Ned, five main points where re-organisation was needed : the family estate, appropriation funds, Museum New Building fund, relationships with the committee, and Ned's and Johnny's own work abroad. In all except the last he was confronted by Sam :

"I can act on no single point without considering the effect on Sam's opinion of me. He is not keen on the business (Fiske says that) ; he is not keen on me ; he is not keen on the collecting. He is keen on a conservative financial policy ; he is keen on the family dignity ! He is keen on Mamma's memory. He has a strong mind, but no forth-putting nature. Whatever he is, he is not a man who fails to see the bigger bearings of questions."

All the five questions, except the work abroad, boiled down to the question of how the business was to be administered ; and here there came up again that question of Ned's trusteeship, which was to trouble the family for nearly ten years and to end in the litigation which finally made it impossible.

During the whole of his stay that year, and through all his work on the organisation of the picture and other sales, there constantly recurred this matter of the business and of his feeling "pent in a corner of his property". Ned was not wise enough to accept the position. He hoped for a family board of four trustees—Fiske, Sam, Cornelia and himself. Alternatively, there was Johnny's scheme, of his selling out, together with Fiske, to some magnate—Pierpont Morgan was

suggested—who would pay the proper value of his share and would administer the business on more modern lines, as Ned felt sure his father would have done. Sam, on his part, was sincerely trying to maintain a tradition which the author of that tradition would have thrust aside without thought.

The pity is that some arrangement which would have given Ned freedom and independence could not have been worked out. But the breakdown was probably unavoidable. Sam with his many good qualities had the fundamental weakness of an iron autocratic temper, and if Ned is to be condemned for attempting to bend the unbendable, Sam is to be equally condemned for failing to give way in face of the undeniable fairness of Ned's case. Ned was not the only one to criticise Sam and his methods. Johnny wrote: "What you ask is so obviously fair that if there are not very good reasons why it should not be granted, there seems a *prima facie* case for strong measures to establish your rights." And Fiske, Miss O'Connor, and an aunt at Yarmouthville, who "represented the concentrated experience of the family itself", all considered Sam at fault.

Summing up his own and Johnny's general position, both personal and in relation to the Museum and to Sam, Ned wrote:

"It comes to this, I think: we have arrived at that age when a man usually wins success if he deserves it. We have deserved it and we have not won it because we are dealing with the new American world, unprepared to award desert on our lines. . . . At forty one may turn bitter or remain sweet. I come near getting bitter! I say things or itch to say things which bring no good. Bernard Shaw is right, when romance makes you blink reality you become less a man and not, as you suppose, a clear angel. We knew that we were destined to do good work without rousing corresponding appreciation; we were willing to do so. That was romantic; my romanticism. If we blink the facts and expect appreciation, we undo our romance and become no finer. I mean financial appreciation. Say what you like, a thousand a year, plus an office full of clerks, plus calls from divers

parts to connoisseur at good fees, would set you up. And that would be only normal success, and would end in some high place. . . . I'm differently placed. I get comfort and luxury—teapots and silver, my playthings—and an invitation to meet Prince Henry. The show may bore me: as a credential of position it doesn't. . . . I in the last few days have been examining myself for evil speaking. Now that I am sure what Sam is, why not accept him? My wish to slang him comes from the fact that I am not successful. I have done as good work as he; I deserve success as much; I don't get it. But I knew this, and my romance should be a bet that I can stand it. At forty one should be able to take a stand, to measure by facts when, owing to the nature of the case, they are not measured by success. A clear conceited view would be the foundation of much benevolence. We don't even need conceit. So the case is, can we win our bet? Can we face the music we have romantically welcomed? If we can't, we belittle ourselves. If we can, we are, according to the stock correct phrase, superior to circumstance. . . ."

As Warren had said, he was now forty-two, an age in some respects the most critical in a man's life. Circumstances, as well as people, were not kind enough to him to make the second part of his life as fruitful as the first. The rest of his life was comparatively uneventful and, until the writing of the *Magnum Opus*, comparatively unfruitful. The poems written during 1902, which constitute a very considerable portion of the whole, reflect his feelings but show, also, that psychologically he had found a peaceful harbour. Neither the widening gulf between himself and Johnny, nor the tragedy of 1910, stirred him again to write in such a storm of feeling. For twenty years or so, even if neither his life nor his personal pilgrim's progress stood still, at any rate the key and the rhythm of it changed.

reformer they cannot stomach. Why not aim at a quiet life from now on? You think too much of a family which, with the single exception of your mother, has never helped you in any way. As to the business, all those hundreds of people working day and night at Cumberland Mills, do the results really correspond? Sam, Cornelia, Fiske, Ned—is all your work added together equal to Furtwängler's Meisterwerke?"

Johnny was too engrossed in the problem of his own future to have any overflow of sympathy for the friend who needed it so desperately. "It is your own business, I suppose. If you care to spend your life at Cumberland Mills for six months of the year, I at least could not do so. The place is dreadful and the people worse." Lewes House he had long thought one of the most stupid investments; Fothergill ran it and Ned had better give it to him. "I want to be away from it. Your living in America concerns yourself alone; to me it is impossible."

For the first time he threatened marriage on the ground that he saw little of his friend. "You run your own affairs and expect me to follow like a slave any move you make. You think your duty lies in Boston, and I know you too well to try to stop you." There are however cheerful patches, when he is travelling and seeing people and things; and at other times he is contrite and Ned is the best friend man ever had and he is willing that he should be shut out of many of Ned's activities. But then again he complains that he is not to be a man but a symbol in some scheme of Warren's, typifying God knows what.

Although Fothergill assured him that he need not fear a separation on Johnny's initiative, all this caused Ned much anxiety. Fothergill gave two reasons. First, that Johnny had all he wanted, secondly that having criticised so harshly all the people who had left Ned he could not do the same himself. "I put aside the fact that you are the only real friend he has in the world. . . . John Marshall is a man who demands so much attention that he can't bear to see

anyone engaged heart and soul in anything when he is about; that is why nobody but himself has been able to do any serious reading at Lewes House."

Naturally the affection of two men of such different stamp was bound to show itself in different ways—Johnny's in jealousy, Ned's in worry. Ned had patience and understanding for scores of people on whom his friend could comment only by expletive. To Johnny, So-and-so might be a very nice man, but he was a roaring and blazing fool in Greek art. Time and again, Warren spoke of those powers of rage which he must try not to cultivate. "Archæology is worth your attention; the details of other people's conduct are not." "Be glad the world has treated you well and don't waste sunshine."

He was resigned to giving up the collecting:

"If you really find it inadvisable to go on with it, I will not be a grumbler. It had been my wish above all to make a good end of things, that a hundred years hence people might be curious as to who we were. But that is a trifle, and the main part of the work is surely over. I am too much involved in things Greek and Archaic ever to quit that line, but I have eaten enough and could do with time to digest it. I still feel myself capable of some literary achievement. All I ask is that I should not be asked to go away, not from the collecting, but from that kind of thing. There is no place for me in Boston: I am more or less *Museummenschen*. Under Sam's management the Boston Museum will flourish, perhaps as New York, with the finances in magnificent order and all gentlemen and business men at the helm . . . no harsh words, never a suspicion of the truth to disturb their self-satisfaction. Good dinners, over-dressed women, and fine society."

It made him hatefully bitter, Johnny confessed, to see Ned entering blindly on the most dangerous and compromising courses. With the collecting over they might still be very happy at Lewes:

"Your work was one I loved, but you are now altering your course and I cannot follow you . . . Let us stage a

glorious finish to our joint work for Boston. Don't let us trouble any more about Prichard. If you object to his pluming himself in your feathers, it is only what the Museum has been doing for years. What I want is to get you finished, finished brilliantly. Work hard another two years and finish in glory."

"For the present we should not part with the gems. From the point of view of Art they are a better lot than can be found in Berlin or in the Bibliothèque, or in any or all private collections. But they are Greek and will not appeal to Boston; so we had best keep them. The bronzes ought to go, all or nearly all, to Boston; there, with those already in the Museum, they would make a fine show, better than Berlin. The terra-cottas were meant for the Museum; so were the vases, and sixty or seventy of them are worthy, or more than worthy, of Boston. The same is true of the marbles."

There was some difficulty about the coins; the collection should not be split up, and it would make as fine a collection as anyone could get together in 100 years. The Museum might take them, or if they declined, the coins might be kept as an investment.

Warren went to Boston early in 1903 after a few days in Paris with Marshall. There was no immediate Museum business to which he had to attend, and he contrived to avoid unpleasantness with his family except on the question of finding a suitable home for the Filippino.¹ Cornelia's suggestion was that they should present it to a wealthy woman. Sam had given his reluctant consent, and Ned was approached to see whether he would join in the gift, but he refused to do so on the ground that he could not afford it; Berenson's last valuation had been fifteen thousand. If the others wished to sacrifice their share, there was nothing to prevent them; the recipient could pay him his share of the fifteen thousand. Cornelia raised two objections: first, that Sam would never consent, and, second, that whatever the recipient gave should be divided among the heirs equally. In other words, Ned was expected to share out his share.

¹ See page 208.



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In the ultimate arrangements for lodging the picture at the Museum Sam showed skill and good sense. The picture would be better there, and better appreciated than among the lady's palms and singing birds. It was of the same lady that Marshall suggested that her desire was for notoriety rather than pictures ; camels would have done equally well.

Cornelia was becoming increasingly appreciative of the hostility between the two brothers. She admitted that Sam had dealt in an *ex parte* manner with the Filippino, but she failed to see that his actions had been alike throughout. Still, she was full of kindness to Ned ; wanted him to visit her, Johnny, too, if he came to America ; and she was prepared to go to much trouble for their comfort.

Soon there were one or two Museum matters to be cleared up. It was suggested that the Chios Head might be offered to Lawson for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to give to the M.F.A. Lawson was the Rockefeller of Boston, and in the past they had always avoided going to him. But fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and fifty thousand would be nothing to him. It would be no use asking him for money to spend on antiquities undetermined, but if they could offer him one of the finest ancient masterpieces, very possibly one of the only four works of Praxiteles known to exist, they would have a good case :

"Lawson has probably never heard of Praxiteles, but that makes no difference, and I shall certainly not certify the attribution. The conditions would be only that the head should not be cast, that it should be kept under glass, and that, if he wished, it should be called the Lawson Head."

The plan was a good one, and if the sale could be managed it would make everyone happy. It would also make things easier in dealing with New York. With the Chios Head thus sold they could, as Johnny put it, "go to New York with the hawking-cart", and give them the first offer of its contents.

In between consultations with Youngman, who, as his attorney, was investigating the mill finances, Warren amused

himself while in Boston by writing a sonnet on American commercialism, describing the dumb submission of the workers who found no human or godlike intent in the measured plan . . .

"But paper made of pulp and pulp of men
Appears the end of its accomplishment";

they were holding their tongues :

"for, hard of head,
Their owner thinketh not or, thinking, could
Only produce more paper out of wood,
And is alike to them, alive or dead."

He was also, as usual, nervous in case Johnny was not getting on well in his absence. He urged him to keep at his Essay. "When alone I always come back to my natural view that our future depends on our care of each other. I must be on my guard against those tyrannical propensities of which you complain and which may be real, to judge by my family blood." For the rest—

"A long semi-efficiency followed by complete recovery is preferable to a short and quick activity, an attempt to do everything at once. Only trust me, and I can guarantee both our lives. *Lenit albescens animos capillus* : I am whiter than you, and more peaceful. . . . We have had marvellous good fortune in the Pierce bequest to the Museum ; such windfalls we must not expect every day and the point now is to use them to advantage ; we have shown what we can do, and that quickly."

Johnny arrived in New York in June and reported that the Museum there was much better off than Boston for pictures but hopeless with respect to antiquities, possessing next to nothing of value. He was satisfied with the Boston position, since everybody knew who cared to know and who ought to know, who did the work and who got the credit. The Museum might think it depended on money, but they

would quickly open their eyes. "What has done the work hitherto has been patience and enthusiasm mixed three to two. You did two-thirds of the work and I got two-thirds of the credit. But neither of us did much without the other, and the credit does not matter to either of us."

E.P.W., for his part, was able to pronounce the summer a great success. At Fewacres he enjoyed a salutary quiescence and could reassume his own nature in comfort. For a time he was hard at work daily on the *Defence*,¹ then found it better to give only two days a week, for steady work dulled his pen. There were no poems, which he interpreted as a good sign for future poetry. Johnny expressed himself glad to hear of the progress of the *Defence*, though he personally was keener on the poetry.

"The value of an inspiration can be seen only in its results. If you can write good poetry out of it, your inspiration does not need justifying. When you begin justifying, you are merely shouting 'Not guilty' before anyone has accused you. All the same the Essay will be good, for E.P.W. does not write nonsense and what he does write is always sincere."

Johnny had plenty to occupy him on his return to England, and, therefore, was not melancholy. There was the valuation of the coins to be completed. There was the catalogue of the coins, which was not yet begun. Then the printing of his essay on the Chios Head, the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition where the head was on show, and, later, the sending would keep his head full. He was consoled, too, by the thought that a new Will, protecting him still further, would shortly be signed.

A recurrence of his earlier eye trouble furnished Ned with an excuse for cutting his literary work down to a bare minimum, but that seemed no great matter while he was filling himself full of "dumb comfort". The MS. for the new volume of poems was read over to him and pleased him,

¹ The *Defence* of Uranian Love, previously referred to as the *Magnum Opus* or M.O.

he feared, far better than it would please anyone else ; a greater confidence and firmness seemed to distinguish it from the first volume. "If I had passed through fewer nervous years, I might now have a more solid style and . . . no poetry to write." The work kept his mind off the collecting, which was a good thing, for his thoughts about it were often "not only bitter but excessive". "Rest is sinking deep into my soul and nerves ; I needed a lot of it, and little but interesting work."

He went to Niagara, and for the time being Niagara was the right place for him. He lived in a huge hotel in a desolate and scraggy pine-wood. The horses were just good enough to ride, the meals luxurious, and the visitors very fashionable. The country was sandy, every road good for cantering, nothing to see but dirty cottages and the pines. It was just the locality and the weather for self-examination. Sometimes he was miserable and felt lonely ; for he had changed since the days when he used to say that he could inhabit a palace of art by himself. For many years he had been content to try only to formulate his ideal ; now he was face to face with it, and he felt that it demanded some more direct expression than the collecting.

Johnny had been invited to Niagara but did not go. Instead he allowed himself to get in to a bad state, was worrying himself to death about the sending to the Museum, and did not see eye to eye with Ned's way of handling affairs :

"It may be that I have no business sense, but what appears to me to be a sensible way of managing negotiations, to you and your adviser seems the kick of a wild ass. I scarcely needed that to learn how wide apart we had got."

Ned in reply recommended some of Harry Thomas's pure cheerfulness :

"Reckon in the human element and many difficulties will disappear. In New York molehills wax to mountains. Don't think I am delaying for pleasure ; the rigorous weather

and my physical exertions had left me bronchitic and fagged. Perhaps it would have been better if pleasure had counted for more in my life.

"I wish I could rid you of the blue devils ; you probably think I am only too glad to forget you and enjoy myself, whereas I am only trying to get back in good form. I should succeed if I knew I had you firm, not to be bullied and bossed, but loved and assisted as you deserve."

An idea was beginning to form at the back of Marshall's mind for securing independence in the shape of a Museum Agency of his own. Such independence was absolutely necessary in view of his want of sympathy with the people he would otherwise, as E.P.W.'s pensioner, be obliged to associate with, and in view of his very frequent dissent from Ned's scheme of management, dissent which Ned now overruled to the elimination of any self-respect Johnny still had remaining :

"If you could only for a moment view things not in a fantastic manner, as though you were Christ and I the poor soul so tenderly looked after and directed by your wide-seeing providence, but as a man of forty-three should regard a man of forty-two who has for many years done him good service but now sees himself unhappy . . . your picture of yourself would be no worse and your picture of me less distorted."

He seemed very determined that if he did get an agency and start collecting again, he would not owe it to any money of Ned's, and so he did not press too hard the sale of the collection. The sale would end finally Johnny's concern in the matter, and end it, possibly, with a satisfactory profit. If independence meant separation, he would have to face it ; anything was preferable to the elimination that was going on. Warren as usual showed himself tactful and patient. To him, of course, any idea of elimination was absurd, though he realised that it would be difficult for either of two men so out of the ordinary as themselves to play a subordinate part :

"My struggle for life nears success just as, and in part because, our work fails. Now query: are you disappointed because you have to take a new line or because the new line is distinct from yours? You think that a kind of sole control by yourself is the only alternative to the elimination of yourself. If I am not in your possession, you think I must be in somebody else's. I love you, but I am somebody: will you not help me to be somebody? Or can you only contribute groans and fidelity, not a little freedom and light? But let us have done with these patient accuracies of argument!"

Fothergill at this time supposed Marshall to be "Prichardizing or Fisherizing" over in America:

"I suppose we all love one another for our own peculiar interests whatever they may be. Though I have known of Johnny Marshall's loveless nature and at times sentimental moments, I always gave him credit that he was a friend of yours though he will not be friend to anyone else. It would be too disturbing to my estimation of the Lewes House family to allow myself to be disillusioned in this; I must still believe that J.M. is fonder of you than of antiquity buying. . . . He cannot be expected to give attention to schemes romantic or literary while occupied in the not unattractive search for money. The rôle of faithful spouse is one that your faithfulness and good temper fit you for, but I think you might either go your own way, or use a little common sense in the game."

Fothergill at Lewes was taking stock of his views and general position. He was finding himself less sympathetic not to Warren himself, but to Warren's conception of life than he had been and expressed himself very frankly:

"It is futile to sigh for the world of Pericles: we are here and not there. You say that I don't look at things in the same way and couldn't, but I follow your ideas . . . never was letter clearer to me than your last. Yet there seems to be a sort of presumptuousness in your whole position. What you are pleased to call romance, I call the supreme manifestation of love. . . . There are some souls that require the love of a woman for their development; there are others that thrive on friendship; others again are refreshed by the waters of a purely spiritual life. No man can live to the

highest extent of his capacity without the particular watering which his whole being craves; and I believe that to a woman is given the means to satisfy man in the very highest sense. Your theory strikes me as essentially un-Hellenic and un-Christian as well."

Warren remained in America for the summer of 1904 and got to work with vigour on his *Defence*. The work went fairly well and in June he reported himself "much at work"; "I won't say hard at work because it is an unmixed pleasure." The heat helped him and his thoughts flowed; there was much reading and writing, and, as always, more copying than either. In general he felt that the work had reached its proper *megethos* and the perfection it should attain would be mainly a matter of retouching, not of enlarging. His mind was active and energetic and at this time he was also engaged in reviewing and in having a final copy made of the *Pausanian Tale*. He became quite triumphant about the progress of his *Defence*, almost gloating at becoming known for his opinions. One of his friends deplored his attitude:

"*Dorian Gray* is humorous and fantastic and vulgar; your work has none of these three qualities. Therefore you will accomplish nothing by your philosophical writings except to make things uncomfortable for those that know you."

Marshall was at Lewes with Fothergill. He was becoming more and more concerned at the expenditure on the house, most of it quite useless. Warren should make a thorough examination. To which Warren replied that he was eager to get at the problem and was considerably more in earnest about reducing expenses than the other believed. As collectors they had not been able to look into the incidental expenses—but they must do so now, since it was quite contrary to their ideal to spend so much on themselves. Of much more importance, however, and much more real to him, was his friendship with Johnny:

"Last night I imagined what my history would have been

without you and was thankful. It is odd that you take so little satisfaction in what you do for others."

This drew from Johnny the reply that there was nothing in himself to attract people. "To the score of bad qualities transmitted in lieu of stocks and shares by my immediate progenitors I have added eleven or thirteen (some unlucky and unholy number)—my own peculiar property." He was hopeless with people, did not respond to them, gave the wrong answers. E.P.W. alone had overlooked all this. He had come to the conclusion that he needed certain physical distractions as much as, perhaps even more than, Warren; and "when I see how plastic a woman's nature is, how adaptable, I incline to think this the natural remedy."

Warren now set about putting his affairs in thorough order. This could be done either by the Museum's buying or by the much-dreaded sale. From consideration for his dependents, of whom there were now over twenty, he was forced to protect "their certainty against a Museum uncertainty, even at the cost of a sale." "You don't know how much I care to win for you a proper undisturbed and leisurely life. I mean that in the end you shall have reason to think that on the whole I succeeded."

The combined efforts of Marshall and Fothergill and Warren failed to make any substantial decrease in the Lewes expenses. Warren spent the spring and early summer of the following year in America, though Johnny issued ultimatums to the effect that his one chance of sanity depended upon the other's return, and in June even fixed a seven weeks' limit to his endurance. He was "dead all the time" at Lewes, the life was stultifying, and the tension unbearable, the Essay was hanging fire. Warren's reply was firmer than usual. His absence was essential if he was to be restored to himself. Johnny must try to cultivate lightness and balance, he ought to play more and enjoy himself—which, for him, meant going up to Town and to the Club.

Lewes House had failed through lack of quiet and the fact that the establishment, though not luxurious, was more than they ordinarily needed. Perhaps they should try for a small house near Oxford, near a library. "We should not be ashamed when we met poor scholars; we should have more to give away." They would be at liberty to travel and Fothergill's rooms in town would serve as a useful *pied-à-terre*.

But once again the house question was put off and both men settled down with an effort to their work, Johnny to his Essay—in the wrong way, according to Fothergill, for he was trying to empty himself at a sitting, to make his essay a compendium of all he knew. Ned found his interest in the *Defence* beginning to flag; one could not in America build walls of study against distraction. Various benevolent causes kept him occupied—a young man (Parsons), wanted to "escape" to Europe; a family was going to be evicted so that offices might be built on the site of the house they had occupied; there were the important property purchases.

The next year, 1906, was perhaps the worst for the friendship. Warren always referred to the "terrible autumn" of 1906. In the spring he took Thomas to Contrexeville, then to Fewacres, nominally for two months. Johnny thought the visit to America unnecessary, and regarded it only as an excuse for getting away from him. He distrusted the outcome of the negotiations about the mills and had no faith in his friend's capacity to deal with trained and skilful business men. The mill people were becoming more precious to Ned than his real dependents at Lewes; he was devoting more and more of his time to them, while Johnny was left saddled with the whole running of Lewes House, since the helpers provided were worse than useless.

This interest in the workpeople was very genuine on Warren's part, though it is doubtful how far it had value. John Warren, the works manager, understood the people well enough and could look after them quite adequately.

Where was the use of providing them with "Byzantine swimming-baths", or lecturing them on Shelley?

Ned, meanwhile, at Fewacres was leading what he called a "toad existence", quiescent with occasional hops. He was just well enough to do a little Greek, even if not in the good old style; and he was not so well that he would regard himself as "unwarrantably idle when he read an easy English book". There were interruptions for business; again, days when both business and letters were scamped, and he was out on the hills and on the river:

"To walk through neglected fields and woods on a hot day is panacea. It is almost enough to wear next to nothing and look out of the window. . . . I suppose that the vacant days here, when you could do what you liked but could not find anything to do that you liked, would not suit you as well as they suit me."

Later, he was able to read the *Agamemnon* and a little Pindar, and he looked forward to the time when he could pass on to the philosophers. "The poets must yield to the philosophers some day, but they should first be in my head for company and for comparison with the philosophers."

Youngman had by this time produced a pamphlet of seventy typewritten pages, mostly figures which gave the answer to many questions and exposed certain methods which were not in accordance with the Trust deeds and which had reduced Ned's income. Johnny had thought that three weeks in Boston would have been enough to finish the business, but Ned replied that eleven or twelve were necessary:

"Can you expect a man to decide finally, in three weeks, what his property is worth and whether he will sell it? . . . I wish you could enjoy with me the scenery of Fewacres. I take it as scenery, not as line or colour, nor as nature, but as a graceful addition to the stage of action of this New England . . . the trees, the light, the friendliness of the dry atmosphere. Peace doesn't come from the landscape, but if peace is already in the mind the landscape reflects it."

Johnny, however, was incapable of enjoyment of such things. He was too absorbed in his own feelings, and could not keep off the theme of his separation from Ned. He did not realise how much of what he demanded he really had. As the year continued the conflict became more bitter—Johnny complaining unceasingly of Ned's "selfishness", Ned justifying his actions and trying to soothe his friend. Johnny ought to be able to see that both in the better protection of his property and in their life together Ned's absence was worth while:

"I am trying to do my best and am kept from that effort by you. But it should not keep me from your heart. I am not down-hearted, but the strait between my duty and your wish has a rough current."

But Johnny's position at Lewes, with no definite and adequate salary, had become intolerable and he was in the mood for a drastic decision. There was no real work at Lewes that he could do, apart from writing! There was no real purpose now to justify all the expense.

"'Les absents ont toujours tort,' " was Warren's reply, "but if you saw me now at Boston, endeavouring to understand and reach the right conclusion with as little offence as possible, or if you saw me in my square white room unvisited by what are called pleasures, you might think that I was rather considerate and staid." He had far more than Marshall the capacity to find moments of deep peace and enjoyment.

"They are planting and cutting down trees at Fewacres now, painting mantel-pieces, putting in a doorstep. On one side Mr. Perabo shut in, writing music and tinkling the motifs on the piano, on the other I likewise shut in, with four windows of sunlight and an open fire. Between us the staircase and radiator heat. Jocko, the big dog, sleeps on the floor; there is one student's lamp for my work, and the glowing coals; a little room and I alone in it.

"I wish you could see the little room in which I read. It contains some of my best chairs: two Chippendales, one

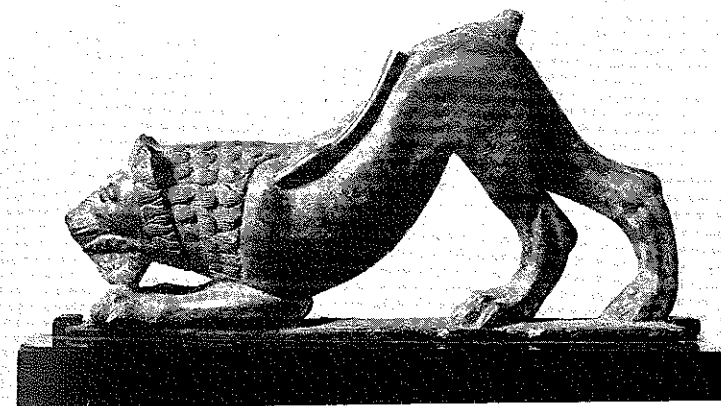
a curious medley of Dutch and Chippendale. A big sofa from 67 Mt. Vernon Street is the only relief from the primness of the foursquare room, the four windows and the snow outside . . . except for the 17th-century vase of Chinese enamel on the mantel-piece. On one of the book-cases is the capital from the neighbourhood of Galata, Provincia di Lecce. In the window is the beautiful 4th-century statuette of Artemis, a great joy; and on the centre table (a poor American empire affair) is the Tyx forgery of the Dancing Faun. The little room is the sort of corner that you would imagine I should make for myself away from home. I think I could be happy alone in Fewacres; there is a spirit of loneliness and decency about the place! It is a civilised hermitage."

The terrible autumn ended in a definite if short reconciliation. "A very dear letter of yours from Fewacres," Johnny wrote:

"I have read and reread it five times and am very happy to have it. This is you unspoilt and at your very best. . . . After all your time arguing with Sam and Brandeis, dining with Bigelow, getting your lecture through, you wake up next morning in that remote house: it is very cold, there are patches of snow all round and everywhere is quiet save for the little dog trying to come in to you. Pungo writes well—he makes one see things, quiet and cold. . . ."

Warren was also going in great detail into all the arrangements for Johnny at the Metropolitan Museum and keeping a loving eye on all possible means of helping him. Throughout the following year, when it became clear that Marshall would marry Mary Bliss, he sent assurances that he would "play up" to his friend, married or unmarried, though the marriage was for him a betrayal of their common ideal. His especial anxiety was that it should not mean separation, but inwardly he must have known that it would.

For Marshall, the New York agency and marriage seemed the only loopholes of escape. He protested that he had not even the measure of independence Warren had granted to



BRONZE BOAR AND LION

From the shoulder of a Vessel
Greek work of the beginning of the 5th Century B.C.

Friedrich Hauser, who had received an annuity. The affection between Mary Bliss and himself had been of gradual growth, fostered by Warren's long absences in America, through which Mary had brought him cheer and comfort. At their age a strong affection would be as good as love ; and Ned would not only have two friends instead of one, but Miss Bliss might prove useful to them from a business point of view, being methodical and good at accounts.

In Fothergill's opinion Johnny was growing flabby little wings of his own and wanting to fly about :

"Let him go, and waive your last claim, that marriage should not separate you. Of course things will go on much the same, but there will be less friction. You may or may not see him as he used to be ; if marriage suits him, you will, but you cannot affect matters by trying plans and arguments."

There was a danger of Warren's becoming cranky and trying to induce others to be like him. Marshall and Fothergill, the one a man of high intelligence and sensitiveness, the other, in his own words, "a Westmoreland dalesman and a man of brutal common sense", were both discontented with him. It was obviously absurd to expect others, people like Perabo, Parsons, Fisher, Harding and the rest, to share his extraordinary life and ideas. To see him dissipating his life on such men was a source of unending irritation, and was a little hard on those who regarded themselves as being of a better sort, and more worthy of Warren, to be set in their permanent company. It was difficult to find any justification for the attention paid to them unless in the call of charity. As Fothergill put it—

"I know that you have got a solid *Anschauung*, one that can be, if you will let it, applied to all life. From time to time when I walk in the streets and have my most illumined thoughts, I know you are right. I can only conclude that it is your extraordinary power of love and friendship that has

brought you to sadness. The whole tale is a sad one ; you should have your little case written up, the story of your curious life with all the curious tales of relations with you. . . . It is always your solidity I come back to, the only thing which time and again reconciles me to existence : I mean your intellectual, moral and spiritual capacity. I often think that if I did not know at least one man who possessed these, life would be an empty thing."

This is high praise and sound understanding of Warren's position and power. Defects he may have had and he may have been an irritating person to deal with, but the friend who wrote this knew what he was saying.

He was lonely, in himself and in his thoughts, and was not yet restored to health. The dread of Johnny's marrying was enough to reduce him to frenzied and unreasonable agitation. It is possible that another woman might have been Johnny's wife had it not been for one such attack :

There had indeed been a possibility of another woman becoming Johnny's wife, but one of Warren's attacks of unreasonableness in 1904 or 1905 entirely put Johnny off the track of confessing his love for her. It was clear to him that Warren did not wish him to marry, but he was undoubtedly in need of a woman's sympathy. Mary Bliss was at hand and Warren himself arranged the fatal trip to Greece the following summer. No one feared the rather preposterous result : Johnny wrote from Berlin after a year's silence to the woman concerned and the letter (which she never saw till two years after it was written since it was held up by Warren's wish) showed how he was perishing for what she might have given him. The two years from 1904-06 were the two worst years of Warren's blindness : the cleavages between the two men were too frequent and too serious, and the devil was at work in Lewes. The last words of Johnny's letter had been 'I need help if you will give it me' ; but by the time the intended recipient saw the latter he had turned to Mary Bliss for that help ; and Miss Bliss, though she intended sincerely to unite Johnny more closely to Ned, had merely "deepened in all the frown of doubt and perplexity".

Being with Johnny in Italy in the early spring did not seem to help matters, the truth being that the two men were no longer interested in one another's work. Johnny might keep Warren in a "whirl of purchases", but it was not collecting in the old sense. Ned found much to criticise in Johnny's collecting methods and with the atmosphere in which he worked. "I lived in my den, seeing Italian dealers and German archaeologists, answering letters from everywhere. He is in constant relations, which do him no good, with American women who invite him to lunch and tea. I kept all my doings from Robinson ; he writes him everything." Still, it was pleasant to see Johnny restored to a kind of happiness, and he appeared to like E.P.W.'s new companion, Parsons.

Ned gave the New York agency five years to run, by which time the strain he thought would have told irrevocably on Johnny's health. The marriage could not now be prevented, but he believed that with Mary at Lewes everything would be better for both of them. They might at least try it. Life as it had been of late years at Lewes was bound in the end to be fatal to their relationship.

Johnny at this time was nervous and run down, imagining that he had Bright's disease. He was sent to Carlsbad in the autumn, where he suddenly discovered that they had been eating too many rich things at Lewes and not taking enough exercise to get rid of them. He also wrote that Ned's habit of sleeping in the afternoon did him no good. Such advice came strangely from Johnny, who was always being taken to task for the way he neglected his own health, trusting to drugs to accomplish sudden remedies. From Carlsbad Johnny went to America, whence he returned with his wife at the end of November. They had been married on November the fifth, but E.P.W. saw nothing of them that year.

At the time of the wedding he had been the guest of the President of C.C.C., seeing enough of college life to make him homesick for it again. Oxford was the one place where he could speak and be understood without having to explain :

"And then I am taken more seriously here than elsewhere. To be well received is merely flattering to vanity; to be well received by those whose work and life you love is touching and dear. Why is it that cosmopolitans like Berenson and Rothenstein tire me now? Because they are not dealing with my problems, problems which spring directly from the study of Greek and the Bible, from a constant study. Look at the passage at the end of last Sunday's epistle; how much hearing and reading it takes, and how much living to bring a man to absorb that little bit from the much hearing."

For the moment Ned was content to have his enthusiasm to himself. He had already complained good-naturedly to Miss Anderson of the way in which his younger companions—Thomas, Parsons, and the rest—considered carefully whether the things he and she recommended were worth their valuable time and attention:

"Perhaps I should not say time, for of that they are prodigal. O these boys! You and I had the simple idea that if we did what we were told we should become what we ought to be; and that if we wanted to make a departure in thought or conduct, we must read or think more to know that we were right. . . . Then you and I know the Bible; these lads don't read it because they know what it is said to be about, and because Isaiah and Paul were not lucky enough to live in the light of the truth which clears so many questions, the light that lightens every man who can be called a man of the world!"

No more could Johnny enter into his friend's enthusiasm. He could only criticise him as unscientific and urge him to read Fraser's *Golden Bough*, which would knock some of his ideas out of his head. That, however, was to miss the point altogether, for the two things did not touch. Even if the Blessed Sacrament were derived from a cannibalistic feast, it still made no difference to Warren's standpoint.

Ned was getting the Oxford handbook which would tell him what books were exacted in the theological school, for it was not enough merely to have St. Bernard and St. Augustine

on the list. One must pick and choose as one did with classical authors. "Fancy a man reading Classics without guidance! He might begin with Polybius and work himself to death over Lycophron." He considered dropping Dante for something harder, Aquinas or Aristotle or Æschylus, his energy not being great enough for the most difficult of all, Aristophanes. Pindar, after five years' work, was beginning to yield. For relief he went to Horace and Propertius, finding the language "hard and meaty as a nut" by comparison with Greek.

Johnny and Mary did not stay long at Lewes. Johnny found that he could not get on with his work there. The couple took a very agreeable flat in the Via Sistina in Rome. They were both very happy, and Johnny wrote that he would have liked to say something of a woman's character—a very wonderful thing—something of which Ned had never even dreamed. He did not know, however, if marriage would suit Ned. It would have done so once, but he was now too obstinate.

To judge from his letters during the first few months, marriage certainly seemed to have worked wonders for Marshall. He wrote happily and vivaciously, telling of the people he met, the places he saw, the books he and Mary were reading. This happy condition lasted until April, then there was again trouble about money. Ned had apparently been writing to ask if Johnny would accept £4,500 in full payment of his indebtedness to him. This Johnny refused to do.

"You may do as you please, and you need not consult me as to whether you do or do not do what you agreed. I have sold for you £4,950 worth of antiques this year, and hoped in doing this to help you to obtain the necessary sum for making the legal settlement on which you know I have set my heart."

Warren was in Oxford again in March, doing the Pindar reading which, as he wrote to Miss Anderson, was to do for him "what the Abbey monuments did for Blake . . . It will

train me in what I most need, few emotions, much morals, something distantly like Bach."

Evidently he had not managed to drop Dante, as he had proposed, for he wrote to J.M.—

"Why do I love Dante? Because it is poetry, and poetry which brings deep consolation and clears the moral aim. What poetry says is often said indirectly, as music can make us understand morals, but unless through the trained ear it alters the mind, unless it has a meaning, it is not poetry. Dante, based on a serious study of theology, says something in the best way. I escape from Protestantism and modern enthusiasm for the commonplace into him with great joy. Dante speaks of things concerning which an erroneous idea is weightier than the accurate truth, for instance, of Swinburne's feelings. Any accurate truth has a final value for its subject and that subject affects all other subjects; but we cannot conceive save erroneously. Our errors are nearer the truth than no ideas. You can show a theory false by experimentation, but the theory is more important than the experiment because it is nearer to the true theory."

By the end of the year he was able to feel that the American reform had been much advanced, but patience was still necessary. "Poor mill-hands! I am longing to go to the rescue but I can't go faster . . . my business is for the present to be content with their discontent." His policy for the coming year was to get rid of some of the many too many irons in the fire. Part of the difficulty lay in the want of a secretary such as Prichard:

"But of course the main thing is to point my doings with full-stops. Last year I did this to the private collection; in 1909 I am to do this to the S.D.W. business¹ if I can. I mean to make an end of everything I touch except my desk-work."

It was difficult to keep everything going—letters, finance and plans, and at the same time not to abandon Herodotus,

¹ See page 221.

but somehow he managed to do it for the first few weeks of the year before his visit to America in March. Among other things he had to report to Johnny was the setting-up, with the effect of somewhat over-powering the Red Room, of Rodin's *Rocheport*, of which he writes:

"I wish I had not read a little of Rocheport and a little about him, for then I might judge him on Rodin's presentment without prejudice. As it is, I make out that Rodin gives him: 1. a wealth of chaotic personal ideas neither large, general nor wise; rocky narrow brow, narrow above the eyes, not above that. 2. a weak character; meaningless mouth and eyes, the latter not awake, as much strength as in the writings of A. de Pontmartin. 3. Bibulous habits; the nose.

"I find little of the Marquis and nothing of Hugo's '*Rocheport, ce bras de fer*', though he might affect the God and seem to shake the spheres."

Back in England in the summer Warren was able to find again the solitude and quiet of which he was so much in need after his strenuous American visit. He was alone, but not lonely. "My friends," he wrote, "suffer from a desire not to be alone and attribute the same desire to me." "I want more of what I have (solitude and quiet) and I should like Dr. Belcher to insert a thanksgiving for all the blessings that are vouchsafed to me . . . especially that I am unmarried."

His peace was not to last long, for he was summoned in September to New England for conferences that were to settle the future of the Trust and his relationship to the family business of which Sam had been the directing head for over twenty years. The conferences went on interminably until December, when Ned offered Sam the alternative: agree to the terms we have now hammered out or I proceed with the suit I have filed.

There is no need to go into the details of the law-suit. It went on for more than two gruelling months and as far as Ned could judge was going in his favour. He regretted that

Sam had insisted on such unintermittent questioning and urged him to slow down the course of the suit. Sam refused and died in the middle of February, according to the doctor's report from apoplexy. Ned immediately suspended the suit but his family and friends were alienated, and the suit was generally considered to have materially hastened Sam's death. Ned was requested by the widow not to attend the funeral, much to his distress. Feeling in Boston was terribly bitter against him, and even the sympathetic considered that there could now be no question of continuing the fight. Fiske, alone, thought Ned could still be trustee or have representation. As it was necessary for him to remain on hand till some decision was reached, Ned retired to Fewacres, the little place that had always been his friend.

At Fewacres E.P.W. spent the time in recounting his faults, as he frequently did when alone, and, as always, in planning everyone's future. If he sold out, he thought to become naturalised, since it was obvious that he could accomplish nothing more of value in New England. He envisaged a quiet life thereafter with but few absences from Lewes. Sam's death was not a shock to his affections (his excommunication by his people affected him more), but it made him take all that he did more seriously.

The idea of "being alone" still preoccupied him. He agreed with the monks that it was the most perilous state of life, like a mountaineer's, but, if one succeeded, far the highest and best. He did not, however, as they did, place the excellence in "purity", but in contemplation. Contemplation was that wherein they agreed with the Greeks. "And it has always seemed to me that an agreement between Christians and Greeks is strong ground." Pure effort and love were to be the atonement for his sins. He despised all the ideas which substituted personal or domestic happiness for these and was sick of comfort, when he thought of the people who did without it. Perhaps there was little that Johnny could do towards his salvation except in giving him a good conscience.

Not all the letters of this period deal with the law-suit or with thoughts arising out of it. In such breathing spaces as are permitted, E.P.W. writes entertainingly of the people he sees and of his distractions. On one occasion he has been playing a Fugue of Bach, in composing which the good man must have gone on mechanically, forgetting that what he was saying was repetition and not very interesting. "I like it as I used to like some German novels, by Spielhagen, I think, which quieted the spirit by their length. I remember a hero and a heroine who perished together in a lake without giving me very much concern, because their experience had already attained a μέγεθος τι. Or he discusses his portrait by the artist Burnham, supposed to represent a "beautiful soul heavily veiled" or, in Thompson's phrase, "tempered and mitigate". He himself finds in the portrait a lot of "cousinship with mire" and considers it a feat in likeness:

"My long head reminds me of a railway train, and he has planted my thick neck in (not on) fattish shoulders, the effect being a touching helplessness, so much body that the spirit struggles. He has noted differences in the right and left eye, and, more than that, has given me on one side, but not on the other, the smile which you call that of a cheap fish. The critic will gather that there has been a sensual degeneration and an intellectual strengthening from the time of *The Wild Rose* and the photo with the handkerchief. No one will say that the head is weak; it may be thought rather Piggy than Puppy, and E. P. Warren, the difficult customer, rather than Arthur Lyon Raile, the poet, but *servus amoris* all right."

The sculptor wants him to make two groups, "the Struggle with Adversity" and "the Struggle with Prosperity" (*absit omen!*), the one to be a Heracles and Antæus business, the other a temptation of St. Anthony. Dolmetsch has given him a list of Purcell, Couperin, etc., which he must buy for Lewes, thinks Purcell second to none, and says that the English would be all right as composers, if they hadn't thought they must

be like foreigners, as they all were from Handel's time. If others take after Dolmetsch, there will be a reaction against Strauss and the like.

Among the books he is reading in the intervals of attempting to get at his Plato again, is Faguet's *Culte de l'Incompétence*. Faguet seems to have just missed understanding Nietzsche's greatness; he is a subtle, clear-headed, and sensible writer, lacking only wit to be a perfect Frenchman, i.e. a superior critic and pleasant author. Later he adds: "I have finished the *Culte* and am not sure that Faguet was not right to deliver himself in this way . . . to make a boutade of the book, but to make a boutade and be witty as well. Faguet's excellence on the contrary is *justesse*, so that you are always hoping for justice from him." He is like a geological professor who should have the miraculous gift of seeing the strata through trees and grass. He will not know how deep they go save here and there by inference:

"According to Dionysius there is a God in a deep but dazzling darkness. I like the thesis of the *Culte*. It is like my own formula; that the nineteenth century was dominated by the passion for the commonplace. I like the thesis, but to establish it you should spend time on what the democratic movement has done which aristocratic ages didn't do. There would be much of a kind not very democratic. Miss Austen's *Mansfield Park* . . . the men vague and the events trifling, but the women's life accurately set down with little pretty touches of irony. The reading is like looking at grass. Grass is not important but it does you good."

Finding himself in England again in the summer with some time to spare, he was urged by Fothergill and others to write, and began an article on Swinburne. It was to be called "a personal opinion" and to embody "a residue of preferences". Robert Ross offered to place it for him, and he wanted to sign it "Raile" for the attention it would draw to the poems. As for the writing: "I have followed my old rule: to write the whole first, so that it may be one jet

and may take its own form; then to verify the facts and improve the statement."

He was feeling since his return a breath of age and incapacity. Perhaps it was caused by his coming across notices of books written by various friends, contemporaries at Harvard and Oxford—Edgar Jepson, Osman Edwards, Berenson (Harvard), Clutton Brock, Lionel Johnson, Basil Williams, Erskine Childers, Herbert Cook. "I must shake off every encumbrance except the witness-bearing, there must be no shilly-shallying. Now or never, I think, and when E.P.W. makes up his mind, he usually accomplishes that much at least." He had got his Fourth Century Athlete facing the window so that he had the best view of him sideways from behind. "He is my favourite piece, more indulgent than the Myronic Herakles. He says a lot in form which I try to say in words, and if room and house should go, some will hear him or me."

When he considered the poems, he knew they were not of a kind with the volumes of minor poems he read, because those had not so much meaning, feeling and characteristic expression. But he did not know what would be thought of *The Wild Rose* in fifty years' time. Nor could his friends help him much towards a valuation, since their praise seemed to run mostly on precedent. For instance, the "Joy" pleased them because it was on the line of seventeenth-century authors, Donne, Bacon and Herbert, matter-of-fact or prosaic; the "Naiads" because it was the opposite, and in this respect like *La Belle Dame* and *The Ancient Mariner*. No one save Bridges had a word for the *Passage of Love*, "which, unless it is a failure, is a rare thing, an ode; and (to err on the side of modesty) would stand to Pindar as *Mist* to Horace on Ligurinus—one well laden, the other well planned".

Lewes House seems in the summer and autumn to have recaptured some of its old liveliness. The President of Corpus pays them a visit, and, being a lover of dogs, takes Patty to bed with him, and also two volumes of Aristotle with scholia,

"asking particularly that his bread should not be buttered in the morning". Having the crooked bone removed from his nose in August brings E.P.W. many visitors . . . among them Harold Spencer Scott. "I like the glorious name, because he is a humble person who does good work for little pay : some for the Clarendon Press, £20 in two years. Now he has work in the Record Office, as much or as little as he likes, five shillings an hour ; a typically English institution." Bailey has come to a conference of lawyers and there is a prospect of a final settlement by sale.

With this prospect of at last settling the American troubles which had periodically wasted his life, E.P.W. thought the time ripe to settle also the quarrel with the Marshalls once and for all. To Johnny, however, visiting Lewes, it seemed that his friend spent most of the time playing "flutes, cellos, virginals and God knows what". He was full of business and people, and, all told, they spent about forty minutes together.

"I played instruments," Ned replied, "because with what you were telling me—that you hated Lewes, that you wanted to take your books away, that you had had enough of it, I could do nothing else. And you know that this was your return after you had assured me that you were coming back never to part. You speak of the old life as if you were under me. Such was the status, but in practice it was not often so. You were free to read. I wrote the letters and remained ignorant. Prichard was angry because I subordinated everything to you both here and in Boston. When he asked me in Boston what was my purpose in collecting, I answered 'Johnny'. If I were to reckon up the old scores as you do I could have made a case and married."

If Johnny was to know all, he wrote in November, there were times when he did not want him :

"You blow away my peace, my work and my health. I was reading Dante : you didn't like me to read Dante. I dropped him and have not taken him up again. I was in full

swing then. There is no co-operation. You come and go, and loyalty to the plan with which you began your married life is made a concession."

E.P.W. speaks now of the weight of a romantic life, which in substance is desiring something rare and being willing to make sacrifices to it. His present solitude is part of the romantic choice ; it is the worship of the rarity and the sacrifice to it. The work ahead occupies his fears. It is so big that he seems hardly able to accomplish it before death. "If I hadn't it to do, I should live from day to day and vaguely trust that it was worth while for me to live, and death would seem very far." On the other hand, he knew of no one else who could do the work. Glances at what others accomplished showed that he was nearer to the accomplishment than they. Grandees might do it better, knowing vastly more facts, but they hadn't the idea and couldn't English it as well as he. "Conclusion : I must do it."

There were signs the following spring that Johnny was finding his work for the Museum too hard and distracting. He began to speak definitely of resignation. Ned, too, thought that he should leave it all behind and try whether Mary would not be happier elsewhere. "I stand outside and see your life : the reading which doesn't better your liver, the dealings with people who don't interest you for themselves, but for their antiquities, the want of freshness and freedom, such as I have had this past week, the aperients, the narcotics, the perpetual North room." It was beyond all common sense to go on living such a life :

"In the afternoon you ask each other, 'Do you feel well?' and in the evening, 'Are you tired?' and in the morning, 'Did you sleep?' Mary has an excuse, never having been strong. You, my dear, have a constitution of iron which you treat as an absolute monarch treats a constitution imposed on him. Seldom, save when you do a cure, do you sacrifice a month to putting yourself in order. I grant that, even for your health, your mind, its contentment, its occupation, is

more important than your body ; but, though most important, it is not first. With a bad liver, your friends will always be to blame and not yourself."

The friends in this case may have been Hauser and Benedetti, with whom J.M. was by now not on speaking terms. Some attempt had been made by E.P.W., through Parsons, to reconcile the quarrel with Benedetti. "Going to Benedetti's this morning for the proposed reconciliation," runs Johnny's version, "I was met by him in so gross and brutal a fashion that I shall certainly not go again to him nor ever permit him in my house. I suppose that Parsons, who had brought me a photo of the Sardinian statue to get my opinion of it, repeated to him what I had indeed said, but surely never wanted repeated, that I did not want the thing and would not take it at a quarter of the price asked." Apparently E.P.W.'s only further action in the matter was to lend money to the Benedettis and to put 3,000 lire at Parsons' disposal. In answer to Johnny's expostulations he wrote :

"If it is to be a condition of your friendship that I do nothing for others and always tell you what I do for people whom you have on your nerves, we are in a bad way ; but personally I do not think I could bear up against your letters and hold to you as I do in love, unless I had a general fund of good-will and health overflowing also on other people and, supposing that my actions have been mistaken, you should draw on the same fund in yourself and should rather want to be here to understand and disregard my actions, and to help me, than settle yourself in the animosities which make others unhappy, and first of all yourself. Rome doesn't quiet them. Any place out of Italy, with or without me, would be better ; but I hope, with me."

"If I haven't stood all tests, one would have to be 'very *parfait*' to stand all that I have stood in life (from my people, from the Museum, from friends), without falling into any error myself. I haven't taken to drink, I didn't care for it, thrown up my arms in despair, nor written you sharp and sundering letters. A Warren may be a nut to crack, but he isn't a jelly, and there is meat in him. I often wonder why

people expect so much of me, but the explanation is simple : they expect what they would like, wherein they think that they take the straight road to happiness, but they miss it. . . . I have suffered enough from expecting what I would like, now my effort is to like what I expect."

He seemed to himself to be inexplicably happy, finding peace at last after years of disturbance :

"To my consciousness it takes the form of pleasure in music, riding, old furniture, or china just arrived for the house, and in the good-will of all around me. Lewes House is beautiful, and every man, woman and animal is well. My clavichord is better than I thought and Harry is doing himself proud at cricket. Also my new glasses suit and reading is now a fact and not merely hope."

"I think a great deal . . . thinking that I shall grow old early after this stormy half-century, that I must get to my work, not start on new jobs, that Johnny's heart is turning homeward, that my time lost has been lost on duties and friends, that I've been lately accused of vanity. Probably justly, because no one can be so solitary and positive in his thought without valuing himself. I doubt whether this conceit goes deep. It is rather a habit of comparison with great models and an indifference to domestic standards. I think my verse sometimes reaches Marvell or Francis Thompson, my prose seems to me to reach Swinburne ; that it is good exposition of good but few thoughts . . . a furrow not a field. To-morrow my slowcoach work on Plato. J.R.F. rebukes me, but he deals too lightly with authorities. As for slowness, it may be a mistake, but I set out to be a man of few books and I believe in the devotional life, meditation and vain repetition. This is what the Bible calls understanding. I haven't much information concerning ascertained facts and shan't get it by pondering the Bible, Pindar, Dante and Plato, but I shall get understanding."

On his return from Wildungen in the autumn he began to press J.M. to resign from the Museum as from the next summer, and went thoroughly into the financial problems it would raise. "You have now the chance," he concludes,

"to make things easier and, if I don't deserve it, well, I shouldn't mind getting my ease all the same. You have power to detach me from you in every way, but not in the matter of solicitude ; in that our lives are irretrievably joint lives."

"In January all my debts will be paid. They have hung on since nineteen hundred and seven. The new order is at hand."

CHAPTER XIII

RODIN AND *LE BAISER*

THE visit of Rodin to Lewes House in connection with Warren's purchase of *Le Baiser* must not be omitted. Rodin was drawn in, first of all, by John Rowland Fothergill, since well known as the Innkeeper, first at Thame and later of the Three Swans, Market Harborough. Fothergill's *An Innkeeper's Diary* had a great success in 1931, and a wit said that it hit so many customers by name that something more was needed to explain the author's subsequent removal from Oxfordshire to the heart of the shires than the royalties on six editions.¹ This is the sort of joke that Fothergill enjoys, and it is a question whether posterity will not extend its indulgence to him almost as eagerly as it has to Pepys.

In the first volume of *Men and Memories*, Sir William Rothenstein records how he met Warren through Fothergill, and he gives a glimpse of Lewes House before discussing the foundation of the Carfax Gallery through which the purchase of the *Baiser* was made :

"John Fothergill [he writes] was working with Edward Warren, a distinguished Bostonian, a classical scholar, who translated Pindar, and collected gems and Greek sculpture, both for himself, for he was wealthy, and for the Boston Museum. Fothergill was the youngest of Warren's archæologists, who lived with him at Lewes House.

"Lewes House was a monkish establishment, where women were not welcomed. But Warren, who believed that

¹ Mr. Fothergill gives the true account of his migrations in *Confessions of an Innkeeper*.

scholars should live nobly, kept an ample table and a well-stocked wine-cellar ; in the stables were mettlesome horses, and he rode daily with his friends, for the body must needs be as well exercised as the mind. Meals were served at a great oaken table, dark and polished, on which stood splendid old silver. The rooms were full of handsome antique furniture, and of the Greek bronzes and marbles in place of the usual ornaments. In the garden was the famous Ludovisi throne—fellow of that whereon Venus is seen to rise from the sea—which by hook or by crook, rather, I think, by crook . . . had been smuggled out of Italy. There was much mystery about the provenance of the treasures at Lewes House. This secrecy seemed to permeate the rooms and corridors, to exhaust the air of the house. The social relations, too, were often strained, and Fothergill longed for a franker, for a less cloistered life."

This, the impression made by Warren's household on a sympathetic but detached visitor, introduces us to a circle friendly to Warren but living in the outside world.

Fothergill, Rothenstein explains, being "fired by the example of Hacon and Ricketts, proposed to start a small gallery, where Conder's, John's, Sickert's, Orpen's, Max Beerbohm's and my work" could be shown regularly. Rothenstein was to choose the artists, Arthur Clifton to conduct the business ; and when Rothenstein withdrew after a quarrel with Conder, Robert Ross took his place. Thus was the Carfax Gallery founded, and thus the friendly ties between Warren and Ross were multiplied. Among those whom Rothenstein interested in the gallery was Rodin, who sent to it a collection of his early drawings and some small bronzes. On a subsequent visit to him, Rothenstein heard of Rodin's difficulties, the cost of casting his bronzes and of the marble for the *Baiser* that was then being shown. Warren promised to see this in Paris, and when he decided to buy it for £1,000 Rothenstein opened negotiations with Rodin.

The group to be purchased was to be a replica, and in the autumn of 1900 Rodin undertook to make a perfect replica in eighteen months. He explained that one could never

be sure of marble, that accidents could always happen to it, and made a special request for Pentelican marble which would cost 5,000 francs or rather more than three times as much as Carrara. His own fee was to be 20,000 francs, making the total 25,000. The conditions of the contract are worth mention because the artistic details of finishing were probably insisted on by Warren himself.

1. M. E. P. Warren s'accorde avec M. A. Rodin par l'intermédiaire de Carfax & Co. sur l'exécution dans le plus beau marbre de son groupe 'le Baiser'.
2. Le prix de l'oeuvre est 20,000 francs, et le marbre doit coûter 5,000 francs.
3. M. Rodin doit choisir le marbre.
4. L'organe génitale de l'homme doit être complété.
5. Le temps convenu ne doit pas dépasser 18 mois.
6. L'oeuvre doit être jugée en tout égale à l'originale au musée du Luxembourg. Si M. Rodin juge bien d'achever d'autres morceaux il le fera.
7. Paiement sera fait en bloc sur la livraison de l'oeuvre terminé, à Lewes, Angleterre.
8. Des avances peuvent être faites de temps en temps sur la progression de l'oeuvre."

This was the position in December 1900. By the following Easter the marble was being cut from Carrara, a sufficiently large block not being obtainable till then.

In 1903 Rodin paid a visit to England, when Rothenstein brought him to Lewes to meet Warren and to see especially his Greek things. A brief account of this visit is given in the second volume of *Men and Memories*. After describing Rodin's reluctance to leave the gems and marbles, Rothenstein says :

"At table the talk naturally led to the subject of beauty. Warren, like so many archæologists of that day, believed beauty to be a monopoly of the Greeks. Rodin, who would go into raptures over Greek marbles and bronzes, but was a creative artist first and foremost, getting somewhat impatient with the table talk, 'Let me go out into the street,' he said, 'and stop the first person I meet ; I will make a

work of art from him.' 'But suppose he were ugly,' Warren replied; to which Rodin: 'If he were ugly, he would fall down.' This was beyond Warren, and the talk took another turn."

As a matter of fact Warren did not think that beauty was a "monopoly of the Greeks", though he preferred their art to all other. The house contained beautiful things of all periods, and Warren differed from many collectors in acquiring nothing that he did not personally admire. The old question, whether beautiful works of art must be taken from subjects beautiful in themselves, had really been settled in Greece itself. The designs on their comic vases, their grotesque fauns and monsters, gave Warren as much delight as the Apoxyomenos. Gothic grotesque was perhaps more pleasing to him than purely Christian art. Of the five pieces he bought from Rodin, one was the *Man with the Broken Nose*; but his supreme regard for the Greek treatment of beautiful forms easily gave rise to misunderstanding. Yet he was rather on his guard against what is called ideal beauty. One of his counsels to youthful idealists was: "Try to maintain a wholesome abstention from spirituality." The visit lingered in Rodin's mind for on Christmas Eve 1911 he wrote:

"Comme je suis heureux, cher Monsieur Warren, de votre lettre. Elle m'a remis en cette cordialité de votre réception à Lewes, en cette sympathie que vous m'avez marquée dès l'abord.

"L'admiration que j'ai eue de votre vie, de votre goût si éclairé pour les œuvres d'art, cette tête [Venus] si chef d'œuvre, tout cela a déterminé plus encore chez moi le désir de vivre aussi dans la pensée grecque. Cette religion est la nôtre. Quand vous passerez à Paris et que j'aurai l'honneur de vous revoir ou à Lewes, je vous apporterai une amitié aussi enthousiaste.

"Recevez l'expression de mes vœux de Christmas.

"AUGUSTE RODIN"

In August 1903 the following letter arrived from Rodin:

182 rue de l'Université,

13.8.03.

"CHER MONSIEUR,—Dans mon dernier voyage à Londres, j'ai vu la tête antique d'Aphrodite que vous avez exposée au club.

"Je l'ai trouvée si belle que j'ai rêvé qu'elle m'appartenait, et mon rêve dure toujours. Je me hasarde donc à vous demander si vous consentiriez à un échange. Au cas où vous consentiriez je vous prierais de désigner parmi mes œuvres en marbre une œuvre qui vous plairait et nous pourrions peut-être nous entendre?

"J'ai beaucoup regretté que la date de mon voyage fût précisément à l'époque de votre absence, mais j'aurai, je l'espère, l'occasion de vous revoir. *Le Baiser* est en effet maintenant très avancé et bientôt fini. Je serais heureux si vous pouviez venir le voir et me dire à quelle date. Je serais à Paris jusqu'au quinze septembre.

"Veuillez bien recevoir, je vous prie, Monsieur Warren, mes bien sincères et cordiales salutations.

"A. RODIN"

Rodin renewed his request to exchange some of his own work for the Aphrodite in the following letters to Marshall:

Paris,

18.9.03.

"CHER MONSIEUR MARSHALL,—Je vous prie d'agréer toutes mes excuses pour n'avoir pas été libre le jour de votre visite. J'espère pouvoir vous dédommager lors de votre retour au premier octobre par une longue visite de mes ateliers. Mon secrétaire m'a fait part du plaisir que vous aviez éprouvé par votre visite au groupe du *Baiser* et j'en suis très heureux.

"Il est une question dont j'avais touché quelques mots dans une lettre à Monsieur Warren et dont j'eusse bien désiré vous entretenir si les circonstances m'avaient ménagé avec vous une entrevue plus longue car en ces sortes de choses les paroles sont plus discrètes et délicates que les écrits —C'est au sujet de la tête d'Aphrodite que j'ai admirée à Londres et dont mes rêves sont embellis. Vous serait-il possible de consentir à un échange?

"Pourrais-je vous proposer la figure aux Jambes écartées (bronze), et le marbre de la Danaïde? La réunion de ces deux œuvres pourrait-elle vous solliciter? ou bien d'autres combinaisons que je pourrais encore vous proposer?"

"Il est encore une chose à laquelle je songe et dont je serais heureux de vous toucher quelques mots. Je ne connais point la Grèce. Vous y allez régulièrement je crois, et il me semble que j'aurais grand plaisir à être une fois votre compagnon dans ce voyage."

"En attendant le plaisir de votre nouvelle visite, veuillez bien agréer, cher Monsieur Marshall, mes salutations bien sincèrement cordiales."

"A RODIN"

Paris,

5. 10. 03.

"CHER MONSIEUR MARSHALL,—Parmi les propositions que je vous ai énoncées au cours de notre entretien au sujet de la tête d'Aphrodite, il en est une dont je n'ai pas eu l'occasion de vous parler, et que je vous transmets, afin que vous puissiez la communiquer à votre ami, Monsieur Warren."

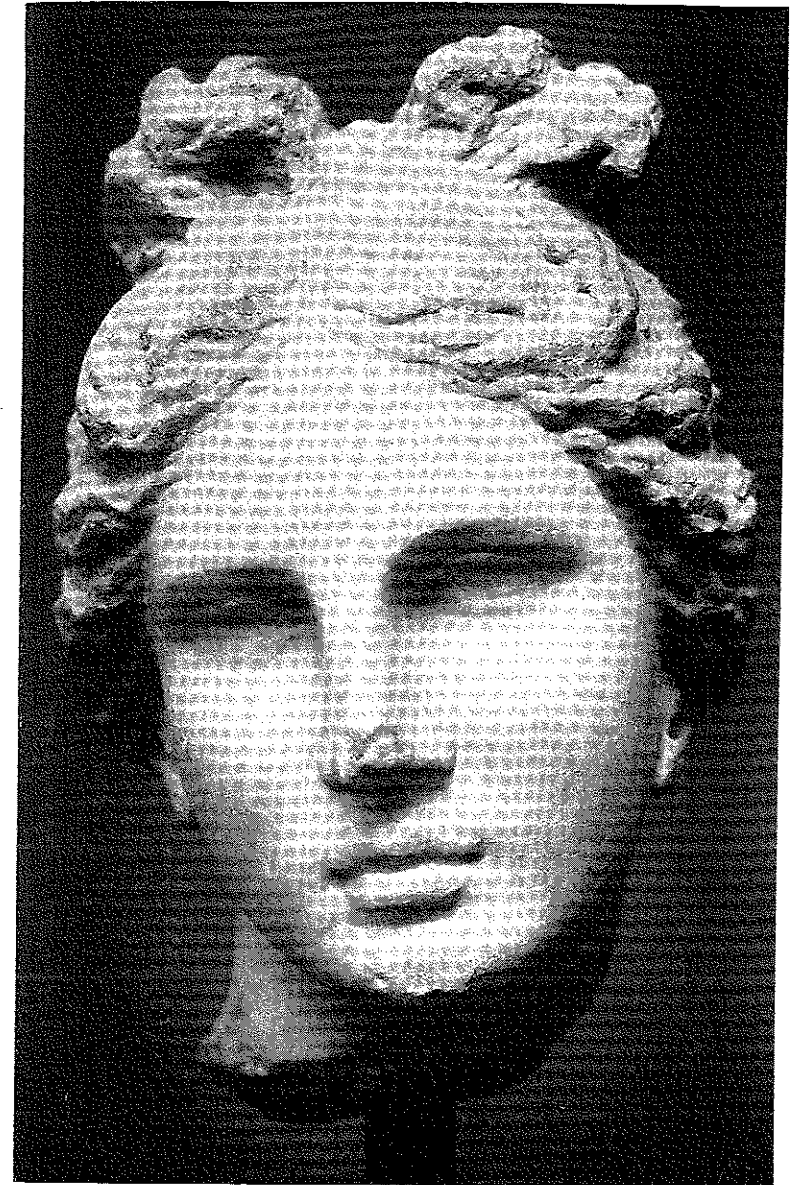
"Relativement à l'échange dont nous avons parlé, je vous propose de plus de ne conserver la tête d'Aphrodite que *ma vie durant*, de sorte que, moi disparu, elle vous retournerait."

"Vous remerciant encore de votre si aimable visite, je vous prie d'agréer, cher Monsieur Marshall, mes bien cordiales et sympathiques salutations."

"A RODIN"

The exchange was never made, and the Aphrodite now reposes in Boston Museum.

At the beginning of 1904 Rodin reported that the *Baiser* was nearly finished, and was asking for the payment of the *Jambes Ecartées* and of the *Man with the Broken Nose* that Warren had also bought from him. About the same time the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, of which Rodin became President, asked Warren to lend the *Baiser* to the Düsseldorf Exhibition to which the International was contributing. Rodin wanted the *Baiser* to represent him as President. Warren gave his consent, and the group,



APHRODITE

Marble head of the Goddess, 4th Century B.C.

we believe, was exhibited there. Rodin reported it to be finished and ready for sending on July 28th, 1904.

Toward the end of the following year the International Society asked permission to include the *Baiser* in its sixth annual Exhibition, held at the New Gallery from New Year's day until the end of March 1906. It was at this exhibition that the group became widely known in England. It was placed in the central hall, and according to Rodin's wishes, all his sculptures were set together against a white background.

It made a great impression at the Exhibition, and contemporary evidence shows that many thought it at the time to be Rodin's finest work. But opinion has since changed. The group found no purchaser at the sale of Warren's collection, and soon afterward was placed on loan at the Cheltenham Art Gallery, where at the time of writing (1936) it still is.

In Warren's lifetime the *Baiser* was for some years lent to the Town Hall at Lewes. There it occupied a corner of the largest room, but a few years after the excitement over Rodin's work had been eclipsed by the War some people made objections to it. It became an embarrassment to the town, which, on the plea that it took up too much space, asked Warren to retrieve it. It was then placed in the coachhouse at Lewes House, there being no room for it indoors, and there it remained until Warren's death. Apart from those already mentioned, other Rodins in his possession were a huge marble bust of the *Marquis de Rochefort*, and *La Vieille Heaumière*, a small bronze. It is perhaps worth notice, then, that two of his Rodins were of "ugly" subjects.

Vivid pictures of Rodin and the Duchess de Choiseul in Rome are given in these letters from Marshall :

Rome,

January 24th, 1912.

"Rodin arrived to-night at 7.30 from Genoa, Madame de Choiseul with him. They came here, but the lady being

very ill, they went for the night to rooms I had engaged at Hasler's. I fear they will hardly stay there, for she seems accustomed to luxury. She is a most fascinating talker, and told of her visit to the Pope during her last stay in Rome, in an inimitable fashion; the mistakes she made in etiquette, how the Pope patted her cheek and how she actually asked him to make a certain priest a *monsignore*. The Pope hesitated, but she wasn't a bit scared and pressed her case. He said he would do it if Monsignor Bisleti recommended him in writing. 'Oh, yes, he'll do that' (and he did, that very day). How the Pope in talking held out his hand to her, and she, thinking he meant her to kiss it, did so. Thereon he laughed and stroked her cheek. The interview lasted 20 minutes and the Pope told her to come again. She described the rooms, the furniture, the attendants, everything, in a wonderfully vivid way. Bisleti asked her what she thought of his Holiness: she answered that he was like a great slice of white bread: meaning plain, white, and wholesome.

Merry del Val she seemed to know very well and described a visit to him in the Borgia rooms. He wasn't there when she arrived and she had to wait. She saw some tapestry on the walls and to examine it stood on a chair. As she was standing there a door opened and an attendant asked what she was doing. 'Waiting for His Eminence'; whereon the attendant bowed to the ground and retired. Shortly afterwards she heard the halberds strike on the pavements and a man cried 'His Eminence'. Then nearer, a second time, 'His Eminence', and then a third time. Whereon the Cardinal entered with six men in uniform in front of him. He held his hands in front of him, palm to palm and had his big ruby ring on. He barely glanced at her. It was the most dignified sight you would imagine: but he passed through into another room. Immediately afterwards she was ushered in after him and there sat the Cardinal in a room furnished, as she said, like a *cocotte's*: a plush sofa, photos of women all about; tea-things and the like. A perfectly commonplace room, dreadfully furnished, and the Cardinal in red, seated, with his head affectedly resting on his hand. He offered her some tea; and she said how great a contrast this room seemed to the last. Merry del Val answered that it would kill him to live in the Borgia rooms; he must have a place where he could be comfortable.

Everything she told with such go that you seemed to see it all. One apartment specially struck her where she said were statues and pictures, amid furniture of the best French style, and where coffee was served in enamelled cups on a gold tray. After talking like this for an hour, she suddenly got up, rushed to the W.C. and vomited. Then came back and began again.

"It was a wonderful exhibition of talk. Rodin sat listening to her and enjoying our appreciation of her. When she returned to talk, she said in excuse that she had had the Cæsarean operation performed on her seven years ago, and that ever since she has been unable to retain anything she ate for more than a few minutes. She eats, she says, every hour of the day, and is always hungry. But not a bit can she retain. At night she runs danger from fainting fits and cannot be left alone. Well, that is Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul: small, very thin, and evidently once a beauty. Rodin had to play second fiddle to her, and evidently liked doing it. He was delightful and simple as ever: but she, I fear, is too gay a bird for this cage. She says that she means to go to the Vatican again and I hope that she will take one of us when she makes her visit. But, unless she knows where the W.C.'s are in the Vatican, she had better fight shy of that coffee. Mary acted admirably and, in spite of the Duchess's reputation, was fascinated by her. There is little in Anatole France which could beat her conversation, or rather monologue. 'A pity she can't write it,' said Rodin, 'but she cannot write anything—anything.' Which means, I suppose, that she has tried.

"There is no question about it that she is quite devoted to Rodin; and he is like a big baby with her. She has managed, so she tells Mary, to get the French Government to grant him the *Hôtel Biron* for life. She says she paid three journalists to write about it and got so many protests about the proposed ejection of him that the Government caved in and Rodin is now secure.

"Rodin sent me a small bronze—the only one made—of a dancing woman. I had had it mounted, and it was in the middle of the table as we dined. The only mistake was that there was hardly enough to eat: we had not reckoned upon the Duchess's abnormal appetite."

Jan. 28th, 1912.

"We have been studying Rodin and the Duchesse de Choiseul, Mary and I, and have ended in having the greatest admiration for both of them. Anything more touching, more sacred than their relation, cannot be found. She was a rich New York girl, of very good family. She was married to the Duke of Choiseul in New York, with great ceremony. She had one child, a boy, who lived for two years. There was a second. When she was expecting her third baby, something went wrong; the Cæsarean operation was performed and the child was cut piecemeal out of her body. Peritonitis set in. She lived; but from that day to this she had never been able to eat at any table save her own.

"She saw Rodin's things at the Exhibition in 1900 and liked them, but she never met him nor wanted to meet him. But six years ago, after the death of her second child, she did meet him accidentally at a friend's house. She had come to the notion that he was the greatest artist living, and when she saw him she found him very poorly dressed, gauche in manner, disheartened and almost beaten. She said she made up her mind to do what she could for him, to act as his daughter and to protect him from his many enemies. Something in his face told her that he liked her. She told Mary how she went about to get hold of him, and how in the end she managed it. Mrs. Rodin was, she says, one of his main enemies. She was not Rodin's wife; but was a servant and model to whom Rodin was intensely faithful, and is now.¹ But Mrs. Rodin can neither read nor write; she adores him but cannot understand him, and she longed that he should remain poor.

The Duchesse didn't want to separate them, but she did want him to be freed from her influence. Finally she got control. She found that he never made more than 12,000 dollars a year. She has brought it up to 80,000. She has put all his money in the bank and made it sure that he shall have money in plenty during his old age. She has seen him to the station every night on his way to Meudon: if he ever sleeps at Rue de Varenne, she sees him to bed and does not leave till he is

¹ Sir William Rothenstein writes: "Mme. Rodin died some years ago, and Rodin did actually marry her, but late in life. She was not a bad influence but a touchingly devoted servant, servant in the true sense of the word, to Rodin throughout his life."

fast asleep. She helps him to dress and undress, for, as you know, he cannot do it himself. She has made him far stronger than he ever was before and quite happy. He eats and drinks just what he ought; she carried an enormous supply of butter for him and a special sort of bread. He allows her even to see him at work with a model—a thing no one has ever been allowed to do before. That there is anything improper in their relations—well, that is quite, quite out of the question.

"He is her baby, her father. He is quite in love with her—they seem as though they had been married last week. He is writing a book about her, for her alone to see. All that is highly romantic—but it is all absolute truth. The poor thing is so weak that she can hardly get about: her face is dreadful: she cannot sit up for more than an hour: she has fever every day. But the old man loves her as he has never loved anybody. We had asked Rodin to stay here: but he wouldn't allow it; he must stay with her. I got two rooms, opening into one another; a big one for her, a small one for him. There they have stayed. She dresses very simply, but very richly: it is evident that she is accustomed to luxury, but what saved the situation was her seeing that we believed in her. I did after I had talked with her half an hour. Mary has seen much more of her than I have and thinks her exceptionally fine and delicate in feeling. She was horrified to think that she had ever dreamed of anything wrong.

"I tell you this, because it's true, and one of the most beautiful things I have ever come across.

"Now," says the lady, "I am not going to let America have anything more. Nothing! Nor Germany either. Last year came two people to have him make their portraits—80,000 francs each. He refused. He shall not do it. They have had their chance, the Americans, and they have lost it. The New York Museum has behaved contemptibly: but it is finished. Not another thing shall they have. Now it is the turn of France. Rodin has now all the decorations he can have from France, save one, which the President of the Republic alone has. Well, Rodin is to have that in May next; it is promised me. Rich Americans come in and I show them his work. How much is that? Five thousand dollars. They think it too much: but they go round the studio till they find a work which they like much. How much must I pay for that? Twenty-five thousand dollars, and you

won't get it then.' Her face was quite inspired as she told us this tale. We asked her to repeat it in French for Rodin's benefit. When she came to the 'Vingt cinque mille dollars et vous ne le prendrez avec !' he roared with delight.

"Altogether she is a very fine and delightful woman, and seems to me the more wonderful of the pair.

"By-the-way, one of Rodin's sayings to me to-day was 'Everything was good till the Empire. That ruined art. Pedants came in. Do you remember it said of Robespierre ? *Ce bougre n'est pas capable de cuir un œuf. Et pourtant il a coupé sa tête.* David is a sort of Robespierre. Everything becomes *maigre*. Look at this new monument to Victor Emmanuel. The columns are wrong : look at it from here—(the Pincian)—they look like a grille, not like columns. It is *maigre* : and the ornaments on top are like nothing at all. Yet, for a modern work, it might easily be worse. We are suffering from the sway of pedantry which began with the Empire. Pauline Borghese is the mother of all modern sculpture.'

"By the way, it is very touching to notice that he always says 'We' instead of 'I' : Madame de Choiseul he consults about everything. 'We' are going to put the *Homme Marchant* up in the Palazzo Farnese. She goes round with him to defend him."

31. I. 12.

"I will tell you some more about Madame de Choiseul.

"Dr. Öhle, whom she called in, told her that there was nothing for her to do but to go into a Sanatorium for some months. The life she was leading was bound to be fatal : the end would come suddenly : she might go off any day. She listened to him and then acted just as before.

"To-day the two went out, for the first time, to lunch—at Count Primoli's. She came back in a high fever, having had a 'disgusting time' at a lunch with 20 people asked to meet Rodin. Mary got her some mulled wine and we went all a drive on the Via Nomentana. That did her good and she grew sleepy. At supper she ate well, talked brilliantly all the while. She told tales, about children, about American society, about French Chateau life—all extraordinary in their vividness. The American tale was about high-life in America :

how one night at a country house where there was a large party, a Spaniard very rich and very ugly had caught her in the corner of a room and kissed her. She didn't say a word, but thought how to be even with him. People were about on the lawn much in the daytime, and it was customary for the servants to air the bedroom things at the windows. She paid her maid to go into the Spaniard's room, after he had left it ; to take the ewer and empty it on the mattress. Then her maid arranged with the servants to put this mattress out to dry at his window. The guests noted it ; spotted that it was the Spaniard's room, and made such remarks that the Spaniard missed dinner that night and left suddenly next morning.

"The Château tales were equally shocking, but very amusing. One pleased Rodin much. She was staying at one place with many other guests and every one was dreadfully bored, especially after dinner. She proposed a game. She would run out to hide and then the company should go out one by one or two by two and search the Château till they found her. Of course they never searched, but went off in couples to remote places to flirt in secret. 'And I used to see them pair off, two and two. One night, after they had all gone I slipped into the dining-room which they had left and noticing the Abbé there I got behind the piano and hid behind a big vase which was on it. He was walking up and down the room. Then he went up to the table and drank up everything which had been left in the glasses of the guests. After that he went to the corner of the table, and pretended to read. A minute passed and then I noticed that he had a bottle of Curaçoa and was drinking straight from the bottle. He emptied it.' Rodin liked this tale and thought the priest might be a good strong fellow. She said that he was very much liked in the family and that the children, now grown up, wouldn't part with him.

"A Balzacian tale was about some poor friars who came to her place and asked permission—seven of them—to fish on a certain day in the lake. They were very simple fellows and very poor ; she gave the permission. When the day arrived, she had a big table spread near the lake and put an enormous amount of food of all sorts on it, together with wine and cider. She gave orders that no one was to serve them, but that, dinner over, they should be given coffee from a great can

and be supplied with eau-de-vie as much as they wanted. She described how the head friar said grace—with his eyes fixed on the meats before him. The dinner lasted from 12.30 till after three, and then they all lay down on the grass and slept. They told her when they woke that it had been an unforgettable day; but as they had to walk home it proved too late to fish. Every year these friars walked 11 kilometres on a certain day to fish in her pond; every time they had this same feast, and then had to walk 11 kilometres home. Never once had they fished.

"Rodin didn't much like the mattress tale, but over these Balzacian things he laughs like a cow.

"One tale was how she played a dirty trick on a man whom she didn't like at a country house. They were talking about hypnotism and someone suggested that she would make a good subject. She said that it was generally thought that she was a very easy subject to hypnotise. So she was hypnotised and then she began to describe someone in the room—it was the man she was bent on scoring off. When she had made it quite clear whom she was talking about, she went on: 'His valise, he has a valise in his room. It has so and so in it. . . . What's that? Horrible, horrible! What is that dreadful thing all wrapt up, which he never shews to anybody? I must see it, I shall see it,' and she rushed off towards the door. The people thought that was enough; stopt her and after making some passes 'brought her to' again. They asked her if she remembered anything. 'No,' she said, 'except that I have a vague notion of a repulsive and odd-looking medical instrument, wrapt up very carefully and locked in a valise.' 'It paid him back, I assure you: he couldn't marry for some years after.'

"Another one was like Anatole France in style. Her neighbour was a very rich champagne manufacturer. They were worried to death how to amuse people. 'For,' she explained, 'all the good country families are very fine people indeed, but quite simple: never, never, do they go to Paris.' She and a girl in a neighbour's family agreed that the rich man should send out invitations for an entertainment at which a Parisian dancer should appear. The mothers and fathers of the neighbourhood wanted to see the dancer, but they thought that it mightn't be quite the place for their daughters. So only parents came. Well, of course, Madame was

the dancer dressed up in a peruke and leading a lamb. She did several old dances, but there wasn't very much applause. When it was over she went up to change, and when her carriage was announced she came in in her proper dress. She asked about the dancing, but the mothers thought little of it. 'You haven't missed much. Why, it was a ridiculous thing! There wasn't anything to see. We might just as well have brought Matilde and Dorothée here.'

"This is the woman who is running Rodin. She is devoted to him, and he to her. There isn't anything in life which she doesn't know, how, for instance, to *bouffer* a lamb, so that its wool stand out, also what the lamb does, when you *bouffer* it. She knows most things, anyhow, especially most things about politics. But she is much too sure of herself, too much wrapped up in herself—she is the heroine of all her tales—she doesn't like other people talking when she is at table. She is in fact a very bright, but somewhat commonplace, Parisian lady, with a title which she values very, *very* highly, very proud of her husband—whom Rodin, by the way, once spoke disparagingly of, when she was not near—as amusing as a monkey, full of devilry, with no manners, except what her husband has taught her. The one thing which makes her great is this absolute devotion to the helpless old man.

"Here she means to run the French ambassador, and the Pope. Mr. Barrère is to be forced against his will to put *L'homme Qui Marche* right in the centre of the court of the Farnese. Rodin himself thinks that it would look all right there, but he would be satisfied by any other position in the court. Barrère objects to the central position mainly because of its inconvenience for motors. But she *will* have it there, and nowhere else, and Rodin is as clay in her hands.

"She is going to run the Vatican too. She and Mary went suddenly there the other day to demand a private audience for him. The Majordomo—a bishop—didn't know who he was; but promised to try and get him one. Rodin doesn't want it; in fact he dreads it, but he must go. And she and Mary shall go with him right up to the Pope's own door, and push him in. Rodin sits and listens to her schemes, half admiring, half bewildered.

"I am to be dragged in. Mary and I are to meet Count Primoli in the Forum on Friday or Saturday. I'll see him damned first.

"Meanwhile things that seem to her sure, are not sure. The *Hôtel Biron* was secured to Rodin for life. To-day Rodin told me that it wasn't and that he wanted to go back to Paris to see the man, I forget his name, who has the ultimate decision of the matter. So he has to return. In his absence, will the *Homme Marchant* go in the middle of the court? She said that she had it in writing from the Minister in Paris, and could force Barrère if she wanted. But it isn't in writing; what the Minister wrote was merely that it was to go 'in the court of the Farnese'. So that neither *L'homme Qui Marche* nor the *Hôtel Biron* are secure. Nor even the interview with the Pope—but what saves all is her devotion to him, and his to her. That is very wonderful.

"Rodin's presents to her have been a great ruby ring, beautiful, which he has had bought in the East, at, she says, an enormous price, also a brooch designed by himself, C.C. (Claire Choiseul), enclosing A.R. She wears these two always and, when in full rig, adds what she says are the 'famous Choiseul pearls'. There is a long history to them which is wonderful, but wonderful too is this, that they look suspiciously like Roman pearls. They are genuine, however, like herself.

February 5th, 1912.

"To-day I took Rodin to Sta Maria degli Angeli and to the Terme again. Then to the Forum where Count Primoli, the Spanish ambassador, Boni, and others, were waiting to show us round the Forum. Rodin complained afterwards that there was so much explanation that he couldn't see the things. Thence to the Castello dei Cesare for the banquet. I was asked, but I preferred to go with Mary and the Duchess to lunch at a separate table outside. Primoli and his party were at a second table near ours, and the banquet was indoors in the big room. The French Ambassador was there, the mayor Nathan, Conte de San Martino and about 40 others. There were speeches which we didn't hear: then a lot of menu cards written on by Rodin: then photographing by two amateurs—one of them Mary Marshall. Mary and I had the chance to speak a strong word to Barrère, and to show him the photos which I had had taken of the statue in the court against the columns. He said that at first he had objected, because he didn't think that it would look well there and he was proud

to have it in the middle. So the Duchesse had carried her point. She knew it last night, or early this morning, and she told us that when she told Rodin, he said, 'This is all your work: every bit of it. What must I do for you?' She answered, 'Give me your blessing,' and knelt down while he put his hands on her head.

When he came out this morning, I saw that he had been agitated and he said at the Museum, 'Don't show me great works: show me little things I have not seen. I am somewhat disturbed.' This afternoon Zanelli the sculptor, whose work Rodin likes, came to see him, and they had a long talk. Zanelli is a fine fellow, and praised *L'homme Qui Marche* in magnificent terms which I didn't translate for fear of making Rodin blush. To-morrow the Mayor gives a tea in the Capitol in Rodin's honour, to which we all go. Then a deputation sees him off at the station."

February 6th, 1912.

"Rodin has gone by the 9.5 train. I had a busy day. At 9.30 we were at the Palazzo Farnese where he gave instructions to his architect. We were there only about 15 minutes, but there was a cinematograph man there who took him in the court and also as we were driving out: another man photographed him for *L'Illustration*. Then we went to the Forum where he gave me a delightful time, telling me a lot of his ideas. Then to San Lorenzo in Miranda, and to SS. Cosimo and Damian. Then home to lunch. Then at 2.30 a long long drive, all four of us, as far as you go ever on the Via Appia. The Duchess had neuralgia and her face was much swollen, but she kept up her spirits. Rodin took his hat off and had a good time. We stopt at a barber's on the way back, and she herself frizzed his hair and beard for the reception at the Capitol.

"The Capitol was all lit up for him: both Museums and the Senator's palace. Plants all over the place, a very fine buffet and God knows what else. The Mayor took Mary and the Duchess around while Rodin was with a number of other men very anxious to talk to him. I went first with one group, then with another, feeling a bit out of place. Rodin stands flattery very well and he got a lot of it, but after an hour we left down the grand staircase accompanied by the Mayor. The Mayor said that they never lit up the Capitol save for

very important visitors. Also he made himself specially amiable to Mary, whom all the servants thought to be the Duchess, somewhat to the Duchess's annoyance. Mary might have been the queen herself, the way she went round. The Duchess is very small, hardly dresses elegantly, carries too many jewels, and is best when she speaks French. Mary beats her hollow, because she is always simple and graceful and never tries to be witty. For once in her life the Duchesse was outshone; but she took it prettily, and made afterwards some compliments to me about Mary's manner which were pleasant to hear. At 7.30 supper, and then to the station where there were a few people to see him off. He left calling me John (which he can't for the life of him pronounce, and cannot write however often he tries: the 'h' is always in the wrong place).

"I have a great admiration for him as a man. He is good, good tempered, amusing at times, likes long silences, is very strict in his food, scarcely touches wine, is generous in his praise of others, looks like a great lion, speaks when he wants to speak with great precision, loves simplicity and honesty.

"He told me that the Duchess was one of the wits in Paris. That he spent from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. in his studio where she held quite a salon. That amused her and he was glad of it. Rochefort was very fond of her: so was Poincaré, and the President was very keen to meet her. 'In Paris she keeps at home mornings, and it does her good to come to Rue de Varennes in the afternoons.'

"She leads him a life at times, I think, but he recognises her devotion and repays it fully. It is beautiful to see them walking together, like father and daughter, or husband and wife. She did not want to come to us, fearing that we might not understand her. He said to her, 'Marshall is my friend, I am sure. Just go and treat him and his wife as though they liked me and they will recognise what you are.' Well, it all turned out so: both Mary and I have had a splendid fortnight, and have made them, I think, pretty happy."

CHAPTER XIV

WARREN AS POET AND CRITIC

FEW of Warren's contemporaries were aware that he wrote and published verse. Among those not his intimates who did know was the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges. In the letters that follow Bridges expressed interest and admiration, but later, with the express proviso that he dissented from the poems' intention, an intention, it should be added, that had in part escaped him until Warren, with his usual scrupulousness, pointed it out. Warren wished to be well understood and would accept no judgment, least of all an encomium that was not fully informed.

These poems are accessible. The latest (enlarged) edition,¹ with an interesting Preface, was published by Duckworth in 1928, a few months before Warren died. But his poetry is so little known that it must be described, for its own sake, for its place in his life, and to make Robert Bridges's letters intelligible. There shall be only description and a citation or two here, for Warren expressly deprecated any literary criticism in this Memoir.

The volume seen by Bridges was *Itamos*,² shortly after its publication by Grant Richards in 1903; but since the later book, called *The Wild Rose*,³ included most of *Itamos* in addition to other pieces, that is the one described here.

The title, the pseudonym, the colour and decoration of the binding, need a short commentary. The curious mind of the author meant every detail to tell.

¹ *The Wild Rose* enlarged and with a preface. Duckworth, 1928... the last being the definitive edition.

² *Itamos*. By Arthur Lyon Raile. Grant Richards, 1903.

³ *The Wild Rose*. By Arthur Lyon Raile. David Nutt. 1913.

The title, *The Wild Rose*, puzzled some readers when confronted with this scholarly, compact, severe-looking verse. Since the garden rose, Warren said, signified married love in Christendom, the wild rose was the symbol of the love of friends in Pagan Greece. He would add, with a smile, that the wild rose also had another common name, the canker. The pseudonym upon the title-page is "Arthur Lyon Raile". When asked why he chose this name, he replied because the word Raile would be "easy to rhyme to". His combination of humility with a touch of superiority was characteristically shown in this remark. The colour of the binding is a rich red: the "colour of blood".

The published preface discusses, with examples, the special grammar, the content (part Greek, part Christian), of the poems, and interprets the meaning of the more obscure lines or stanzas. Without this, certain sentences would puzzle, and the drift of some be lost. For example, "The Naiads", a poem standing apart from the rest which refers to a pool bewildered by a waterfall, symbolises, we are told, the peculiar morals of Italian dealers in antiquities.

Apart from these less personal significances, the poems suggest a very intimate, if incomplete, record of emotion that, long frustrated, had a happy issue in Warren's middle life. They also express his deepest convictions with a restrained passion that the reader can feel. The poems are dated, the order of their composition is generally preserved, and there exists an annotated copy relating the precise occasion of many of them. These annotations, moreover, are a warning to interpreters, for they show that while, with the aid of the Preface, the outline of a story can be inferred, nobody from the poems themselves would get it right in detail. Indeed, the annotations, so far as they go, prove that different stanzas even in the same poem may refer to different people. The Dedication is to "J.M."—but Marshall is not the subject of most of them. The subject of the series mentioned in the

Preface is H. The biographer especially must be wary of precise personal inferences.

The earliest poem is dated 1882, the latest 1910. Most were written from 1902 onward, and a few, which the Preface mentions, are outside the main sequence and occasional.

To quote his Preface:

"The juvenilia (four in number) show a love of morbid beauties; then come ten years of silence broken only by a meditation (No. 7), wherein a few words testify rather to love of health. . . . From 1902 poems press on one another thick and fast, bursting as it were through the flood-gates. The first rush is the strongest. Long inhibition shows in condensed phrases. A few words much meant seemed a great deal to say. This concision, if unfavourably viewed, may be called constriction. Toward the end of the book expression weakens: happiness and health have been won; we are in calmer waters."

He defines in this Preface three characteristics of the poems:

- "1. The series (the numbers, duly given in the Preface, are not consecutive numbers) consists of love-poems written in maturity. We associate love-poems with youth.
2. Christian and Pagan beliefs, or diverse parts of each, are combined, even those apparently most contrary.
3. The influence of Latin poetry collides with English tendencies, producing involutions more suited to an inflected language . . ."

"In short, love in maturity, Paganism and Christianity combined, verse that expresses no current beliefs, involution of style condensed and perhaps constricted, definition instead of abandonment: these are the marks of the book."

A general hint of their story, an example of the verse, and a line or two detached to convey the author's sense of urgency is all, short of the literary criticism that he deprecated here, that need be added to supplement Robert Bridges's letters about them.

The four opening juvenilia, written in 1881 and 1882, reveal the state of mind, "showing a love of morbid beauties", that Warren had brought to Oxford from America—not the friend nor the satisfactions that he found there. The seventh poem, dated 1887, "If Some of You Were Living", expresses his deepening discontent with the modern view of friendship: "friendship", he wrote elsewhere, "is so little understood in the modern world that we deem that we possess it."

The ten years of silence, he says in his Preface, began in 1892, that is at the time when he and Marshall had settled in Lewes House. This silence, as we have seen, began in satisfaction. To have won Marshall was everything, but the winning was not without difficulties too. Marshall, for example, though a loved friend, was not an apt secretary. Other friends came who were sometimes better secretaries, but only substitutes for Marshall in all else; and Marshall was not only often abroad, on Warren's encouragement, but he gradually withdrew in feeling. So the silence of satisfaction turned into the silence of frustration. Warren's health suffered till, in 1902, "the floodgates were burst".

The relief in 1902 probably came soon after the arrival of another and much younger friend. None ever ousted Marshall. The succeeding secretaries, despite Marshall's friendship for some of them, had not been wholly welcome to him, nor was the later arrival. In a sense, Marshall was unreasonable. He withdrew and was still first, but he did not like the idea of anyone else taking the place he had surrendered. Meanwhile Warren's health was restored, and the bulk of the poems end in 1906—one year before Marshall's marriage. By that date, with other new arrivals, Lewes House was in part transformed.

The Wild Rose does not consist only of love poems. There are others expressing the urgency of one who "felt mainly the boldness of his assertions, the burden of a message to be delivered, and fear of danger to be incurred by silence, the fear of Ibycus". (See Preface.)

The full statement of this "message" is contained in the prose—that essay which Marshall was to have written, in which he lost interest and which therefore, at long last, Warren wrote himself. This was the whole theory of Virtue, in its masculine sense, of Nobility, essentially Aristocratic, which he held to be the Greek ideal though, like the air the Greeks breathed, too much a part of them to have become fully self-conscious. Moreover, Christianity, altering much, had added something. So Warren constructed a theory neither wholly Greek nor wholly Christian, but substantially less Christian than Greek. Warren thought their emotional basis to be the necessary nurse of the peculiarly masculine virtues, but he put the virtues first even when most rejoicing in the emotion. Declaring the scholar to be "the memory of mankind", he felt entrusted with the recovery and re-statement of that memory: first by personal example, secondly, by a household displaying Greek principles, and thirdly by proclaiming the theory in verse and in one piece of prose.

"I like to think of my life as a fight for friendship, against modern ideas—my protests are the collection of Greek antiquities and my writings, and against domesticity when it tends to be hostile. I was faithful to my friends, the married and the unmarried; I put them before my people at home. Result, certain alienations and antagonisms. A friend should not be an independent person; a true friend should give and take times of independence and these times should not only be times of solitude but of absence.

"I do not think that doubt attaches to the following: my verses and my prose advocate a morality, but it is not the current morality in certain matters. This being so, the reader may enquire whether the writer's morality, where it did not differ from current morality, was real and staunch. Otherwise he has no right to apply holy terms to his novelties. Further, his accent will not be sincere unless his self-discipline is genuine. The practice of subjection should leave its mark. It is not important to write much; it is important to leave pages which can be believed as a record of life. How could I write them if faithless?"

The verses with this inspiration may be illustrated by a quotation or two :

"Believe or suffer. From this very night
draw the proud rampart of thy sacred hold ;
nor boast, nor doubt, nor trouble, nor be bold.
I fill thee with a secret yet untold,
a brother's secret, and a father's might."

(From *Love's Word*, p. 27.)

Again :

"I, singing of the past, redeem the past
from death. If Fate have granted me to live,
more than the past is mine to give,
little of mine, yet something that shall last :—
my own heart's colour on the half-dead tone
to make the past our own."

(From *New and Old*, p. 76.)

The more lyrical and most poignant stanzas often convey his feelings on the marriage of the friend addressed, and the truly wonderful generosity he displayed when the demand on himself was greatest :

"'Tis over, then, my Paradise !
'Twas gold to me : to you 'twas dross.
I welcome at whatever price
your gain, my loss . . .

"Thus twice hath friendship barred the way
to what I hoped for most of all ;
But what is love, if it obey
not friendship's call ?

(From *Amor Amicitia*, p. 11.)"

Again :

"And why should be mine own
thy life ? Alone
try what of love thou covetest unbidden.
Pass on thy way and try.
Prove what shall please thee better far than I.
Pass on thy way, unfaithful and unhidden :—

"but not unloved, for, till
thou art safe from ill,
my arm shall hold thee, and my hand restrain.
I guard thy heart for thee,
although it never come again to me,
though it be thine alone, nor mine again."

(From *Disappointment*, p. 94.)

And many of his friends, including those less intimate, would agree that Warren had earned, by his fidelity to his own standard, the end of this imagined response :

"When I am old, come to me, child, and say :

'I have tried another way,
and sweet hath been the bed whereon I have lain.
I have left thee to love again ;
but—take my hand to-day. . . .

"have better loved, and found a love that now
shame were to disavow,
but not more true and perfect to the end
than thine, O perfect friend,
nor holier than thou.'"

(From *When I am Old*, p. 100.)

Perhaps it was this particular sensitiveness, and generosity, that equipped him to write "First Motherhood", a poem too long to quote here, almost the only poem of universal interest, and one that would enrich anthologies. The poems remarked by Robert Bridges must complete our glance at the book.

A copy of *Itamos*, the title of the first volume, must have been sent to Bridges in the autumn of 1903, for the latter's letters¹ begin with the following :

Wells,
Somerset.

22. 11. 1903.

"DEAR SIR,—I cannot thank you enough for the gift of your fine poem, which has been sent on to me here. I feel

¹ These letters are included here by kind permission of Mrs. Bridges.

some hesitation in writing to you before I can say that I fully understand it, but the difficulty is inherent in the task which you apparently set yourself of giving completeness of expression to your abstractions; and since I do not feel sure of being wiser very soon, there is prudence in my writing before my excuses have perished. I do not for instance see what your conception of Nature is—how it is separated from material aspects. But I have not had a fair chance with the book, as I am unfortunately unable just now to distract my mind from some present anxieties, and I am at best very slow in these deep matters, where every detail means so much.

"I have however read the poem several times and with increasing admiration: and I feel at home with most of the hymns and meditations. I carry it in my pocket for study at leisure. I find many splendid things in it. But if, as I suspect, your interest is chiefly in the main argument, my general condition of mind may not satisfy you.

"I hope that you sent me the book with some confidence that I should appreciate it: as I can assure you that I do, *very much*. It is rarely that poetry has any definite philosophical meaning: such a sustained and high-pitched effort as yours is of the rarest.

"Thanking you again for the honour you have done me, and for the pleasure entailed, believe me

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT BRIDGES."

Except for a copy of one letter, Warren's replies are wanting, but Bridges' explain themselves and perhaps gain from appearing uninterrupted.

*Yattendon,
Berkshire.*

31. 12. 1903.

"DEAR SIR, The delay in your answer to my letter (satisfactorily accounted for by your absence from England) had led me to fear that you did not intend to reply; and I was very much pleased to hear from you, and also by the fullness of your letter. Xmas disturbances and some particular anxieties prevent my writing to you such a letter as I would, and I have put off for several days without finding the necessary leisure.

"But I may say that I admire your work as much as I did when I wrote to you. On the other hand I do not think that I understand it, in the obscure places, any better. Your explanation relieves me from the task of bringing all the poems to one focus: but the difficulties remain. I am willing to allow some of the difficulty to be due to my own slowness of intelligence, of which I am honestly very sensible: but I am certain that—indisposed as I am to offer advice—you are really sometimes too obscure in expression, and would do well to pay attention to the fault. It is my experience that such a fault is *very rarely overcome*, and it would be therefore unwise not to be severe with it. You will not misunderstand me.

"I admire your brevity and severity and do not look for lucidity in mysteries, nor ask the sun to shine in the night, but I want the stars unclouded. Your 'Epithalamia of Man' is entirely free from blemish of this sort, and I liked that (as a whole poem) best in the book: and with it 'Εἰς Ἑρωτα Οὐράνιον'. But in most of the poems I find things which I think as fine as the fine things in those. I do not feel inclined to write more in detail to-day. As to your main subject or thesis I think that your creed really hits the essential motive which man will have to recognize when he has purged his religions. These are matters to talk of rather than to write of: and I hope that when you are next in England you will find time to pay me a visit here.

"I have recommended your book to one or two lovers of poetry and I hope that they will attend to it. I shall be very much surprised if the book gets the notice it deserves on account of its severity. I should be glad to hear of any success which it makes. By the way your style reminds me very much of George Herbert at his best: for instance when he could write 'I cannot open my eyes, But Thou art ready there to catch my morning soul': I hardly like to say this because G. H. really never wrote one poem without some ridiculous blemish, but he is unlike other poets in the exact quality of his mastery when he attains—and I particularly admire it: and shd not be surprised to hear that you have also been familiar with it.

Thanking you for your letter,

Yours sincerely,

ROBT. BRIDGES.

The "Epithalamia of Man", which Bridges said was the one he "liked best (as a whole poem) in the book", is too long to quote in full. The following are its first four stanzas:

"Sing when the morning, white with fire,
shows thee the way of life to try:
sing when the evening's last desire
flickers to die:

sing when the wreath of myrtle binds
the brow of youth, and hot within
thy soul aflame with passion finds
heaven and sin:

sing when thy love is curtained round
with peace; when unbelieved and bright
thy heart at last hath nobly found
noble delight:

sing ere the pleasant days are done,
the days too sunny to depart:
sing when there is no ray of sun
in all thy heart."

The second poem mentioned by Bridges, "Εἰς Ἐρωτα Οὐράνιον", is short enough to be quoted entire:

"Thou art my lord, and all my life shall lie
a tangle round thy tombstone, if thou die.
Thou art my hope, and, if thou diest not,
thy life is bedded in a tomb forgot.
I from thy being have sucked in my strength;
thou from my dying shalt arise at length.
Thou of all lovers art the living head;
I shall be one of many lovers dead.
But the great fire of thine altar flames
only with kindling-wood of perished names."

The one surviving copy of a reply from Warren, though written nearly a year later—it is dated October 10th, 1904—refers to the foregoing letter. When Bridges had written, "I

think that your creed really hits the essential . . ." he had not realised all that that creed implied. Consequently, Warren at first possibly supposed there to be a deeper agreement than was the case, but the mutual misunderstanding was cleared up on a visit to Yattendon of which Warren wrote a brief account, to be mentioned at the end of these letters.

Yattendon,
Berkshire.

23. 1. 1904.

"DEAR SIR,—I reply to your letter at once to assure you that I have not violated your anonymity. I think the best thing I can do is to send you a copy of the book scored with my objections—then you will see what they are worth, and exactly what it is that a reader stumbles at.

"You will no doubt have seen the notice of the book in the *Literary Supplement* to *The Times* of this week. You were fortunate in having a critic who not only read but studied.

"If I send you the book with pencilled objections you will of course understand that I pose as *advocatus diaboli*, and not be led to question my sympathy and admiration. I have heard nothing from any friends of your poem, as yet.

Yours sincerely,
ROBT. BRIDGES."

Yattendon,

22. 2. 1904.

"MY DEAR POET,—How evil is procrastination! I shd have set to work at once. About 10 days or a fortnight ago I got involved. The ladies at Somerville Coll. are going to 'open' a library next term and want to act something in the Portico at the festival. And I have been foolish enough to promise to try to write them a masque. You will not blame me for turning my attention to it at once; as they naturally want it as soon as they can get it. But your letter came this morning; so, after dinner, I have just been through all your *Itamos*, and jotted down my grammatical objections on two sheets which I enclose. Excuse the work being so hasty; it is not careless, tho' had I had more leisure I might have done better.

"Let me say parenthetically that in going over the poem again I felt my admiration for the work as fresh as ever.

"Shortly after I wrote to you Henry Newbolt came here for a few days. I showed him *Itamos*, and his opinion of it concurred with mine, and you will probably see a notice of it in the *Monthly Review*. It is sure to be sympathetic; but you must not expect to escape fault-finding for the sort of obscurities which I point out. Critics will consider them awkwardnesses, which I think that they are.

"Newbolt was very anxious to discover why you called your book *Itamos*. I had not given the matter a thought, but I worked it out! and was much amused because you don't give the reader the idea of your being a person to whom the adjective 'headlong' is applicable.

"As for the quotations comparing in your letter passages from my poems and yours—these show you to be very scrupulous. I shd not have discovered the resemblances. As for plagiarisms I myself consider that an author has a right to take anything from anywhere, whether he acknowledge it or not. But it is of course at his own risk.

"I hope my pencil notes may be of use. In any case they will show you the nature of my objections.

Yours sincerely,
ROBT. BRIDGES.

"P.S. Are not your initials the very same with the President of Magdalen's brother, the architect?"

Yattendon,

13.9.1904.

"DEAR MR. WARREN,—As you said that you would be in England in August I had been expecting to hear from you, and am rather disappointed to find that you will be unable to pay us a visit.

"I am very much occupied myself with unfortunate family complications; but it is not at all unlikely that I might be at Lewes in October. What would bring me there is house-hunting. . . .

"I shd be very sorry not to meet you. Perhaps we might be in London on the same day. I will write again.

Yours truly,
ROBERT BRIDGES."

Two other letters show that Bridges was unable to visit Lewes and the second contains such precise details about trains to Hampstead Norris—the station for Yattendon—that it seems not unlikely that Warren spent his week-end there at the end of September (1904).

Warren wrote to Marshall immediately on his return a long account of his visit:

"Bridges received me in a casual way which I took to be affected: gruff, honest, careless. He is a long thin man with a face not wholly unlike the buttered portraits of Carlyle. He began talking metre at once and for hours . . . stress, pitch, accent, the Greek accent, arsis, thesis and bars. The Greeks knew no bars, hence the Germans who have gone on modern musical lines are wrong. Much about Blass and the Orators, much more than I understood, interspersed with 'Don't you think so?' and 'Don't you see?' to which I made intelligible rather than intelligent answers. Then supper, then metre again and a promise that we should have a big jaw about the poetry on Sunday. But would I go to Church? he was precentor. Before he had been precentor he had not been to Church but the Parson asked him to do the music. We should hear the only correct version of the *Old Hundredth* and there would be a trumpet. I asked him to review the pencilled criticisms he had made of the poems. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am ready for work'; but he began to stammer and was loth to say anything 'to an artist'. He asked me my ideas of love—he did not know how much to read into the verses; he understood and had felt romantic passion in youth. And then suddenly 'what did I think of the sacrament of marriage?' Next day we were much interrupted by comings and goings. Finally I settled it that he had expected to find much relief in my society and had been disappointed. The *Old Hundredth* was certainly good. He wished I had brought my *Nunc Dimittis*—they would have sung it. Of Church music he knows much and distinguished between this and that English composer; the merits of English Church music were recognised by moderns, Brahms, for instance; it was not emotional. Beethoven and Schubert belonged to the emotional school. In the evening another talk about the moral question: and what was the general view among archæologists. On parting 'I shall hear of you'—not 'from you'.

"Part of the time I got him to talk of poetry. He said Dryden was an impostor: he had shown up his criticism of Milton. Ben Jonson was rightly judged by Samuel Johnson as a man who had all the learning that Shakespeare wanted but none of his genius. I hazarded that Herrick liked him—"Do you think anything of Herrick?" he replied. Shelley was stark mad; once you thought him [that] he was quite charming. Francis Thompson he hadn't taken seriously. I made him read 'Love in Dian's Lap'; he nearly finished it and then said, 'It's false—much of Crashaw, Cowley, Ben Jonson; but he does not keep the same metrical values for the syllables.' He didn't like Swinburne who managed his metre ill. 'Coventry Patmore I liked, a most charming man and very kind. I liked him when I saw him but hated him when he was gone. His theory was diabolical.' He said he knew Pater well, not an insincere man; Pattison was disagreeable, sour. Did I know Arthur Symonds' work, so clever but little; was he learned? In the morning when I left he asked me whether I had found a philosophy in his poetry: 'there are germs'. This was all except that I was in good company, Socrates, Alcibiades, etc., and that I was very strong.

"I like him and respect him immensely but I don't think him qualified to meet all my difficulties. Then also he is of the old school: Shelley still a lunatic, Herrick nowhere, Swinburne not installed in his dignity; the sceptical indifference to religion which belongs to the Liberal reaction after Newman, and possibly also a want of awe of knowledge. But—what is admirable—a strict taste and the combination of conscience with learning. His most direct remarks on the poetry: 'Laudumque immensa Cupido'—'what rapture you must have felt. I find life mostly so commonplace.' And 'you can't think what it was to get your volume. I get so many on which I have to say something. But to turn out real poetry, of this rare quality! I liked the hardness of it, had the pleasure one feels in Greek.'

The next letter concludes their correspondence:

Yattendon.

7. 10. 1904.

"DEAR MR. WARREN,—I have just sent a P'card to 'my' bookseller telling him to send you a copy of *Milton's Prosody*.

"I think the book will interest you if you will submit to its being written for people who know nothing of phonetics. The fact is that the book grew out of an excursus attached to a school book, the object of which was to ensure the verse being read rightly, and not mispronounced in order to make it agree with some pedantic 'scansion' by regular accent. And if I had introduced phonetic formula and symbols not intelligible at first sight to the ordinary reader, no one would have troubled to read it.

"My justification is (1) that the book has been a successful teacher; (2) that a phonetic treatment of the subject comes to work out just to the same conclusions. I have done this in 3 papers to the *Athenæum* dated this year.

"The essay by Stone is the first sound (?) attempt to deal with our language as the Latins dealt with theirs when they threw over their stress prosody and took up with longs and shorts.

"I did not share Stone's enthusiasm, but I have no doubt that any experiment in longs and shorts must in English be guided by such rules as he makes. And of course people won't understand English longs and shorts until they read Greek and Latin by quantity, instead of substituting accent for quantity, as they do now.

"Stone's essay is very readable. Its value in my book is that it makes the proper distinction between the 3 kinds of verse—the purely quantitative on which the stress or accent is so to say 'counterpointed' . . . (2) the syllabic which is the degradation of the quantitative, always tending to become stressed verse, that is to be governed by stress rather than by counting of syllables. (3) the stressed verse, which I analyse.

"I promised Stone that I wd one day try his system. But I doubt if I ever shd have done so if he had not died. My promise then became sacred and I made a lot of experiments.

"In your book of poems I think that you have really succeeded in blending the carnal with the spiritual, and, as I think I said before, it is my 'feeling' that they need to be blended in any satisfying religion. And this is my sympathy with Greek notions. What seems the difficulty to me is that men differ so, and the average runs so low, that such a doctrine is not fitted for all and becomes esoteric. What the true esoteric doctrine is I don't quite know. I don't believe in

Patmore's, still less in yours, but I find in your poems something which is very nearly the expression of mine. Your real meaning is therefore a great shock to me, and among all your enemies you will not find a more stubborn foe than me. I wish I could persuade you to confine your *verse* to controvertible terms. It wd be then of the greatest value in my opinion.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT BRIDGES."

The difference on morals, of course, remained insurmountable, but the relations of the two men endured on a friendly basis, and Warren preserved a lively sense that Bridges had treated him "very well" in the matter of his election to an honorary fellowship at Corpus.

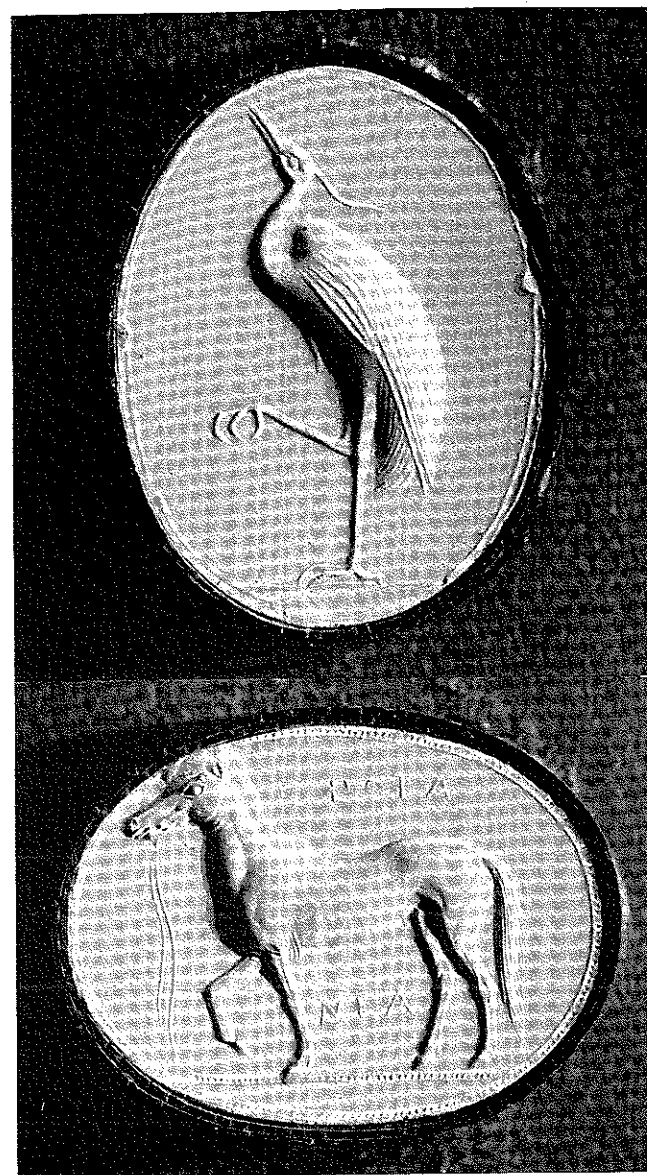
Warren also left some discursive notes upon his writings. Abstracts from those concerning his verse may be given here. They were written apparently in 1907 :

"What poetry says, is said indirectly . . . as music can make us understand morals. Dante, based on a serious study of theology, says something in the best way ; he speaks of things concerning which an erroneous idea is more weighty than the accurate truth, for instance, of Swinburne's feelings. . . . We have had enough of views that do not transcend ordinary humanity . . . ' *trasumanar* ', says Dante."

"*The Wild Rose* is more living love than I, therefore I need not trouble about love."

"A few were pleased with the verses : Bridges said : ' You are the only American who needs to be taken into account ' ; and he passed on the opinion to [Sir Walter] Raleigh. Laurence Housman wrote kindly to me. If the book is fitted to be liked, by the fit, it will be one of the few books they will like."

"Valerius Flaccus has delighted me ; his style is discreet, tighter, and more intricate, than the *Æneid*. He has a smooth surface and hard substance ; Greek poets never have the hard substance. The Greeks are grander—at least *Æschylus* is : he is grander than any poet in any tongue so far as my reading goes. But sometimes you want quiet sense and conclusions, something like prose but more beautiful than prose."



HERON AND RACEHORSE

(These photographs and those of the gems facing page 334 are from imprints and mostly larger than the originals.)

Two Greek Chalcedony Scaraboids. Later 5th Century B.C.

"Do you think I could write passionate verses if I were the ideal man? Virtue still dwells on cliffs hard to climb, and the tender heresies of Christianity obliterate distinctions."

"Why say that Bridges has stolen my thunder? To get a good opinion, my verses should be spread abroad for a long time. The judgments passed by Fry, Clutton Brock, Ross, G. Lowes Dickinson, are encouraging; but I don't expect encouragement from the new school which wishes to be free from my strict metres. The journalists who talk of verse want light metres with not too much meaning. Then there are people who want the simple and direct style; they are suited by Newbolt or Masfield. Lionel Johnson was, to my mind, a failure in his simplicity."

"If you work it out, my verses are unusual for the following reasons. . . . They are passionate poems written in maturity, whereas passion is as a rule youthful. They represent the self-suppression of many years. The water, hemmed in by a long gorge, has at last broken forth in a waterfall. They show constraint. There is expression . . . that which is pressed out. They are tense and intense. The style often corresponds in its strictness with this repression, which strengthens the final expression. They show a combination of puritan with pagan ideas. They are the last poems of the school called æsthetic, but they are without abandonment."

"I am a man of narrow tastes who narrowly inspects what he likes and is apt to be blind to the rest. Floersheim looked through some verses with me and remarked my close inspection of what had escaped him; he called me a good critic but a good one only of loved passages."

"So you get, welded together, passion, maturity, suppression, expression, pagan Christian. There will be much of Swinburne for passion; their maturity must be what reminded Bridges of Herbert; it would be odd if Latin had not left its mark. Of some poems it will not be thought worth while finding out what they mean. I repeat most, to myself, 'Mist', 'The Naiads', and the 'Invocation'. Ross swears by the 'Passage of Love', Johnny by 'The Naiads'. Bridges picked the parenthetical stanzas in the 'Passage of Love' and said that 'Ἐρως Οὐράνιος' was like a psalm."

Certain repetitions in these Notes and in the Preface previously quoted¹ may be forgiven since they refer to some unusual poetry that is still little known. Whatever may ultimately be thought of this poetry, to Warren it was the heart and core of his life. If he was to be remembered at all, it might be in the long run, by his poems; for in a man's poetry, if it be authentic, his voice speaks to us still. Interest in the poems Warren thought would lead readers, as he had often been led, to interest in their writer. Such readers would ask: What manner of man was he? To that question this Memoir is an attempted answer. Warren wanted a Memoir to be a biographical setting to the poems. But if a man is interesting, he is interesting for his character, his doings and his ideas.

The ideas are elaborated in his prose, which is a defence of them. The poetry, which won respect from a few good judges, is the song with which they filled him; and his life was the faithful correspondence in conduct of his cherished beliefs.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XIV

SOME LITERARY FRAGMENTS

Both Warren and Marshall in their letters to each other used to indulge in literary criticism and in translations as well as in inventions, sometimes serious, often frivolous. Following are a few examples, the first three by Marshall, the others by Warren:—

A HORATIAN EPISTLE WRITTEN FROM LUCCA TO LEWES IN WINTER

Qua nunc te dicam versari? an rure tuosque
Inter flectere equum campisque patentibus uti?
Isidos an duplices, quae nos coniunxit, ad undas
Degere et imbelles inhiantem audire magistros?

¹ See page 275 ff.

Tu, quocunque loco, Musis et rebus honestis
Sedulus inservis operosaque munia comples.
Ne tamen in lucem librum proferre recuses
Iamdudum imbutum studio satis et satis arte:
Sic tibi det quaecunque optas qui vertitur annus.
Nos rure interea Luccensi in valle moramur.
Hic ego frigidius corpus curare, ligari
Fasciolis, dormire et miti tempore, passus
Magno conatu bis quingentos spatari:
Rident vicini baculum frontemque madentem.
Siqua fides medico datur assiduaeve sorori
Procedo recte et solidis mox viribus utar.
Uxor at immerito tandem devicta labore
Languescit letumque fovet. Iamque Arcades ambo
Vivimus in nos conversi, fruimurque camino,
Alter nescioquid legit, altera munia didit,
Inque vicem multo recitamus non sine risu.
Si vacat, incolumi vivit iucundius aeger.
Sed veteris pax tanta domus linquetur. Eundum est
Longum iter invitis. Nam Romae quid faciamus?
Quin metuo ut possit coniunx perferre patique
Frigora, ephemeridas, victum panemque secundum,
Artes, sermones et totam denique Romam.
Formidate loquor. Romam tamen Idibus itur.

Ipse manu Villae scribebam haec qualiacunque.

CYNTHIA'S VILLA AS DESCRIBED BY LANCIANI: WITH CHANGES BY J. MARSHALL

"We can picture in imagination the hostess, exquisite of form and features, receiving her guests on the terrace where bowls of roses made the air redolent with the scent of May. She didn't serve tea, partly because tea was not in use then and partly because even if it had been, Horace (one of her constant visitors) preferred wine: but whatever she did serve, she served out of a samovar, so that is to be counted to her for righteousness. She had a tennis court where the guests used to play. Horace was not a good player; he was blear-eyed; neither was Vergil, he was wrong in the wind. Yet it was on Cynthia's tennis court that Mæcenas (another assiduous visitor) wanted them to play: Horace refers to it

in a well-known line. Other visitors were Catullus, who lived next door (but he was a bit old by now), Tibullus, Quirinius (of whom St. Luke wrote), Cornelius Gallus, Verus, Propertius, too, and perhaps, Augustus. We cannot be quite sure that Augustus was a caller, but if he were he would only have eaten bread dipped in water and a slice of cucumber, so whether he came or not made little difference to the cook. . . . It was hard luck on Cynthia that her receptions which were not too late for Catullus should yet have been too early for Our Lord. Yet the dear girl got as near as she could—she got Quirinius; and that again ought to be placed to her credit. Finally Lanciani has a bust reproduced which he says might well be Cynthia if it were not somebody else of a much later date. How it makes Ann Tiquity live again, damn her!"

JOYCE'S ULYSSES

"The parallel between Ulysses and the Odyssey is a piece of Joyce's grave fun, fun in the style of Sterne and Slawkenbergins. So Slawkenbergins contends that that tale of his which you think so formless, has protasis, epitasis, catastasis and all the rest of the marks of tragic art, in the order Aristotle planted them. Joyce himself says nothing about the Odyssey. It is part of his cunning; he is diabolically clever. The book seems almost structureless but there is form very subtly connecting the parts. There are many respensions.

"Then there is the change of style as the day advances. The first chapters in their tempo suggest morning and cool air: the middle of the day gets hotter: the night is quite dull and sleepy. The style changes as the day advances and you feel what hour it is by how the page affects you. I had great difficulty in getting thro' the last two or three chapters and was quite stuck several times in the last. This is the main quality of the book: its power of giving atmosphere. Why that long, long catechism in the last chapter but one? It pleases Ezra Pound indeed, but Ezra is a *pishoque*. Its real purpose is just to suggest sleep and yet to prevent you falling off into sleep. The last chapter is sleep itself, formless, endless: you cannot read it. The chapter I like best is the Ormond Restaurant, the equal of which I do not know anywhere.

"This is his great merit: he can make you feel the *ambiente* as no one else in England, though it is the study of Proust and others in Paris. It is somewhat a new thing as Joyce tries it, and because it is new it is wonderful. But the trick of it may be tried by others and the game grow tiring. What after all is the *ambiente*?"

"He sets out to describe Dublin. I felt after reading it that I knew Dublin as well as I know Liverpool. But after a second and third reading I saw that why I felt I knew Dublin was because his description of it gave me the same feeling of nausea as Liverpool or the thought of Liverpool awakens. The two places may be utterly unlike for all I know, but he makes you believe his description because in the process of the describing a state of mind is aroused which you have experienced from some other town. What sickens me is not Dublin but Bloom. It is the frog perspective which makes Dublin indistinguishable from Liverpool. About this man Bloom, too, Joyce seems to be humbugging. Why was Bloom a Jew? why Hungarian by descent? why an advertisement tout? I guessed long ago, and I believe I was right in all three guesses. You have to be shown Dublin, not the society but the streets, especially the shabbier side, all that is commonplace: you must be always seeing the posters on the wall, the beer-houses, the shop windows, the women's ankles, the traffic, the crowds, you must smell the beer and the porter, see and hear men eat, you must hear futile conversations and oaths occasionally, must now and again in the long peregrination recognise a face or a hat you have seen before, must enter beer-houses, churches, cemeteries, maternity hospitals, newspaper offices, brothels, indifferently and with as little prejudice as though you had dropped this morning from the moon. The guide who perambulates you must know Dublin very well, but he must be absolutely neutral as regards it. In a Catholic city he mustn't be either Catholic or Protestant, yet he must be interested in Catholicism from the outside, so that he, and you, may see the Mass as mere gesture, not understanding it at all and yet not laughing at it. Who can do that? Why, only a Jew and a Jew who has long since forgotten his religion. So Bloom is, or once was, a Jew. As for his nationality, an Irishman would be prejudiced against or for everything in Dublin: an Englishman, Frenchman, or German, would bring preconceived

notions of what life should be. Bloom can be none of these. But why Hungarian? Partly because Hungary is an unknown country and a Jew from Hungary would be nothing definite. But you are to be brought near the 'Plan of Campaign' people who are Sinn Feiners: the organisation of one of the Irish conspiracies mentioned often in Ulysses was suggested by some plan once followed in Hungary, and in Ulysses one Sinn Feiner speaks of Bloom as a man who suggested it; he can approach Sinn Fein circles without too much risk. He is poor because the squalid side has chiefly to be shown; he is an advertisement tout because the posters on the walls would make a memorable sight for any moon visitor. Bloom is not teetotal that you may go to Pubs; is sober that you may see all sorts of things. In fact you are not seeing Dublin, you are only seeing Bloom. In the end a thousand little nauseas are created in your mind and you 'know Dublin'. Jane Austen had described Bath: so has Dickens. No two descriptions could be more unlike, yet probably both are as true as their writers could make them. The perspective is the only thing that counts: your perspective is Bloom's; you see only the commonplace.

"The weakness of the book comes from the same source. Bloom is emptied of all religions, political and national qualities for the purpose of the book. An empty sack cannot stand: he has to be filled up with some sort of stuffing. He is accordingly given powers of digestion and egestion straight away, these being necessary, according to the books, for any living organism. He is made sexual and sensual, good-natured, too, and kind. To make him interesting he is given a secret vice, no one knows quite what and one itches to learn. He forgets things and remembers them at the wrong time, half an hour too late: which is very human. But character? he hasn't a trace of it. Ezra Pound says one true thing: Bloom is 'the man in the street', and, that is necessary for the working of the problem but unintelligible. Stephen's is the other perspective, the bird's. There is some life, much life in him.

"Joyce's art is great, his cunning greater; but put them aside and he is too like Smollett for my taste. He seems to have been damnably disappointed when young and it has embittered him. There is, besides, something pathological in him; he inclines to dirt and dung, much as did Swift. Still here is quite a wonderful master in a new style and a great student of language.

I don't know why I have written all this but you asked about the parallel with Odysseus. I trace it to where it started from—the cunning of a wily savage and hunted fox, full of turns and twists—a Ulysses if ever there was one.

"... Now immorality may refer to a person's condemnation of himself or to condemnation by society. The Italian race thinks rather of social condemnation. Northerners with their right of private judgment refer to their own consciences. Propertius' 'ignota vivere nequitia' seems rather to have had the Northerner's self-condemnation in mind. As you know I believe that he brought with him to Rome the character of a country lad of good family, though his ancestors had never held office—in Cicero's phrase 'nulla commendatione maiorum'. He found Latin, at least in its polished and poetical form, rather hard and he never used it easily. Likewise he found Ovidian morals new and subversive 'gravitate mea'. But he worked at a very early age in Greek as young Congregationalists in New England did in French novels and poetry. Then he was divided between his seriousness and 'ἐξαιτομολῶ πρὸς ἑμᾶς'. That is the burden of the lines which mark him off from ancient poets, Greek or Latin.

HORACE, ODES I, 5

What Lothario now, slender and odorous,
Brings so many a rose down to the pretty grot
Courting Pyrrha the beauty?
And how simply the goldilocks
Are combed—is it for him? Oh, an he only knew
What broken promises, terrible thunderings,
Tempests, sudden amazing,
Soon must startle the innocent
Who now thinks him in heaven, only to fondle you,
Counting all to be true, you to be his for him
Loving, loveable, always
One soft breeze for eternity.
On so sunny a sea fatal a venturing!
For me, Lord, it is o'er: clothes of a castaway
In thy temple attest me
Saved through mercy miraculous.

A FREE VERSION OF ODES IV, 13

A lover's curses have not failed to blast
 Thy faithless head at last,
 Who vainly callest back with song and wine
 From Chia's cheek to thine
 Cupid, a friend to wrinkles nevermore
 White hair and tartarous jaw.
 Whither hath fled thy beauty? whither fled
 That other Lyce dead?
 Yea, dead and other, whom of old to see
 Drew forth my heart from me,
 Loved beyond all save Cinara, too fair,
 For envious heaven to spare
 As thee, O venerable crone! O dust
 And ash of fiery lust!

PROPERTIUS

"The *gravitas* of Propertius was a seriousness of feeling, a desire or an eternal bond, a demand for the ideal; it was coupled with a madly suspicious nature, and that nature when not satisfied abandoned itself to extreme revulsions. His proper life lay neither in soldiery nor in fatherhood; Greek poets had even weaned him from a desire 'insano verba tonare foro'. There remained the chance to be not merely a Roman Callimachus in the erotic sense—if Callimachus ever did write erotic poems—but a Callimachus occupied with origins. Yet his greatness is not so much in the last poem of the fourth book as in his anticipation of the thought 'Let the devil have sometimes honour for his burning throne'. He is the only poet who saw through to this principle behind his love. It is a worship of intensity in ancient times such as only Propertius had.

"When Clutton Brock asked me what made the success of Christianity against the old world and tried to find a contemporary analogy, I told him that analogy was impossible. There was then disgust with the glory and corruption of the world in which the populace shared only as spectators. That reaction ran against the glory, the vain pomps and vanities

of this world, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, as well as against the lust of the flesh. We have to enter strange conditions of mind to understand. So, what is uncommon in Propertius is that which he loved and wanted to find, an echo of himself, very ideal, very sensual, faithful to these extremes. The programme was not uncommon: it was much more, it was *unknown* in its height and intensity, you might say in its abstraction. He had not the fortified conscience to stand by it, but he was the first we know to conceive it. Poetry came harder to him, more in sparks than in flame; there must have been easier ignition among the more combustible Greeks. Propertius exacted what he could not even obtain from himself. My interest is in the sparks—

Propertius . . . ,

Hopeless, impossible and despairing heart and dear,
 Who offered up his being whole to love and saw
 his ruin near.

"I always like him better for his 'iactantia'. The Romans had a taste for glory 'vincet amor patriae', etc. Private judgment, man's inner conscience, had not asserted itself against common opinion, the external conscience, to which indeed, if we wanted to stretch the argument, we might say that subjection was humility. I don't say that humility came in with the Christians: indeed you might stretch the argument and say that their rejection of glory, their *contemptus mundi* was an inner pride, as *laudis cupido* was an outer. It is justifiable to consider the ends, heaven and glory, the latter especially; it is dictated by that notion of man which did produce men: modern abdication is perhaps the 'gran rifiuto'. There was no such squeamishness in ancient times. Now *gloria* was connected with *gravitas*, and Propertius was fit to develop on ancient lines. From that he was drawn by Greek poets, not the simple poets but the sophisticated Alexandrian, and by Cynthia. He abandoned himself, but the doctrine of *gloria* survived, *gloria* the opposite of all this in his poignant sense of self-abandonment and in his vehement assertions that thus would he be a great poet: he was a poor man and Cynthia was a star, yet he won her by his poems. The external evidence shows but little in comparison with his poetical *iactantia*. Ultimately the poetry was the supreme aim and Cynthia sits to him more or less as a model."

CHAPTER XV

THE MAGNUM OPUS

APART from a pamphlet on *Classical and American Education*, the Greek Legends called *Alcmæon*, *Hypermetra*, *Cæneus* (1919), which were published under the author's own name by Blackwell, and the privately-printed *A Tale of Pausanian Love*, Warren wrote very little except the major essay familiarly known to us all as the "Magnum Opus".

This, the book he mentions in the preface to his poems, was *A Defence of Uranian Love*. It consists of three small volumes, the first of which was printed in 1928, the last year of his life, the last in 1930. Excluding the copious notes which have citations in six languages, it runs to about 60,000 words. It is unlike any other work on the same theme. It is its author's Testament, completing the lyric poems as a creed complements and substantiates the hymns inspired by it. Copies may be found in The Bodleian, The Cambridge University Library, The British Museum, and The London Library. The remainder of the very small edition is in private hands.

Once again we follow the author's wishes and abstain from any detailed criticism. To describe this essay and to make some quotations from it is, however, manifestly essential to this memoir. And it is inevitable that this should be at some length, although the argument will be presented without comment—a bare skeleton, if that. But such a skeleton cannot really adequately summarise the original, in which not only is the matter unfamiliar, but the style definitely

UNIQUENESS OF THE WORK

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succinct and the thought packed to extreme severity. The chief characteristics which distinguish this work from all similar attempts is that the attachments defended in it are cited on behalf of a complete theory of Virtue; that the argument quickly develops into a "philosophic passion", and that this philosophy, before reaching its conclusion, is contrasted with the philosophy of Christianity.

Briefly, this argument is that it is only Love, and consequently only a theory of Love, that makes life worth living. That which the author terms Grandeur; rooted on the earth; the Greek basis in the age of Pindar; is set against the Christian Sublime. The Greek "masculine" ideal with its derivatives—Aristocracy, Nobleness, the secondary position of women—is set against the Christian "feminine" ideal with its derivatives—Democracy, Purity, the equality of the sexes, which last, notably in America, has led to the predominance of women and the feminine virtues.

It will be seen, therefore, that the main argument could be detached from the rest were it not that, to the author's mind, the pair are virtually inseparable. Indeed, such division might imply a discretion implicitly and explicitly denied throughout. He does not concern himself with any of the moral objections, saying, in effect, that Love is its own justification and that the virtues of which this attachment was the "wild rose" are so impressive that to object to Uranian Love itself is "droning". He regarded it as a permanent fact in human nature which could best be defended by recalling the noble but forgotten qualities to which it had given, and could again, give rise. But even so the love was secondary to the theory.

This theory explains why the book has seemed so odd even to sympathetically selected readers. However scholarly they were, and being but a handful they were almost all scholars, they had not incarnate in themselves the Greek passion that possessed Warren. If they had more or less pieced the Greek part of his argument together, it had remained an abstract

exercise. To meet it, confident, present, and alive, abashed them. If they were temperamentally sympathetic but not scholars themselves they were astonished that a personal inclination should be expected to bear a philosophy, a discipline, political and ethical obligations that were beyond their knowledge of the past, and almost beyond their comprehension of the present or future. Obviously it needed a very unusual combination of temperament and learning and intelligence to write such a book. We may even say that none but its author could have written it. But readers, similarly equipped to understand, are scarcely more numerous. In some respects, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, Warren was unique. Isolated by the centuries that divide us from the Greeks, his book remains the lonely monument of a lonely man—but a man convinced of the validity of his contentions and sure that the day would come again when their value might be recognised. That any eccentric might think the same is an inadequate reply. For whether approved or disapproved as a man or a moralist, it was impossible not to respect the author. That respect gives him a right to be heard.

THE FIRST PART

The First Part, which obviously has an autobiographical basis, describes the rise of love in a Uranian, and how this love is gradually superseded by a Philosophical Eros who controls the personal Eros. The book begins:

"If a theory of love is to satisfy man, its feet must be planted on earth and its head raised toward the sky; in other words it must include both his bodily and his spiritual nature. If it is true only to the latter, it is unsubstantial; if true only to fleshly instincts it is condemned by his self-respect.

"The theory of love for women which is now accepted satisfies these two conditions. It appeals to his higher nature and admits the lower. Hence marriage is held to be the proper and only sanction and safeguard of love,

It is then argued that the same appeal may be made on behalf of Uranian love, while "it is not understood that the current theory in its excesses tends to the subversion of order by exalting woman beyond her due, and, with woman, the qualities characteristic of woman, so that the masculine ideal is subjected or driven into revolt."

It was no doubt mainly from memories of his upbringing in America that Warren's consciousness of feminine predominance became acute.

The next few pages trace the rise of love in such a boy as Warren must have been; they have therefore some revelation of his own growth. He writes of one "brought up mostly at home", more ignorant of sex than schoolboys, but "not callous and commonplace . . . Such love as he may have known may have been wholly religious." That the author understood the depth possible to religious love is apparent in the Third (or Christian) Part. But here he denies that spiritual and carnal loves are in their nature dissociated and antagonistic. "They become antagonistic as strong feelings—any one of which may claim the whole man—become antagonistic, but not otherwise."

The germ of this belief in the boy under observation probably explains the next step in his growth: "There is some gradual revelation within him that love, as he conceives it, is not for precisely such a being as the Christian conceives God to be." To him love excludes notions of indecency and

"it puzzles him that all extra-marital union must be base and marital union a thing hardly to be mentioned. . . . His physical nature is unquiet; but his unquietness condemned by the Bible is symptomatic of the emotion approved and exalted by the Bible, which quiet people seem to him not to possess."

The next step is the awakening of his artistic nature, which is amusingly shocked by some of the things he hears:

"He is not before all things a lover without possessing a sense of beauty. If he can see visions through the incense,

he can also see the visible world. . . . He is inconsolable if told that the Venus of Milo will not be in Heaven and believes that he will be defrauded if he does not find her there. As he has not distinguished the sensual from the spiritual love, nor beauty from spirituality, the decoration of a church or of a chasuble may be no less profane than light music, and the cut of modern clothes may savour of blasphemy against the work of the creator."

His criticism grows :

"To such a boy the word 'pure' is not convincing. He has known many pure who are not warm and loving, so many correct who are superficial. Superficial is his word of damnation."

His friendships begin ; confirm him, being what he is, in his tendency, and lead him to exult in the masculinity that he enthrones. But since, to such a type as that described, love implies virtue, and virtue strength and control, he becomes aware of an indifference to strength in those about him. He wonders at the Psalmist who could declare that the Lord "hath no pleasure in the strength of a horse; neither delighteth he in any man's legs." He no longer hears with submission that the natural man is at enmity against God. His deflection from the Christian path is now set, but there remains a Christian, or natural, sensitiveness to delicacy.

So the chapter on "Strength" is followed by one on "Gentleness". Having discovered that "there was something more in the world than self-restraint ; there was self", so that "the darkness of manhood cast of itself a shadow on purity, and this darkness was now canonised", he saw that this "involved an adoration of unregenerate nature". It was long before he could reconcile this with moral tradition until, by way of Tennyson, he found

"the perfect and simple definition of virtue in Pindar, who recognises it as, in part, inherited. Strength and gentleness—these are the two pillars on which it rests. Both are primordial to the conception, and both are hewn out of heredity, and

shaped by discipline. Neither is profane, for both were sacred from the beginning."

Moreover the chapter on Gentleness contains a passage that evokes the atmosphere of Lewes House, though, in the text, of course, only an abstraction was intended :

"Rough and careless he may be in the things about which women are particular ; reckless of flummery and fuss ; hater of ceremonies and needless courtesies . . . his home-life has a different colour from that of most homes which women control, but it is, none the less, a home-life. . . . The shocks, dissonances and complements of married life are not there to provoke, to fortify, or to annul passion. Men who constitute their own society and yet find love in it, become masters in what women usually count as their own arts, but applied homogeneously ; in the suppression of ill-timed subjects of talk, in pretty ways of speech, in personal attentions such as are really wanted. They can speak so as to elicit the personal expression, or forward the embarrassment of an answer refused ; their own conversation has its modesties and reticences, its own confidences and silent confidence . . . pandemics, entering this circle, will at once note a warmer atmosphere and perhaps will not like it."

That could be true of Lewes House. There was a charm and fascination there, but at the same time a feeling that one might not care to live under its spell. Of all the people who ever lived in it, perhaps the host alone never felt a moment's doubt.

At this stage of the argument the youth has grown, and his growth implies that he himself has ceased to look for friendship to an elder, and, with his maturity, has assumed the Platonic rôle of guide and philosopher to the boy. "There is no education like that which a lover can give." Consequently the essay here passes into the philosophy it would inculcate, with a consideration of women by the way. The Uranian's opinion of them is the subject of the sixth chapter.

Without segregating him from them, the elder fears that in women's company "the more sober virtues are attacked",

and denies that "her qualities are different in kind, and not merely in degree, from those of men":

"He reserves no quality to woman as he denies none to her. . . . It is impossible to deny to her the same nature as it is impossible to hope for her the same development. . . . His objection is to the artificial equality, or subservience, of the male that gallantry dictates. . . . This happens less often in countries blessed with a deep culture and dignified institutions—such as church, crown, secluded and moral universities—great and well-centred influences which detract from women the attention of men, and give to man a certain standing, than in new countries. In these, men are claimed mostly by personal interests, and woman becomes the only partisan of the ideal, if that may be called an ideal which is so little disengaged from the personal that it can rank only as an incipient ideal. . . . She then gives a tone neither satisfactory to the sensible women of the old world nor favourable to the growth of manhood."

Englishmen must wonder if this passage will find an echo in other American hearts? The argument maintains that women distract from the severe and higher ideal by inventing a "refinement which it is the merit of Greek art to lack".

The women admired in the chapter "may be defined as the female of the male, or the helpers of man, as the modern women whom we have been describing may be classed as those who demand that man shall be the male of the female, the helper of woman". Of those who marry "he will wish their philosophical ambition to be the same: he will not wish their love altered". But "wherever she dominates, man deteriorates, because she fails to appreciate the major issues". Of "the woman who presumes" there is a memorable description.

Whether the boy marries later or not—and it is the duty of the elder to abet a proper marriage—the younger is to be brought up in self-control "so that he shall be his own centre and the reason of his doings". In any case the attachment will be fleeting, for if the younger does not marry and is him-

self Uranian he will repeat the process of turning from maturity to youth in his own turn. Consequently a succession of such attachments is accepted; and how an alternative title to the book could have been "The Hard Life" is apparent from the Uranian philosophy, and its discipline, which are next described.

The supposed pair are both in training, *askesis*. "But it is not the Christian 'ascetic' mortification. There is no function of the human being which is to be atrophied," while both are to be directly related with their proper ideal, the masculine. The younger is "himself the beauty of the end", but "he is far from the end" and depends on guidance to lead him to it. The peculiar advantage of such an attachment is said to be "the advantage which renders it indeed a philosophical passion". (This explains why Warren reminded many of his friends of a born master of novices.) Because "separation is the rule" in such love, and because successive attachments will reveal differences of response, the elder must acquire "the power to lack, and give without return". The wisdom and restraint won from many experiences should, as Plato taught, lead him from many beauties to the Absolute—to become "father, friend, remembrancer, guard—if the best be reached, saint." Thus he becomes wedded to the ideal of "duty" although never forgetting that "to the greater is preferred the less; the law was made for man".

Love, therefore, is its own end, but it will not be love at the full unless the personal is controlled by the Philosophical Eros. There follows "the definition of the distinctively male idea or form, in conduct, art and thought". The author remarks that "the masculine ideal is wanting to modern civilisation" but also that "to magnify an Eros characteristic of the masculine is now to turn the world upside down". In spite of hesitations, however, his "divinity is our danger; we were born to face danger; when the courage of the individual fails, the race dies". For the stern virtues that need encouragement we are referred to Greece, and to a love that

will "prove its worth in other creations than that of family life".

Ethics, thought and art are the signs by which we "test the grandeur of a people". Though he finds the modern world superior to the Greeks in honesty and charity, yet "unruly as they were, there is something otherwise unruly in the nature that has not received their rhythm". Where lies the difference? Though "the scholars who deplore this Love adore his children, it would be too much to make him the ruling spirit". The ruling spirit blended of strength and gentleness was the Philosophical Eros: an ideal human, for it was religious, philosophical because it was masculine, and supreme because it was united with the divine Zeus. Zeus who governs the world is "the Hellenic type of the Wisdom that cometh from above and ordereth all things sweetly", and he bears the impress of this love and is man. This love therefore is in touch with "a greater world" though "no longer the modern world"—the Greek conception of "what is morally great and healthy". Again, "love is the schoolmaster which brings us to understand the beauty of a law beyond it".

Guided by Greek principles,

"he verges sensibly from the moral and political principles which are the logical conclusions of Christian charity . . . he is severe and would root out the feeble plants which flourish in the soft atmosphere of Christian love. . . . In essence his thought cannot be democratic even if he hopes to reach his end by democratic means. . . . He criticises the greatest happiness of the greatest number according to the noble men produced by the plebeian programme."

Though "more devoted to the tangible than to the unseen", if ever the lover has stood before the abstract fulfilment of our nature, he has "divined a perfection for which beauty is too frail a word, and love too slight a service". That is the conclusion of this chapter and certainly the Philosophical Eros meant nothing less than this to Warren himself.

The next two chapters are self-critical of the argument. The first questions the Personal Eros, because perfect satisfaction is never found—why look for an ideal that on earth does not exist? The second questions the Philosophical Eros on the ground that all this is special pleading—eloquent objections answered with the shrug that life and love involve each other, that man is a thinking animal, but one who "knows that he is not different from the beasts of the field save in the knowledge of his condition". On this pagan note the First Part ends.

THE SECOND PART

In twenty-five little chapters this part, passing beyond the personal experience that was the foundation of Part One, discusses in its wider aspects what the author calls the Uranian Idea: the "general faith" of the Greeks, "radical and ramifying in their system which they unwittingly assumed. . . . Immersed in their own life they considered their life as life".

Every definition that follows brings us down to earth: the soul possesses, according to him (the lover) all the characteristics of the body; it is rather *orgé* than *psyché*. It is not *nous*. The lover is said to be "attached to the world, not detached . . . for his motive is in himself and not dependent on teleology." His goal is "manly perfection which implies a distinct circumscription", its strength and beauty being

"more firmly bounded in the male, whether mentally or bodily. . . . For him want of restraint and want of strength are one thing: *impotentia*. Woman gives herself. Man who is, by all rights, the giver, will give all things save himself. He can afford a voluntary durance and service, like that of Apollo under Admetus, but may grant no possession or invasion, being planned to the measure of his estate."

He will be content with the price that he pays for this self-sufficiency "since, as the wicked are punished for their sins,

so is the righteous for his virtues, every rarity being bought for a price". This, he says, "is man's superiority to woman. She may sacrifice more, but she does not rest in her own limit as he". The famous saying of St. Augustine: "Our heart is restless until it find rest in Thee", is dismissed as "feminine". And the

"wrong restlessness is loss of that centre in each man to which all his action shall be referable. . . . Man is not to be lost in a greater nor to find rest in a greater, else he would not himself be *teleios* but a stage or approximation and not a centre or culmination. . . . It is as an end to her ceaseless aspirations and suspirations that woman looks to him; it is to his rules that the world must look, if it is to find an end of trouble—in a peace that broods over trouble."

Concerning the Uranian Idea, we are told that the ideal of the Greek race as distinguished from the ideal of other races was more masculine. "On the male hung all their hope", whether as lovers or in their desire for sons. "In spite of fluctuant belief in the afterworld their vision of immortality, from which they could not isolate themselves in self-sufficiency, was the continuance of themselves and of their life in their seed." Masculine achievement was to them "nearly the sum of morals, and their pleasure in the healthy and happy breeding and training of the youths who were to perpetuate the life which they knew". Marriage was for the breeding of lawful children, "primarily male, succession being in the male line". The vengeance of Medea, for instance, was tragic, not only by reason of its horror, but because "the father is deprived of succession in his son". Hence the importance of maintaining a property—"feelings which are human or universal, but which reach their height only when the male idea is dominant". This idea, we are told, invaded the feminine, the huntresses Artemis and Atalanta being counterparts of Achilles and of Hippolytus. The very Hermaphrodite is mentioned to prove that "the deflection refers us to the line". To the "feminine in the feminine, the

Uranian idea is not unfriendly . . . yet love should be ranked below friendship as the female below the male".

The Dorian blood "found its last prophet in Pindar", to Gilbert Murray, also, the only orthodox poet of Greece, the one sane guide to the poetry of life. . . . Antagonism to the feminine does not arise when the citadel and hope of manhood are unattacked. They were to be attacked, he says, but the cause of such antagonism to the feminine was not mainly the threat of change; it lay "in the necessities of tragedy".

The next chapter remarks that tragedy required pathos, "and this is found in some slip of the hero which brought about his ruin". It is then argued that the Greeks, unlike Christians, were less concerned with sin than with "the greatness of the men who had failed". Their praise, "so far removed from modern praise of character", was "distinctly accorded to the qualities of a ruler". His sin was a by-product

"provocative of pity because of his greatness but not annulling the crime of his murder nor the importance of the descendant rule of his blood. To moderns the sin and its retribution are the essential."

This difference is emphasised. Allusions to the *Æneid*, to the legend of King Arthur, enforce the encomium on Agamemnon quoted at length from Isocrates. It is then asked: "Would a modern so praise a man? Tennyson did not. Or, to put it more simply, could a modern so praise a man? What are the qualities which constitute praiseworthy manhood?"

The next three chapters discuss these qualities by reference to Apollo: his "ruling", his "severity" and his "pardon". Apollo is said to have been both Destroyer and Healer because "whatever can achieve much is his care; the rest is better away, wherefore he is indifferently destroyer and healer, so he accomplish his high purpose". We are warned against making "self-sacrifice an ideal of life", lest we incur disappointment at what we find.

"If *per contra* you accept the function of man in its three phases, will or action, feeling and thought, then, together with love, you dignify what is neither self-sacrifice nor love, namely doing and thinking. You are not at the mercy of Shelley's laments over the loveliness of mankind . . . By admitting more qualities to our love, qualities less moral in the Christian sense, more moral perhaps in the Greek sense, and certainly more masculine (for if feeling is feminine, doing is less so and thinking least), we avoid making the world a spiritual prison-house; we are no longer friends of the impossible."

"Now the Christian doctrine sets pity as part of the high perfection of our nature in *charitas*, or love, so high that we are in danger of a simple solution which shall exclude much of life and degrade the nature by which we live. It excludes in fact that which is distinctive of the masculine, the noble, which the mere lovers only of their fellowmen, the lovers only of love, behold as a Pagan wonder, with some doubt whether it is not earthly pride, whereof there is more in the Old Testament and in Æschylus than in the New Testament . . . We may liken that part of the masculine which is not love to Agamemnon, and its law-giver to the divine figure of Apollo whom weeping comes not nigh . . . The argument is, not that Agamemnon was perfect, but that man must rule . . . The assertion of a major right and supremacy we may take as true to the Greek conception of nobleness, and as a deadly thrust against the modern perversion of the meaning of virtue."

The "severity" of Apollo is held to justify our neglect of the misery of the world when we shut our doors at night, absorb ourselves in our special work, and pursue some perfection. Thus the family, marriage and property are held to be based upon injustice; and according to the Pindaric creed the injustice is justified. There is something higher: the pursuit of nobleness or perfection of manhood. Apollo's pardon is given to "a singular achievement despite whatever faults accompany it". If God is but the apotheosis of man, and Zeus and Agamemnon are one, then the measure of justice is himself—an imperfect person, not a principle.

A discussion of the principle of Right argues that, in the last resort, Zeus, or a personal ruler, was preferred to Right-

eousness, and that it was by this appeal that Apollo defended Orestes. Impersonal rules had to yield to the ruler from whom they derived. "He can crown achievement and admit failure."

The next step is to admit the danger inherent in this supremacy: "at every point *hubris* is imminent. . . . Manhood, unattacked, tends to attack all else. . . . Lines were not sharply drawn, neither the line of morality nor the line of divinity; and success counted too much". It is then remarked that Greek polytheism, a reflection of the warring elements and counter-elements in man, showed in the Pantheon itself a resistance to *diké*. And the ethics naturally resultant would be such as should justify men in their diversity and variety, and would constitute, at most, types, not a standard. We then follow the questionings concerning the relation between Zeus and the principle of Right, and we see how the endeavour to escape antinomies and scandals in the Pantheon led to an attempt to reconcile the many in the one, and, in process of time, to enthrone a quality above a man and an abstract principle over a disorderly hero.

"Doubt in Æschylus and Faith in Pindar" has a chapter to itself. Pindar of course is upheld as "orthodox"—"Pindar at one with his age, is content to reflect the best, wherefore his common sense is accused of thoughtlessness". On the other hand "in Æschylus we suffer from those unlimited assertions which are the pressure of religious yearning against fact". The "rift" discerned in Æschylus is followed as it widened into a "contravention of tradition" until "the philosophers, spurning earthly grandeurs and mounting the back of heaven, became teachers of a morality unauthenticated or but slightly authenticated by religion and legend." Hence the misgivings with which they were regarded, both by Aristophanes and Plato, as teachers of youth. In some "philosophy superseded life". In later Greece

"we have lost the hero; we have lost the heroic virtues and failures. We must live within the limits of the gnostic system.

... Weakened qualities are dominant instead of strong men, but they are masculine qualities and there is no doubt of their just dominance."

The Greeks who listened to the philosophers were puzzled. Clytemnestra's first reproof of Agamemnon in Euripides is not that he is a bad man, but that he has lost his head, and in the head lies the headship. For "the Socratic doctrine that good conduct would follow perception of the truth is characteristically Greek in its appeal to the mind without suspicion of the heart". The general principles now advocated did poor duty for Heracles, to whom Greece owed a general allegiance.

We are then warned not to be misled by the "fact that the abstract won the day" and that "the theory was handed on to the ages" unless this "ideality is all we want". If we want more, being discontented with that abstract part of Greek life and thought which has survived and "now permeates all lands" we must look for that "in which they differed from us". That which has been passed on may not be that which is most Greek and most worth having. Some of us may share the Greeks' own doubt of their Philosophical teaching, the doubt that achievements had been sacrificed to "the order limiting them", the "man" to the "system". The "righteousness" advocated then is not an abstract principle but a balance of contending forces:

"Built of counter-thrusts seen and unseen, it is calm because it contains much whereof every particle, let loose, might flash and destroy. It is unintelligible, sometimes even to the judge, for previous judgments have entered into his nature and give a subconscious vote. And over all there is the flush of indignation, love, indulgence, which can be found only in the right nature and in the rich, the Apollonian catharsis."

A chapter called "The Masculine Pattern" declares that this pattern was "not manhood seen against a background of justice nor manhood formulating justice, but it was justice

formulated by manhood. In this it was aristocratic". In the following chapter on "Art" Warren writes:

"The simplicity which we admire in the Greeks is due to the acceptance of a canonical interpretation of manhood, a common standard. Originality figures in their aims and judgments far less than in ours. . . . A progress which should move and leave the past behind would prove that our ancestors had not participated in it. . . . But this collective unity and simplicity would not have been noble, if the noble had not been traditional. . . . The masculine, which to the Greeks represented the nobler and greater, was accepted. Disregard then of that justice which we conceive as equal for all was so much a part of their system in the old times, the times in which foundations were laid, that they were not aware of it. Only by an inclination of this rational or masculine balance in favour of numerical equality could Greece be undone."

The chapter proceeds:

"If in Plato we love that which embodied his predecessors' thought anew, the zeal and admiration for hardness which show in his gentle words, an asceticism borrowed from the training-ground, what we dislike in him is a Praxitelean or ideal softening of the strict fifth-century rule, a change from the noble to the fair, by which he tends to obliterate the manly in favour of the androgynous spiritual."

"We are glad when Lysippus takes up again the wondrous tale, though no longer with the Pindaric unopposed satisfaction, but hardened to meet his day; marble to the bronze which he used only to represent men; we understand why his figures wear a frown. The freedom of the Uranian city had been lost by the invasion of feminine or epicene, and with him as with Aristotle, dreams had to be recalled to fact. Here sculpture and manuscript unite to confirm the judgment of the people. In some way manliness had been lost in the ideal. The abstract had diluted the strength of Hellas."

The suggestion follows that in the city states, where the freedom of the freemen could produce so many rivalries and revolutions, it was no wonder that the "justice never reached" became in time the first desire, and that "Peace

with her offspring of Wealth appeared the best blessing". These are next considered and dismissed as "not the perfect soil in which man can grow to his height". The argument is pressed to this conclusion :

"This sacrifice of the general to the particular, of co-operation to competition, may be regarded as a sacrifice on the altar of manhood and as necessary to correct an equal and solvent justice. . . . Were it not for this salutary escape into damnation man could hardly live : he lives hardly in any case, since no creed does him justice ; and if it did, justice may not be his deepest desire."

The Second Part concludes with a little chapter on the Hellenic Eros :

"Reverence for man is deficient if it is but reverence for his off-shoots—Justice, philosophy, the arts, government. He loses if the abstracts of the adjectives which qualify him become dominant over him . . . if the imperfect must yield to a perfection which surpasses it by infinity. The Uranian Eros which we affirm to have been the subconscious Greek motive showed itself strong in this : that over what is at last soft and pleasing it threw glory, resigning the sensuous or cloaking with a beauty not true to fact the virile in its highest development."

THE THIRD PART

The reason why there should have been a Christian Part at all is explained in the Preface, which says :

"The First Part ends with the Philosophical Eros who controls the Personal Eros. The Second Part suppresses neither, but subordinates both to the wider dominance of the Uranian Eros now fully-grown.

"The Third Part retains the hierarchy and recants nothing ; but it admits discoveries by which Christians have enlarged the idea and the province of love. The Uranian Eros should include the Heavenly Wisdom so far as he may without losing his character or forfeiting his supremacy."

The Third Part, therefore, is a little exposition of Catholic theology, in order that it may not be neglected and that it may be submitted to the criticism which a man so steeped in and so acquiescing in "orthodoxy" as Pindar would offer to it. It is mainly an exposition of Catholic, not of Protestant theology, for a note at the beginning remarks : "In this sketch of Christian doctrine attention is called to points which are less often remembered by Protestants than by Catholic devotees. No doubt there is much in it which cannot be attributed to Jesus." Since the object of the Third Part is, however, its criticism of Christian doctrine, no more of the latter need be quoted than suffices to show that the author was acquainted with it. In this part the abundant notes refer to the Missale Romanum, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, the Bible, as well as to classical and modern writers.

The first chapter on the Blessed Sacrament begins :

"With Christianity appears the triumph of justice in God, no longer τὸ θεῖον according to the vague Platonic reference (vague of necessity since no God, not even Zeus, corresponded to the ideal). This God was a person, a being to be loved . . . The abstract and the concrete coalesce. We have a stringent and homely absolute ; there is an end to diversity and doubt, the One is victorious, and Plato and Aristotle, together with the prophets, have foreseen him, yet this One is human. The 'essence of Christianity' is the Incarnation from which 'all the great Christian Doctrines radiate'.

"For the crucifixion was more than the torment and the death which the thieves suffered ; it was a sacrifice and atonement by sufferance of the punishment due to the sins of the whole world . . . the virtue of all those missal sacrifices whereby we appease God daily, presenting, to shield us, a memorial eternally valid, since he ever liveth to make intercession for us and is still the propitiation for our sins.

"The Eucharist is the application in heaven and earth of the consummation of the work of Jesus, a renewal of the eternal sacrifice, not as an event, but in its double consequence, propitiation and pardon. It affects God as propitiation, it affects us as pardon, it affects us because it affects God . . .

Time and place no longer have meaning. The body of Christ is in heaven, it is on the altar, we are His body, our prayer is His prayer."

The theological inference "was no greater than the development of the doctrine of Charity". This, in the next chapter, is said to have replaced "that yearning and laying hold of the invisible in the Old Testament" with a call to "a person". Charity being compounded of the love of God and love towards man was combined with St. Paul's Corinthian chapter "though St. Paul deals only with love towards man". This latter love "proceeds from our love of God" and "its fount is the infinite love shown to us by God in Christ. Hence it is that amiable actions performed without the heavenly vision lack root and strength . . . It is to this marvellous strength reaching down from the Highest that we owe the endurance of saints and martyrs. To it we owe the martyrdom of Christ. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of".

"Heaven on earth is unobstructed contemplation. Sin and all earthliness are our obstructions. Hence the penitential tone of the Eucharist; we eat our feast with bitter herbs; but if, in our hearts we would be away with Christ which is far better, we may praise the Lord in the congregation. For those who humble themselves in sincere desire, all things are done by the saints, by the angels, by the Spirit, by Christ . . . Danger lies at the door of the church.

"A strange doctrine! To succeed in this small here and now we need a foretaste of that infinity in comparison with which our lives and so even our sins seem trifles. . . . That which overtops all heights is to be our daily supersubstantial food.

"Need it be said that the humility of our access to the Blessed Sacrament should be proportionate to this height? . . . Not all the contemplation of angelic doctors, not all the raptures of saints marked with the wounds of Christ, can compass a vision of the action of the Mass. . . . The humble prayer of the publican was sufficient because nothing is sufficient and because humility is sufficient."

Our sense of Sin—the subject of the third chapter—

"adds the fear of the Lord to the love of the Lord, solemnity to delight. . . . All is not right with us. Baptism has sown in our hearts the seeds of antagonism to inherited misfortune, and it has immensely increased our responsibility; the fear that we fail to stir up the grace that is in us. . . . Christianity would be inconceivable, its earnestness inexplicable, were it but an upward flutter of wings. . . . Henceforth things terrestrial are dreaded even if welcome, perhaps the more if welcome. We cannot build on them and they may interfere with our sight. The tiniest can grow monstrous as a penny that hides the sun. . . . If sin and punishment are regarded as axiomatic, the gospel brings us the good tidings of an escape."

We come next to "Discipline":

"Purification is a return to our nature, to our birthright, to our source. . . . The right conduct, which because of its pains we shun, is the schoolmaster to bring us to ourselves. . . . Nay, more; by penitence we may fill up that which was lacking in the sufferings of Christ and scatter pardon around us. No wonder many would add the counsels to the precepts and escape from the thralldom of earth."

This leads to a chapter on "Renouncement" where it is remarked that "Christian redemption with its foretaste of beatitude was consolation to those who had no share in the glories of the world". St. Paul found that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, were called, but that God had chosen the foolish, the weak and the despised that no flesh could glory in his presence. Thus the counsels of perfection were poverty, chastity and obedience for "those who have set the world aside".

"The Church", next considered, is "a unity of members cemented by charity" whereby none atones for another and Christ for all. This salvation is in some sense corporate. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it, "wherefore excommunication, lest the body be defiled". But

"if we cleave to that unity and not to sin, it is not solely by the direction of our hearts that we find the way. The friends

of the Lord befriend us. . . . This participation in their merit is a death-blow to whatever spiritual pride might have otherwise been fostered."

The Christian exposition closes with a chapter on "Vicarious Atonement" before the criticism begins. The chapter remarks that since we are saved by Christ:

"There is a contravention of justice, an escape from Æschylean law. Love wounded has wounded the side of righteousness. . . . It is the intrusion of human feeling into the reign of law . . . the annihilation of his most just decree to the judge with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning. So at least it would seem. . . . The difficulty was felt by the Church; and she defined pardon or reconciliation as a matter of the heart . . . which should not annul claims and penalties rightly to be exacted. Penitence, here or in Purgatory, was in fact their exaction. . . . The sinner wills his penance and endures it."

Yet "against this retribution immediately appeared a new defence, the prayers and penance of the saints who, in the true spirit of vicarious atonement, shortened suffering in the afterworld".

The title of the ensuing chapter summarises the criticism that it opens: "Escape into the Sublime".

"The difference between Paganism and Christianity seems to be that Paganism touches the grand but knows nothing of the sublime, whereas Christianity is sublime but knows nothing of grandeur. The grand is that which rests monumentally on the earth. It consorts with desolation. The sublime is that which floats aloft as birds or as the sun himself. . . . Spiritual glories are sublime, unsupported by earth. Æschylus is grand; Shelley and Christianity are sublime; Love has taken the wings of the morning; they are filled with faith and hope. Truly it seems a release. We are as having nothing yet possessing all things. No desolation can match this consolation; there needs no foundation on the earth."

This criticism leads to a consideration of the "Feminine Element in Christianity". We are reminded that

"the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance and Justice had been known to the Pagans. They were preserved as a foundation; but greater than these were Faith, Hope and Charity, which were brought for baptism to the Pagans when the Heavenly Wisdom descended to earth."

These three virtues, the theological, are so far from covering the whole activity of man that

"if we condemn an Aristotelian *megalo psychos* for pride and priggishness, we show the littleness of our solemnity and reverence in the presence of grandeur. Grandeur is foreign to the Christian faith; and the pagan virtues are to the Heavenly Wisdom only borrowed handmaidens. For Christians masculine ability is a talent and not to be buried in a napkin, but it may not be confused with virtue, whereas in Greece it was an *areté*. . . . Installed in control are qualities which women can share. Purity, by which our vision is cleared; penitence, whereby we set aside the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; humility, poverty, chastity, obedience, all following on Faith, Hope and Charity, are, like the great triad, no less open to the female than to the male. We have reached a common accord. That on which all agree can now be supreme."

"Christian doctrine involved insurgence against those *aretai* which are the privilege, as a rule, of the male. It is a gospel which could appeal not only to the poor in goods but to the poor in intellect, to the poor in art, to the poor in statesmanship, so they were but rich in the 'goodness' which is not *areté*. . . . Motes in the divine sunlight, why should we care which is the greater mote?"

To Aristotle humility was "not a virtue". He seems to have believed that "a man had better think too well of himself than too poorly because he would be likely to accomplish more". But to the Christian "talents are not virtues; all merit is imputed; and no righteousness is aught but Christ and his spirit working in us".

Worship of the masculine element has, it is true, been transferred to God ; the persons of the Trinity are masculine ; and the queen of Heaven adores her Son ; yet among created beings she is the highest.

"Let it not be supposed that this feminist worship, which can be regarded as an overshot, is confined to the major churches ; ethically it spreads wider, for whatever the world regards as specially Christian, forgiveness, gentleness, kindness, peace, purity, is feminine (as an ideal), as much as it is masculine. . . . Indeed they survive the faith, in the guise of Christianity without dogmas, as respect for women in the United States, as equality and fraternity in France, and as moral opinion."

The following passage, from Lecky, is quoted to support the argument : "in antiquity the virtues which were most admired were almost exclusively those which are distinctly masculine. Courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and, above all, patriotism, were the leading features of the ideal type".

The next chapters discuss the developments in Christian history and in its derivative ideas : Protestantism, the union of contraries, the ideas behind the French Revolution, the Christian reaction to the new gospel of humanity, before contrasting the Pagan and Christian idea of nobleness with which, and with a short Conclusion, the Defence ends.

We begin with "the protest of righteousness" against "the vicarious or intercessory principle", in other words with the doctrines of the Reformation. To the question : was the Mass fortifying or emollient ? the answer is given : "Emollient, the Greeks would have said, condemning it by the same criticism that they applied to such love as should weaken manhood" :

"We may at least say, that part of the spirit of the Reformation was purist, a reversion to the doctrine of righteousness, direct responsibility to their Maker of human beings sheltered by no priest.

"Properly this wave of thought should have submerged the atonement. If a man was to be sheltered by no priest,

why should he be sheltered by the great High Priest in heaven ? Yes, logically, suppression of the sacrifice of the Mass was a step towards the suppression of the Sacrifice itself. But Protestantism rested on the Bible ; the atonement was in the Bible ; logic resigned its control before the throne of God."

A glance at the arguments of "the sects" pushes the inference to its conclusion :

"Probably at every move toward justice it was proclaimed that Christianity would shine the brighter for the dispersal of a cloud of superstitions and that it would lose nothing—till it lost itself in a system of morals without influence on god . . . till it ceased to be, in the strong sense, religion."

A chapter called "Cross Currents", touching both the revelation in the Bible and that developed by the Church, observes the value of certain contradictions—between the fatherhood and the mercy of God, for one. "Christianity rests on the union of contraries. Because of antinomies the faith is real, because it is like and unlike our life." Then comes the criticism :

"But if the end is our perfection we shall demur to an equality which is the subjection of the higher by the lower, to the suppression of attainable grandeur in favour of a sublimity whereby we are cast down, to resignation by man of his needed task."

The next chapter on "Revolutionary Doctrine" examines the three principles of the French Revolution, which are taken to have been the next historical development after the "protest of righteousness" that the Reformation had introduced. The priest and the intermediary having been dispensed with, an attempt was made to dispense with the Christian religion altogether : "We shall now examine the principles which in lieu of religion have guided modern states." Liberty, he says, in the sense of the French Revolution, "is not a Christian doctrine" ; for, goods not being essential,

their equal division is not essential unless dictated by fraternity. Fraternity is, however, a Christian doctrine. He calls this political and popular application of Christianity the doctrine of Martha: "that which is broadly human drives its way through the cloisters and retreats of Mary". Instead of a heavenly eternity "a new earthly Paradise" is the ideal. This aim becomes "philanthropy or humanity, satisfaction rather of the softer sentiments than of those which the Greek had deemed the highest. We are upon feminine ground. Moreover, with the assertion of equality, the Christian equality before God is extended to all who are not Christians. . . ."

"Interest in wives and children is the bedrock of common agreement: fraternity also requires that they be considered. Add that most men find in women their ideal, or hope for their ideal in women. The share of women in what are considered the higher manifestations of humanity not being disputed, because the Greek values have been lost and the philanthropic values are an inheritance from Christianity, women appear at least to symbolise a high ideal or the ideal. Lastly, in accordance with logic, they receive the vote. . . . Not without loss of that humility which had been the grace of the Blessed Virgin; but humility is now transferred to men."

As this chapter began by saying, the motive has changed from loyalty to a personal God to loyalty to general principles: to the three at the root of the French Revolutionary doctrine. But the authenticity of these is criticised. A statement inspired by them is said to represent "the whole and not the best", while "the whole disregards the best, its collective philanthropy being a love of itself". The worship of humanity "becomes a cult of the commonplace and is happiness, not worship"; and "ease, comfort and convenience, are substituted for a record in the arts, and in thought, and, above all, in nobleness".

There can be no doubt that his own country, America, was weighing on Warren's mind.

In the next chapter a Christian reaction to these principles

is noted, arising from the consciousness of genuine Christians that "an article of their faith was disregarded".

"Liberty, equality and fraternity: in these there was nothing of nobleness, nothing of self-sacrifice; nothing of self-discipline and martyrdom; nothing of the conquest of suffering by acceptance of suffering; no will to endure hardness; none of that virtue reaching unto heroism which is necessary to make a saint. Is not Christian heroism nobleness, and is it not neglected by the revolutionary formula?"

He declares that "the softer elements of Christianity had been taken over and even extended"; that "the revolutionary formula was indeed a wider application of Christianity, but with a grave omission"—that of the pursuit of divine satisfaction. "The new gospel of humanity seemed to make temporal felicity the end-all and be-all of human existence". Christian heroism as an end was ignored.

We may wonder how far Warren admitted the possibility of Christian nobleness. The next two chapters define Pagan and Christian nobleness respectively. The first of these contains a defence of aristocracy, and remarks the mutual value of virtue, the Greek *areté* and inherited wealth. For the nobleman, master of circumstances, "his virtue is to maintain dignity and to disregard circumstances". Being in a privileged position, with temptations to indulgences and opportunities to escape penalty, he is to be superior to such; and the tradition of his family, by which it is maintained, give him at least the advantages of good training:

"The nobleman has by birth no extraordinary qualities of mind. He has extraordinary opportunities of training, and of licence, and extraordinary chances to exercise his powers if he will train them. . . . His excellences, then, if he be excellent, will be those of nature and character, not of intellect, a high spirit and resistance to attack."

The virtue which is characteristic of noble men, whether belonging to a well-known family or not, may be called

"ethical nobleness. It was in Greece, masculine or allegiance to a masculine ideal as in *Electra*". The Greeks missed "the solidity of tradition" in philosophers and clever men; and the loyalty to truth professed by such men was necessarily more abstract and less "drastic" than steadfastness of an inherited tradition. We are warned that love played no part in the special masculine qualities admired by the Greeks:

"Now according to Greek ideas love played a lesser part in the lives of men than in the lives of women. Men had other things to think of. We must search then outside the province of love for the specialties of manhood. Nobleness is the flower of manhood, as honour is the flower of honesty; it seems therefore that, along with justice and wisdom, it must belong to that part of our nature which is not love. And indeed it does not pertain to the tender sentiments.

"The noble soul, though its main motive may be love, is not by virtue of this motive noble, rather by allegiance to that in itself which may curb love, by loyalty to honour, to righteousness, to courage."

The foregoing is a crucial passage, and perhaps best represents the distinction between Greek and Christian doctrine that the author sought to emphasise. Another short sentence, from an earlier part, may be aligned with it, to sharpen the difference: "manliness is more important than purity; purity is not essential to manliness".

To return to the passage previously cited: "The simple and original idea of nobleness is a matter of temperament and not of talent. . . . It is spirited, not warm-hearted, high, not human, yet not divorced from humanity." In contrast to this, we are told, the Christian idea of nobleness, under a God that has become Love, is expressed in the change: He that is greatest among you let him be your servant—in other words, no longer the servant of that which is *not* love: "The arts, statesmanship, and wisdom, must be admitted, if at all, under the rubric of this service (to love). Grandeur dis-

appears; the nobleness of grandeur yields to the nobleness of sublimity."

Self-respect is no longer rooted in self but in self-sacrifice. Christian fortitude is "endurance rather than daring". The Christian hero "is rather a victim than a victor, or a victor because he has been a victim: "Homer would not have found heroism in St. John of the Cross".

"Christianity has spiritualised nobleness; it has taught humility, obedience, self-surrender, love; it has introduced standards, emotional, pathetic, feminine, not referable to self, an appeal, not a challenge. Yet by contrast with revolutionary doctrine even *aut pati aut mori* is heroic, as the revolutionary doctrine by contrast with Greek doctrine is Christian. . . . Nowhere is a more comprehensive appeal to human hearts than in the religion of the despised and rejected Son of Man. This has prompted acts which it would be churlish to call unheroic, acts of the greatest manliness."

Yet, unless we are to confuse manly acts with a manly theory, woman is to reign as a moral type, and such a type dethrones the *Nous*, characteristic of the male, who may not therefore resign dominance without blame:

"This very resignation has altered our code of values. The followers of Beatrice have tinged them all, till it is thought odd to maintain that there is a sanctum into which woman enters only by exception, a severity which she does not reach, a grandeur which lies beyond her—that these are achieved neither by faith nor hope, love nor liberty, equality nor fraternity, but depend upon some generative supremacy and creative mastery which finds its sphere in such thought and morals as she can reverence but not understand."

He goes on to ask: "Is it not true that the weak should bear the infirmities of the strong, that the goodness of the great tends to depress strength and greatness, that the chill felt before works of pagan art shows the allegiance of that art to an ideal which is not love, that we well-nigh degrade man to the test of family life?" He complains that "the

arts and statesmanship and wisdom which stretches beyond the Jewish wisdom of edification are inadequately recognised by Christianity", that Christian heroism, though gaining a noble exaltation, has lost the firm and foursquare grandeur of reliance on the self; and that its offshoot in Revolutionary Doctrine misses Christian heroism altogether. The sight of fraternity capping all so that unity may be imposed, of equality mistaken for justice, should, he says, put us on our guard lest we forget that charity is not a panacea and that the state of citizens under law has become a civilisation which dotes on comforts with appliances, that faith in a general gospel brings mistrust of the masculine ability which alone can save us from the morass of the One, of love, of democracy, of civic likeness and feebleness, of femininity.

The brief Conclusion reaffirms that the Uranian doctrine would assign a high value to masculine qualities; it would give authority to man:

"The Christians disregarded the Pagans; modern thinkers disregard the Christians. The Greeks disregarded women; we have disregarded men. The theory and conditions of our time are contrary. Our theory is not masculine; men are small units in a nation; friendship is so little understood that we deem ourselves to possess it. What lies behind our thought, our primary assumptions, are unfavourable to the whole Uranian doctrine."

He expressly states that Greece was made by this doctrine—not by the love associated with it. Indeed the doctrine gave "only a guarded recognition" to such love, as a corollary to the doctrine which was at the root of "the noble achievement of Greece":

"To fortify ourselves we must turn back to the common beliefs which preceded Pindar. It may be true that we must turn from consolation to the desolation of earthly facts. Our test would be the creation of character, not the possession of delight either supernal or transitory. We have much to remember. There was much in Christianity which now needs

renewal of memory . . . But whereas we live daily under the influence of some dilution of Christian teaching the lesson of Greece has well-nigh perished. Yet in Greece is found the severe beauty, the exacting ideal of manhood."

It should be remembered that this theory of morals is that by which the author himself lived. Only by its help can his character, his actions and his aims become intelligible to posterity. The clue to his conduct is here. Indeed that very fidelity to an ethical ideal even when its core was unperceived antagonised some of his acquaintances. Thus one of the minority votes cast against Warren's election to an honorary fellowship at Corpus was so cast because the voter recoiled from a man for whom *any* theory of ethics was a rigid rule of daily life. To most University Dons, theories of ethics are delightful topics for debate but they do not expect the debater to act upon the one he champions. In a home of reflection and discussion such a man is felt to be a bull in a china shop. He is wanted there no more than moral discussion is wanted at a meeting of commercial directors. In sum, Warren was largely extraordinary because his actions really were dictated by his ideas.

To understand these ideas, the good or evil of which is left to the reader to determine, we must first remember his origin. All original thinkers, especially extreme thinkers—Karl Marx in the sphere of economics, or Blake in the sphere of art—are in violent reaction from settled contemporary opinion. Without the particular background from which they dissent they would not become their particular sort of revolutionaries. Neither Marx nor Blake can be seen in proportion unless we remember how powerful were the teachings of the Manchester School in the youth of Marx and those of Sir Joshua Reynolds in that of Blake. We need to recall precisely the rule from which they reacted. It was so with Warren also. Born and bred in America, where the inequality of the sexes has been pushed to an extreme, he reacted violently in favour of the men this inequality subjected.

Consequently it was an American, not a European, who made it his business to recover the opposite or masculine theory of the ancient Greeks ; for this is less missed in Europe where the feminine theory is still short of predominance. But while this explains why an American should have been the author of *The Defence*, it explains nothing further. Warren's theory, like the original Greek theory, must be judged on its merits or defects. How he came to proclaim it is his biographer's only concern. We must give the evidence, not the verdict.

CHAPTER XVI

WARREN AS COLLECTOR

By J. D. BEAZLEY¹

WE have grown accustomed to the existence of great classical collections in the United States of America, and it is hard to realise that fifty years ago there were few classical antiquities in the country. The Metropolitan Museum of New York did not enter the field in full force till 1906, ten or twelve years after Boston ; the other public or semi-public collections are still younger ; and there was little in private hands. As to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, what it possessed before Warren's time was two big Etruscan sarcophagi, and a roomful of small objects, among them say fifteen good or fairly good pieces—a terra-cotta horseman, a bronze statuette of Athena, a bronze handle, and about a dozen vases, the best of them a smallish cup with the signature of Hieron lent by one of the Trustees, Dr. Bigelow. There were a good many terra-cottas, but mostly counterfeit.

There is little information about the early days of Warren's collecting. The register of acquisitions, and the long correspondence with Edward Robinson, Curator of Classical Antiquities in the Boston Museum, and later Director, do not begin till 1894, but by that time Warren had been buying antiquities on a considerable scale for three years at least. In particular, he had made important purchases at Adolphe van Branteghem's sale in 1892. The earliest receipt preserved

¹ My thanks are due to Dr. L. D. Caskey, Curator of the Department of Classical Art in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, who has helped me in many ways.

is for "an Etruscan vase" bought of W. Ogden, an Oxford dealer, in 1885. In 1886 he was buying Greek coins and a pair of Greek gold earrings from Messrs. Rollin and Feuarent of Paris. In 1889 he spent eleven thousand lire on antiquities in Rome, but what they were can no longer be made out.

When the veil lifts in 1894, we find that Warren has given some of his possessions to Boston, and placed others in the Museum on loan: but the mass of his things are still at Lewes. He is anxious that these shall be purchased by the Museum, although he will lose heavily on the transaction: his desire, he writes, to get back some of the money results from a wish to be better armed to benefit the Museum in future. Robinson answered sympathetically, but confessed that the prospect was far from bright: the Museum being wretchedly poor, and the Trustees, with the exception of the President, Mr. Brimmer, little interested in classical art. This was on July 27th, 1894. Before the end of the year the situation had changed. For one thing, Robinson and the President had both visited Lewes House, and seen the sculptures and vases of which they had only heard hitherto. For another, the financial status of the Museum had improved. In the last year or so it had received, under the wills of Mrs. Catherine Page Perkins, Mr. Henry Lillie Pierce, and others, bequests aggregating a quarter of a million dollars, and the Trustees now felt that they had reached a period when they could safely set aside a certain portion of every large bequest for the purchase of one or more works of art as memorials of the testator, and still have enough left to answer the demands of their daily bills. They now agreed to buy Warren's vases and other small antiquities, and to make arrangements for the purchase of the sculpture later on. The first of many Lewes "sendings" reached Boston in March 1895.

A word about the history of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts may serve to throw light on Warren's relations with it.¹

¹ A short account of the earlier history of the Museum is given in the *Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin*, 1909, pp. 14-19.

Unlike most large museums, it is a private institution: founded and endowed by the wealthier citizens of Boston, most of them members of the old Puritan families of Back Bay; open to the public, and "designed for the pleasure and improvement of the whole people", but supported wholly by private gifts, and receiving no financial contribution either from City or from State, although both State and City are represented on a Board of Trustees consisting in the main of educated men, which cannot be said of all museums in Great Britain or even, I understand, in the United States. Founded in 1870, it was at first housed in the Boston Athenæum, of which it has been called the child. In 1876 it passed to new and ampler quarters in what later became Copley Square, and the building was subsequently enlarged. This was the home of the Museum at the time of which we are speaking, and remained so down to 1909. The department of classical art was organised in 1887, with Edward Robinson as Curator. He had joined the staff in 1886 and his first report is for that year. He was appointed Director of the Museum in 1902. The Curator and the Director himself have, or had, no power to make purchases: all proposals of purchases were discussed by a Museum Committee, which made recommendations to the whole body of Trustees. The system agreed upon between Warren and the Museum was that he should charge the cost price, plus thirty per cent. for overhead expenses. In view of the extensive organisation he had built up, and of the many incidental charges, this system left Warren well out of pocket. Yet it held good throughout the great period of collecting.

Greek art to Warren was not one art among others. It had a nobler beauty, and represented a civilisation more masculine and in some ways greater than our own. He thought that America had special need of what Greek art could give:

"We are doing," he wrote, "the work most needed of all works, supplying eventually the terrible gap that exists

on this new continent, the absence of that which delights the eye and rests the soul."

Taste in Greek art changes. Warren thought of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ as the prime. In this he was at one with most men of his generation, and with most men since the fourth century. Within this period, he deemed the acme, in sculpture at least, to have been reached in the second quarter and the middle of the fifth century, the time of Myron and of the temple of Zeus at Olympia, the time also of Æschylus' *Oresteia* and Pindar's fourth Pythian ode. This view is common now, but was rare among Warren's contemporaries. He felt the charm of Praxitelean sculpture, but was glad of, was refreshed by, the Lysippean reaction against that softer and more feminine art. His interest did not cease with the fourth century: he had more sympathy with Hellenistic sculpture than was usual then or is now, and found apt words to characterise it.¹

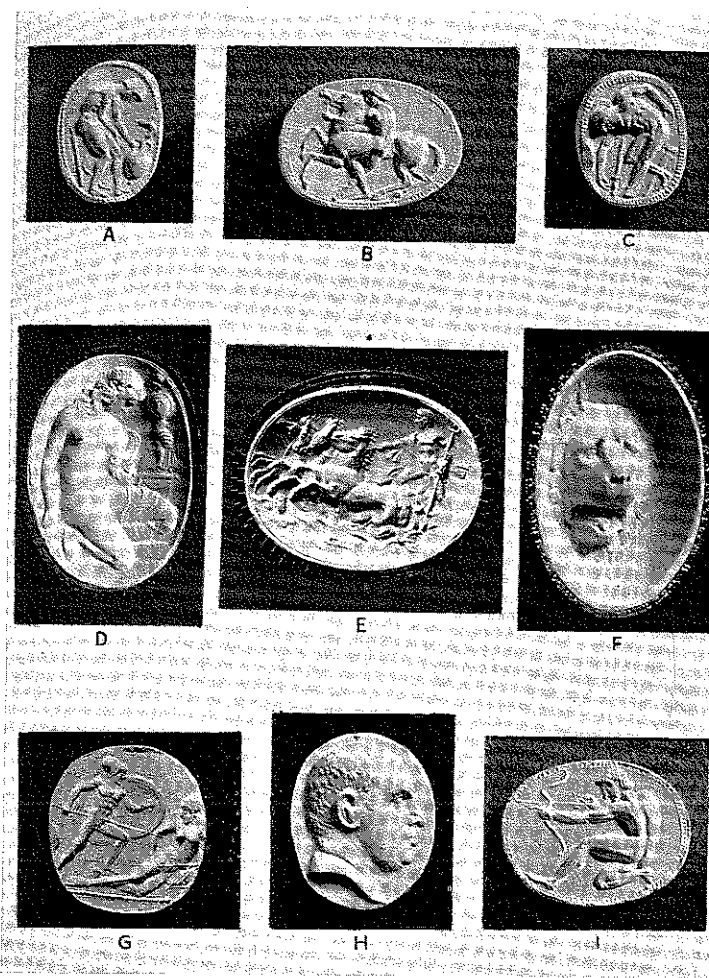
The phrase "Greco-Roman" meant something to him. He was not content with the facile formula "Greek and good, Roman and bad". He realised, none better, what was specifically Greek; but he knew also that in art, as in other things, much that was truly Greek lived on in the Roman period, existing naturally, without effort or challenge, whereas it is recaptured by us, if at all, only with effort, by luck, and for moments. He said that one of the places where he was happiest was the Salone del Toro in the Naples Museum: you received, in the whole building, but especially in that room, such a sense of ease, of gaiety, and of well-being, as if transported into the middle of a more radiant world.

Archaic sculpture might have meant more to him if he had been born later:

"The overnice archaic figures," he wrote,² "are valued chiefly for the freshness and frankness with which they

¹ *Defence*, ii, pp. 152-3.

² In a paper read to the Trustees of the Boston Museum on November 13th, 1900.



GEMS FROM THE WARREN COLLECTION AT BOSTON

- A. Etruscan Sard Scarab: Heracles at the Fountain; about 500 B.C.
 B. Greek Chalcedony Scaraboid: Horse Trainer; late 6th Century. By Epimenos. C. Etruscan Sard Scarab: The Death of Ajax. D. Greek Sard: Cassandra; Hellenistic period. E. Greek Sard: Augustus as Poseidon; 31-27 B.C. F. Garnet: Head of Sirius; Roman period. By Gaius. G. Greek Sard Scaraboid: Achilles and Penthesilea; early 5th Century B.C. H. Portrait: Greek; late Hellenistic period. I. Chalcedony Scaraboid: Archer; late 6th Century B.C.

bear their Sunday costumes and quaint attire. In fact, you distinguish archaic from archaistic mainly by the freshness of the modelling of the flesh, (the Greeks were earlier clever at animals than at the human figure), and though primitive drapery has its charm, its schematic quality is not its warrant for attraction, but rather the conscientious workmanship which shows as well in the lively and one may say realistic touches, the turn of a fold, the shape of a cap, the construction of sword and sword-belt. The man aimed at nature, and it is nature that we get out of him."

There is some truth in this, but it is far from the whole truth, and to most of us it sounds extraordinarily chilly. Warren was thinking chiefly of female statues, and would have written rather differently if he had had the male in mind: but let it be remembered that he was writing in 1900, when many of the grand, as opposed to the charming, archaic statues were still in the ground: recent discoveries have not only changed the balance of archaic art by their accession, but have given us new eyes to look at what was already known. Then let the reader quickly think himself in the Acropolis Museum, and consider whether Warren's is not a pretty adequate description of not all the archaic statues there, but a good many of them:—the big Koré 682, the small Koré 675, the Koré 671, the Zeus and Hera of the Introduction pediment. I fancy Warren might have said that archaic art was at its highest, not in the life-size or over-life-size statue, but in work on a small or smaller scale. Certainly in late archaic coins and gems, and in late archaic vases, he took unreserved delight.

To go farther back, to that geometric art which the present generation easily appreciates and understands: Warren was not averse from it, but here, as everywhere, he was no simplist, he liked the folk-tune but did not care to hear it exalted at the expense of the symphony.

Outside classical art, his preferences were pronounced. He was not exactly narrow in his tastes, but was not afraid of being thought so. He had no great love of colour, the

more of form. He spoke of "pictures" (not meaning all pictures), "that waylay the lover of the beautiful in his search for the greater satisfaction :

"Landscapes," he went on to say, "to which modern art so commonly runs, are held in abeyance in the earlier Italian schools, and are wanting in Michael Angelo, who in practice pronounced the human body the noblest subject for artistic treatment, an opinion which is roughly speaking confirmed by the remains of Greek art."

He once said to me : " People seem to think that because I write poetry, I ought to know about plants. I can never understand why ! "

He had a feeling for architecture ; admired Romanesque more than Gothic, and thought the grandest of all interiors to be that of Mayence Cathedral. He was fond of the domestic arts, good furniture, china, silver : but in their place, to plenish a house ; and not by the cartload in museums.

One of the things that horrified him was the taste of those modern Romans who turned in surfeit from the classical art in the midst of which they had been reared, and decorated their houses with Japanese trivialities.

Warren did not consider himself an archæologist. Marshall was the archæologist, and it is certain that Marshall was the more learned of the two. Whether at the beginning they ever attended any archæological lectures I do not know : they never spoke of the archæologists of the preceding generation, always of their contemporaries or near-contemporaries, Studniczka, Furtwängler, Hauser, never of Brunn, Bendorff or Michaelis. They worked long in museums, and read widely ; they learned from older collectors, especially, I think, Count Tyszkiewicz, whom Warren always thought of as the collector par excellence¹ ; and from dealers, especially

¹ Although Warren often mentioned Count Tyszkiewicz, I have no very definite impression of the Count in my mind. I see him huge and courteous at the head of his dinner-table, but that is all ; and his own

W. T. Ready, for whose character and opinion Warren had a very high regard. He held that, on the prime question of genuine or counterfeit, the view of an experienced and honest dealer was worth any archæologist's. They learned also from their own mistakes : for they made mistakes, as all collectors and all scholars do. Marshall said that there was only one way of learning to distinguish between a forged antique and a genuine : to buy one, pay plenty, and find it false. He said that you learned more by one such incident than by poring for years over selected antiquities in a great museum. He added that to get the full benefit of the treatment it should be your own money you lose, and not public money. It is possible, of course, to return the object to the vendor, if he can be found, but this Warren and Marshall never did : they took the risk, and cut their losses.

It is a great pity that Marshall wrote so little, for he was one of the acutest and most experienced archæologists of his day. He was too self-critical. His chief published work is the essay " Of the head of a youthful goddess, found in Chios " ;¹ which good judges have described as one of the best single articles ever written on Greek sculpture. And this he would never have written had he not been stung into it. The head was lent by Warren to the exhibition of Greek art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1903, and a critic said that it was " worked over ". This infuriated Marshall, and gave him the necessary impetus to carry him through. The early drafts

book of reminiscences, *Souvenirs d'un vieux collectionneur*, is rather colourless. Of Pauvert de la Chapelle, on the other hand, Warren gave me a vivid picture. Pauvert belonged to an old Huguenot family and had a very small income : he was to be found with Tyszkiewicz, did the Count small services, starved, and collected gems. I see him in an obsolete top-hat and a threadbare frock-coat green with age ; shaking his fist at Warren and Marshall in mock despair : " Allez, Messieurs ! vous êtes jeunes ! vous êtes riches ! moi je ne suis qu'un pauvre vieux diable ! " In 1899 he presented his wonderful collection of 167 gems to the Cabinet de France. That was a true collector. A catalogue of his gems, with a warm appreciation of the donor, was published by Ernest Babelon (*Collection Pauvert de la Chapelle*, 1899).

¹ In *Jahrbuch des Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts*, 1909, pp. 73-98.

of the article are full of sarcasm and invective, for which Marshall was by no means unsuited, but all this has been fired away in the final version, and a little masterpiece, serene and lucent, remains. He wrote a good deal else, but little of it came to publication. He went deeply into all the questions raised by the antiquities that came to the house; his results were written down and sent to the museum, where the value of them has always been recognised, for instance by Dr. Caskey in his catalogue of the Boston sculpture. One essay stands apart: in the earlier days of the collecting the market was full of forged terra-cottas, and these found their way into most collections and into most museums, including the greatest. Marshall set out to track the forgers, and I have heard Greek dealers speak with a kind of awe of the furious energy with which he hounded the offenders down. His account of his investigations is good reading, and the time may come when it might be published. A copy was sent to the Boston Museum, together with a curious and useful collection of terra-cottas illustrating the styles of the several forgers.

There will be little mention of Marshall in what follows, and the singular will often be used where Warren would have wished a plural, or a dual. Let this be said once for all.

Warren never spoke as if he could hold a candle to Marshall in scholarship; but he exaggerated the difference, and he was also aware that he had qualities, lacking in Marshall, of value in a collector. Marshall was passionate, impatient, intolerant, irreconcilable if offended, no adept at concealing his feelings, and pretty good at making enemies.¹ Warren has left a description of the collector,² which is worth quoting in full:

"A collector is thought to be a dreamer on days gone by, a loafer in idle lands, who culls a vase from a shelf or chooses among many objects in a shop. By many he is supposed to live a life of disinterested and luxurious nonchalance,

¹ A good contrast-sketch of the two men is given by Ludwig Curtius in *Römische Mitteilungen* 44 (1929), pp. vi-vii.

² In the paper mentioned in note 4.

gloating over beautiful things, free of his time, lavish in his expenditure, a leisurely grandee.

"This impression is a mistake. He is a commercial traveller, a forager. He usually loses his money; he always loses his time. He is in the thick of danger. He daily sees forgeries and futilities which he must on no account buy, while leaving to the owner a satisfied sense which will bring him again with other things; he daily weighs lie against lie to elicit the truth; and if he is enthusiastic he allows a pure chance of a find to outweigh the sure discomfort of a journey; he stays months in a place and acquires little, then in getting out of a carriage or hurrying to a train the object turns up and all his plans must perhaps be changed. He receives with equal complaisance the idle intriguer, the petty huckster, the foolish and faithful adherent, the empty-headed grandee, the agent on the make, the cheating dealer, and the man whose object is to get money for not preventing a purchase—with equal complaisance but with carefully graded differences of manner. With one he is adroit, with another soothing, with a third frank, with a fourth inscrutable. He uses men according to their values, remembering a service to the third and fourth year, rectifying and condoning mistakes, acting through one while avoiding giving offence to another or being known to a third. He takes an interest in private affairs, illness and financial trouble, he sends salutations and writes constantly to those from whom he obtains one or two things a year. His letters must do him no commercial harm if shown, his agreements no harm if known. He must lie in wait for a cat-like pounce, send over seas at a rumour, arrive tired but smiling and patient. He must carefully examine what he would like to kick out of the window, and endure men he would like to murder, expect nothing and be ready for anything. When an object is offered he sometimes has a cold chill. It is either worth a thousand dollars, if genuine, or five cents, if false, and if it is genuine he probably hasn't the money at the bank and is informed that another appropriation is improbable. If the object is good he is probably sure it will not be popular, if inferior, he may have to take it for courtesy and give it away. He lives in a shower of letters and telegrams, serious, foolish, ignorant or imperative—according to the connoisseuring powers of those who report objects. He hears that a treasure

is found near Ancona when he is promised in Naples. If he doesn't hurry he may lose it, and it is twelve hours by rail and the trains don't connect. The report is probably a lie, but it may be the one thing of the winter. A friend of mine travelled four days to see a monument adorned with life-size figures recently unearthed and discovered that by an error of description it was a small bronze three centimetres high sold years ago. Another friend heavily laden with the portly reminders of many years of good dining padded eight miles along a dusty road under the Italian sun to see one of those Roman standards representing eagles which unaccountably have all disappeared save one or two. He found a stuffed bird. I myself have ridden four days over hill and dale through a Scotch mist to behold two antique bronze heads held together with screws of equal antiquity. You must be in all places at all times, and pacify four people reporting the same purchase, and every one ready to offer it to someone else unless he sees his commission. You must remember that while it is quite proper to proceed on the assumption that your friend is lying, yet it is discourteous to tell him so, or to consider him less a friend on that account. You hunt and buy and have patience and have secured nothing. At the end of an exhausting season you return home surprised that the few purchases which you after all did make and with which you were fairly content are sufficient to make an excellent sending, and that in spite of all the money you have spent they cost so little."

The great period of collecting was the ten years 1894 to 1904. Warren never ceased to collect, but after 1904 the activity was on a smaller scale. The ten years divide into two fives: for 1899 saw a change in Museum policy, and the second five were full of trouble. Not that the early years were care-free. Warren spoke later, in a bitter moment, of

"the long struggle" he had had "over the classical department, first giving things, then selling them at a sacrifice, then lastly at cost—paying through the preliminary stages a premium to the Museum to induce it to accept a service—and only winning through with difficulty to the point where its vehement desire to possess such things should break through the crust of prudent tradition."

But by 1895 the preliminaries were partly over, and the next four or five years, though chequered, were happy. The Museum co-operated with Warren more fully and generously than ever after. In his own words "it entrusted large sums of money to its agent without being sure of anything but repayment in money; and, what is still more unusual, accepted his decision with regard to all purchases as final. In short it abdicated the control of a good portion of its inheritance—a daring move, but one which proved to be wise". "On the other hand," he writes—and here are his difficulties in a nutshell:

"from the beginning I went ahead of the Museum, buying before it furnished funds. There was reason in this as well as enthusiasm. The Tyszkiewicz, van Branteghem, and Forman collections contained objects which could not be missed; and for other acquisitions opinion was not yet ripe. The only possible method was to buy and hold such things for a luckier moment. In some cases I thus passed into the Museum what had before been specifically rejected, for instance, the best of the Bourguignon vases, which are among the best in the collection. But there was another reason for being in advance of supplies. I could rely on them only if the general effect of the last sending had been pleasing—and there were many important objects which would not add to the effect. In choosing what was to be sent for the year, I was therefore obliged to combine, say, marbles with other things, say small bronzes—since these last, whatever their merit, attract less admiration. For this choice an accumulation was necessary. I could never be absolutely sure of the next vote, and when it came it could only in a measure redeem the past, since my expenditure was usually a year or two in advance of the Museum."

One of the reasons for the reluctance of the Trustees to pledge themselves for a number of years ahead was that Warren was negotiating for a very important purchase, which if it went through would mean a special effort. Early in 1894 the owner of one of the chief collections of ancient marbles in Rome was in pecuniary difficulties, and Warren

was eager to secure the principal pieces for Boston. In 1896, the Trustees producing the money at the right moment, he was able to purchase, in the Roman market, the famous relief known as the Boston counterpart of the Ludovisi throne.¹ Now the Ludovisi collection comprised the still more beautiful companion-piece representing the Birth of Aphrodite. Warren long hoped to acquire this, and it was not until 1901, when the Ludovisi sculptures passed to the Italian Government, that his hope was disappointed. The knowledge that they might at any time be called upon to make the expensive purchase of a whole collection must have influenced the policy of the Trustees throughout these years.

The sendings were nearly always well received, but it is noticeable that the Trustees' enthusiasm would wane somewhat as the first impression wore. The sculptures of the first sending, the chief of which was a statue of Hermes,² arrived later than the other antiquities, and pleased less:

"My expectation," Robinson writes, "of the enthusiasm these would excite in the Committee's breast has completely miscarried. Their attitude is that of supposing that 'these are the best we can expect to do in the way of sculpture', and to that extent they are not disappointed in the purchase. They do not think it a mistake—and this ought to satisfy you. I had hoped for more, but what is the use? The artists who have seen the pieces are enthusiastic about them, and delighted to have them here."

It was agreed that next year fewer vases should be sent, and more sculptures and bronzes. The result was a success.

¹ Published by Studniczka in *Jahrbuch des Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts* 26, pp. 50-192. A good account of it is also given by Caskey in his catalogue.

All that could be found out about the circumstances in which the marble was discovered was set down by Marshall in a manuscript memorandum, a copy of which is preserved in the library of the Ashmolean Museum. The relief remained at Lewes for many years, was sent to Boston in 1908, but was not exhibited to the public till the opening of the new building in 1909.

² No. 70 in Caskey's catalogue.

"The Committee came, saw, and were vanquished. Mr. Y., being the newest member, had not trained himself to suppress his enthusiasm, and expressed himself accordingly, but Mr. Z.'s effort to contain himself caused his face to change from crimson to purple, and his symptoms grew dangerous". "Warren," they agreed, "must be supported at all costs."

This was in October 1896. In August 1897 Robinson writes in a different tone:

"The Committee is beginning to feel that it has been generous enough in the last three years, and ought to put more of its funds into other departments. This might be admitted and we might yet feel confident that we might secure the annual appropriations we need, in view of the very exceptional opportunities you are offering us, provided that the results were satisfactory—or let us say pleasing—to the majority of the Trustees. Some think that in last year's sending there were too many small antiquities, especially vases—which are not attractive to the popular mind; and that the Museum should not spend its money too lavishly on things which are not attractive, in one department, when it can get things that are, in another. I have sometimes been urged to write and tell you not to go on buying vases for us: yet this year you propose to send us over forty, a considerable proportion of which are distinctly not popular in character."

In spite of this, the next sending when it arrived "proved a great attraction". There were other hopeful signs: six months later Robinson was able to report to Warren that the general interest in vases was increasing; even asked him to try and fill some gaps in the series; and a prominent trustee, on his return from a visit to Lewes House, told the Director that the quality of the antiquities there which he could appreciate was so exceptionally fine, that he was confident that those which he could *not* appreciate were equally good. The 1898 sending pleased everybody: but the sculpture was again the weak point, for the "Apollino" of the previous year had never been a real success, and the big

grave-figure now sent was not quite good enough to correct the impression¹: and these were the two largest pieces in the collection. The appropriation for the next year was duly voted, and, when the Marlborough gems came into the auction-room in the summer of 1899, a large special grant was made to Warren for purchases. The sending was a triumph, the Marlborough gems being particularly popular.

As early as May 1898, Robinson had mentioned casually that the "talk about enlarging the building" was already "in the air". In October 1899, a few days after his delighted acknowledgment of the latest sending, he reports an unexpected change of attitude in those very members of the Committee who were best disposed towards Warren's activities:

"Y. came to me with all kinds of arguments why the Museum could not appropriate any more money for your work now, the principal being the need of husbanding all our resources with the prospect of moving, the necessity for rigid economy in all museum matters, etc., etc.; when I reminded him of his point of view this summer and his satisfaction at what you had purchased, he admitted everything but said that there were other things to take into consideration. Z., no less surprisingly, was in the same mood, came down to talk the matter over with me, and asked me if I had to choose between your work and building which my choice would be. I declined to accept the issue, on the ground that what was appropriated to you, although extremely liberal for the purpose, would count for almost nothing in a building enterprise such as we were contemplating, etc., etc."

It was touch and go whether an appropriation would be voted for the coming year. It was voted: but it seemed pretty clear that it would be the last.

The Fenway site was bought in December 1899, and for the next ten years the new building, which was to be the last word in museum construction and installation, was the chief concern of the Trustees.

¹ Nos. 77 and 42 in Caskey's catalogue.

Warren held this policy to be mistaken. He thought that the Trustees would have been wise to defer building; and to spend their money on increasing the classical collection while they had the opportunity. As the result of many years' effort, he had obtained complete control of the market in classical antiquities. Almost everything that was good, whether a new find or an old, came to him for the first refusal. Competition had all but ceased. The chief private collectors in Europe were dead, or had withdrawn from the field. The museums were comparatively sluggish. The British Museum could do nothing; Berlin could do nothing; the Louvre did nothing. Building could be done at any time; but his organisation, allowed to decline, could not be reconstructed, and the market, once lost, could never be recovered.

There was also the pecuniary question. Warren, as we have seen, had sunk much of his capital in antiquities, in the reasonable expectation that as time went on he would be able to recover his outlay, or a great part of it, from the Museum. And now the Museum was leaving him in the lurch.

The sky was thus dark when a cable arrived from Robinson on the 5th of January, 1900: "Great news coming cheer up." His letter explained:

"Mr. Frank Bartlett walked into my office the other day—January 2, to be exact—and announced his intention of giving to the Museum one hundred thousand dollars, the entire sum, principal and interest, to be devoted to the purchase of original objects for the Department of Classical Antiquities!!! He asked me to draw up a form of letter, announcing his gift to the President in such terms as should leave it as free from restrictions as possible—and in short to arrange the whole matter for him in the way that should be most satisfactory to you and myself. . . . Mr. Bartlett does this instead of leaving the money as a bequest to the Museum. . . . He has no wish to be consulted as to the things to be bought, and when I ask him, says only, 'You

must treat me in this matter as though I were dead.' All I have been able to learn from him definitely, is that he would rather the money did not go for gems, if other good things were to be had, but even here he says he will not make any condition or restriction. The whole sum may even be put into one thing if that seems wise. He wishes to leave it absolutely in our hands."

This did much to relieve the situation: but just because of the exquisitely thoughtful and generous terms of the gift, it was clear that everything must be done to make the donor perfectly pleased with the results. It was not a question of selecting antiquities from those already at Lewes. Fresh purchases had to be made to satisfy the special programme which Warren and Robinson had drawn up for the Bartlett gift: so that it was only after many delays and much anxious thought that more than two years later the gift reached the Museum. It included the beautiful fourth-century head of a goddess now known by the name of the donor. He was given the choice between this and the Chios head.

In 1900 the Trustees made no appropriation for the purchase of classical antiquities, and at the beginning of 1901 we find Warren starting to raise a fund of fifty thousand dollars by private subscription; the Trustees having agreed to add a like sum if the figure was reached—to be spread, however, over the next two years. The figure was reached, but with difficulty, and Robinson thought the appeal ill-timed. It had put a strain on the Trustees personally which none of them liked, and a strain on the friends of the Museum to which only a few had responded cheerfully; everyone agreed it to be a measure that could never be resorted to again; and the general feeling was that it would not do to ask the Trustees for a further appropriation for a long time to come. Robinson advised Warren not to be deceived by the fact that the money had been raised: he must see the matter in its true light; consider its bearing on the future; and nurse his resources accordingly.

Unfortunately at this very moment one of those opportunities arose which Warren could not bring himself to decline: Canon Greenwell's collection of coins was not numerous, but the quality was extraordinarily choice.

The difficulties of the Bartlett sending were to some extent repeated in the "subscription sending": it was felt by Warren and Robinson that the collective generosity of the subscribers—of whom Mr. Bartlett was one—demanded no less recognition than the individual generosity of Mr. Bartlett; and that a special effort must be made to please them one and all. The Greenwell collection, for example, would not be suitable material, for they had to deal with many subscribers who might not appreciate the quality of a small display—two little boxes, or a single show-case, of coins. Once again, while drawing on the stock of antiquities already in hand, Warren had also to make fresh purchases. The situation grew more and more uneasy; and the same year, 1901, brought a disappointment, for the Ludovisi collection became the property of the Italian Government, and the Birth of Aphrodite—not to speak of the Ludovisi Ares, on which the Trustees had also set their hearts—was lost to America.

The general difficulties of the situation, and the special difficulties he had experienced in making up the recent sendings, led Warren, in 1902, to approach the Committee with a new proposal. He was ready to contemplate a reduction of the pace, especially as the Museum collection had reached a point at which it was not so easy to augment if the standard of excellence was to be maintained. But he said that three things were necessary if the collecting was to go on: liberty to revalue the antiquities in his possession according to his conscience and in consonance with present market values, the thirty per cent. basis being no longer adequate in view of the increased expenses of his organisation; an assured annual grant of a certain sum for the next three years; and a lump sum of a hundred thousand dollars, to pay for what

he described as a very peculiar sending, not in the least popular, but such as would suit him, could he be the donor, better than many they had had in late years : it would consist chiefly of a choice collection of small bronzes, and a collection of coins—"on a table and a few pedestals you would have the whole. They would afford no ground for popular effect ; but the connoisseur would be satisfied." Unless such assistance were forthcoming, it would be impossible to continue the collecting. Robinson had warned him not to make the application : the first request was acceded to ; but only one-third of the money applied for was promised ; and the great period of collecting began to draw to a close.

The subscription sending reached Boston at the end of 1901, the Bartlett not till 1903. In December of that year the Committee was reported to be receptive to a sending, and the money for this was voted in August 1904. This was the last expenditure on classical antiquities for many years. All efforts were now concentrated on the new building. In August 1905, owing to internal disputes at the Museum, Robinson felt obliged to resign his Directorship. He was immediately elected Assistant Director of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Marshall was invited to become agent, at a fixed salary, for the collection of classical antiquities on behalf of New York ; and Robinson could claim that he had "been able to transfer to the Metropolitan Museum the men and methods by which the collection of Greek and Roman antiquities in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts had been so successfully built up since 1895". New York now stepped into the place that had been occupied by Boston, and the steady policy of the Museum, the co-operation of the authorities, and assured and ever-increasing funds, enabled Marshall, in the twenty-three years between 1905 and his death, to build up those magnificent collections which now place New York in the forefront of classical museums.

At Boston the new Director and Curator of the Classical Department was Arthur Fairbanks. Warren liked and

respected him, though the two men were never so intimate as Warren and Robinson had been before the estrangement in the last years of Robinson's tenure. In 1907 Fairbanks wrote to Warren that, although there was at present no money for purchases, the Committee felt a deep interest in securing the balance of Warren's collections, sooner or later, to round off what was already in the Museum. The disposal of the antiquities in Warren's possession was naturally one of the matters that engaged the attention of Marshall and Robinson when they transferred their services to New York. It was finally decided that the greater part of them should be free to pass to the Metropolitan, but that Warren should be allowed to reserve the few that seemed most necessary to Boston. He could not reserve all for Boston (he told Fairbanks), first because he had owed much to Marshall's help, and secondly because antiquities reserved indefinitely kept in idleness the funds that he needed for other purchases and for projects of a different kind. Even what he reserved for Boston could not be reserved indefinitely, as he might want, he said, to sacrifice other objects to his gems. Warren had always taken a special interest in gems, and although he had sent many fine ones to Boston, it had come to be understood that he should be at liberty to keep what he wanted for his own collection, which it was always hoped would eventually pass to the Museum. When he found that he had to cut down his classical purchases, he continued to collect gems with the same keenness as before, and as time went on they came to play a still greater part in his calculations. One of Robinson's first acts after joining New York was to come to an arrangement with Warren about gems. It was agreed that in intagli Marshall should always give Warren the preference, in cases where Warren wanted a gem for his private collection, and that Marshall was to have first pick of cameos. As Warren cared little for cameos, the arrangement was a favourable one for him.

It was in accordance with this "rounding off" under-

standing that several exceptional pieces of sculpture were acquired by Boston at intervals between 1910 and 1914, and again after the war: in 1910 the Chios head, which had come into Warren's possession ten years before; in 1914 the Marotti Herakles; in 1922 the torso of a boy in early fifth-century style, and a beautiful fourth-century head of a youth. Similarly the reserve of coins was purchased in 1911 and 1922, the vases and terra-cottas in 1912. The Chios head was the gift of Nathaniel Thayer. Most of the other additions were made possible by the munificence of Francis Bartlett, who in 1912 added to his previous benefactions the gift of a property in Chicago which had been bringing in over fifty thousand dollars a year; directing that the income should be used for a series of years "to purchase works of art selected, approved, and recommended by the Curators of the respective departments, or other experts employed by the Museum, which will add distinction to the collections of classical antiquities and of paintings". The terms are significant, for Mr. Bartlett was one of those who had always been ready to place power in the hands of the expert rather than the amateur. This meant that something at least would be regularly available for classical purchases.

In 1914 Warren was approached unofficially by the President of the Museum, Chester Lane, who mentioned a yearly sum of money that the Museum might want to spend through Warren, and asked him if he would be willing to take up active work once more. Warren answered that it was not consonant with his present plans to do so (he was no doubt thinking of his literary plans), and that he would hardly be able to work freely so long as Marshall was collecting for New York. But there was a way out of the situation, if the Museum desired to purchase his collection of gems. He had also an important bronze, and might be able to get a marble or so. Shortly after this Lane died, and his successor, Morris Gray, told Warren that what they really wanted was Greek marbles, and failing them, the best Roman; they probably ought to

put bronzes in the same class, but there might be hesitation in paying the high prices now being asked for bronzes. In ordinary conditions they would not buy many coins or gems: they might well consider a *collection*; but could not spend till conditions were more settled. This was the beginning of the last phase, one might say, in Warren's relations with the Museum: between 1918 and 1928 his main endeavour, as far as antiquities were concerned, was to effect the purchase of the gems. He took them to America in 1920 and showed them and explained them to the Trustees; next year it was decided to divide them up into five equal parcels, each one of which might be bought by the Museum without obligation to buy the remainder. Fairbanks, and L. D. Caskey, who succeeded him as Curator of the Classical Department in 1924, were both anxious that the whole collection should pass to the Museum, and worked hard to this end. After many vicissitudes, the last lot was purchased in February, 1928, less than a year before Warren's death. The money came from income of the Francis Bartlett Donation of 1912.

Not much of prime importance in the great years of collecting or even after, escaped Warren and passed into other hands; but he had three disappointments. The first has been mentioned already. He got the Adonis relief from the Ludovisi collection, and he long hoped for the more beautiful pendant with the Birth of Aphrodite, but the Italian Government at last stepped in. The second was a statue of Athena, a Roman copy of Myron's famous bronze which stood grouped with Marsyas on the Acropolis at Athens: several copies of the same statue exist, but they are all incomplete, some giving the body, others the head only: now a statue was unearthed which gave head as well as body, finely preserved even to the tip of the nose: a work of singular originality and charm, which has been one of the focal points in the history of Greek art ever since its discovery. Warren had the offer of it in the autumn of 1908, but could not raise the money, and it went to the new

museum of sculpture at Frankfort-on-Main.¹ The third was the magnificent hoard of Roman silver found in 1895 at Boscoreale near Pompeii: it was bought by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who presented it to the Louvre: with the exception of one piece, the most signal, which he retained for himself, thereby forfeiting Warren's praise. Warren had already acquired two small items of the hoard, a cup and a jug, and these he presented to the Louvre. A third piece which had become detached from the mass was bought by Count Tyszkiewicz and presented by him a year later.²

This brings us to the chapter of gifts. Warren made many gifts to museums. To three he was specially generous: the Walker Art Gallery of Bowdoin College at Brunswick in Maine, the Museum of the University of Leipsic, and the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

Bowdoin College is the small, privately-founded university of Warren's native state. Warren's connection with it dates from 1894, when Robinson wrote to him that a lady was looking out for a vase to present to the college, and asked him if he could find a suitable one.³ Warren chose a vase, but no more is heard of Bowdoin till 1908, when a "Bowdoin sending" took place, the first of a series that did not cease till 1930. These were without exception gifts from Warren, as the museum had no funds for the purchase of antiquities. Every year Warren would set aside a number of things for Bowdoin, and by 1930 it had become a small but well-rounded collection, in which every important class of antiquity was represented: marbles (chiefly small torsos, heads, and other fragments); bronzes and terra-cottas; vases and vase fragments; coins and gems; a little gold and glass;

¹ The Athena was found by the Russian collector Count Grigori Stroganoff when making the foundations for his house in the Via Sistina.

² The Treasure is published by Héron de Villefosse in the fifth volume of *Monuments Piot*. Warren's gift is mentioned there on p. 35.

³ The lady was one of the Misses Walker (Mary Sophia and Harriet Sarah), munificent benefactresses, from whom the Walker Art Building at Bowdoin College has its name.

a weight, a bell, a dice, a flute, a whistle. They were nearly all things not judged important enough to be essential to Boston, but all desirable, and many of them covetable by any collector:

"I wish," Warren wrote to Fairbanks in 1922, "to correct a statement which I made in my last letter that the two vases were the only things which I found in my recent travels worthy of the Museum. I have since remembered the little askos, a note on which was published by Beazley in *The American Journal of Archaeology* recently, and a tiny fragment, which had been set aside as gifts for Bowdoin. I do not think you will grudge them to an institution which has no money."

Warren's gifts to Oxford began early, but did not become numerous till 1911. In 1896 he gave two Attic cups from the van Branteghem collection, and two years later a chalcedony scaraboid engraved with such a lovely representation of the sole of a human foot that I really do not know how he could spare it from his own collection. In 1905 Warren had bought the contents of the Magazzino Ruspoli at Cervetri, consisting of a vast quantity of fine vase-fragments from the excavations of Caere. Some of these made up into complete or nearly complete vases, others not. He set a few aside for Boston, but let Marshall have the signed Euphronios cup for New York, and divided the rest among Oxford, Leipsic, and Bowdoin. Leipsic had the greater part, but what Oxford got was choice. It included a cup with the signature of Brygos, and a fine stamnos with the Death of Pentheus. He gave Oxford many vases after that, a few terracottas, one or two gems and coins; a marble torso of a mænad; and a fragmentary bronze head of an athlete, a fine Roman copy after a fifth-century original. In 1928, when a replica of the Marotti Herakles came into the market, he subscribed towards its purchase by Oxford. After his death a torso of a boy, a Roman copy of the same early classical original as the Soranzo statue in Leningrad, was bought in Paris by three friends and presented to the Ashmolean in memory of Warren and Marshall.

Leipsic had the bulk of the Ruspoli fragments, and much else of every kind from 1901 onwards. Professor Franz Studniczka, who had made Leipsic into a great centre of archæological teaching, was a close friend of Warren and Marshall.¹ The collection of Greek and Roman originals is in great part the gift of Warren, and Warren's bust stands in the museum.

He made gifts to Harvard, his first university, to the University of Chicago, to Heidelberg and to Bonn, and to Bradford School. One vase in the British Museum is his gift. The silver he gave the Louvre has already been mentioned. To Vienna he presented the head and hock of a bronze centaur, which Friedrich Hauser had recognised as belonging to a group of Herakles and Nessos discovered in the Austrian excavations at Ephesus;² and received as a compliment a little pillar of yellow onyx, which stood in the dining-room at Lewes, and was known as the Emperor's column, it was a long time before I knew why.

Lastly, his gifts to Boston, as we have seen, were many. One class of them calls, perhaps, for special mention. The tale of Warren's difficulties would not be complete if we concealed the fact that the sense of decorum (in the narrow use of the word), was a good deal more strongly developed in Trustees and public than it had been in antiquity, was in Warren, and would be in the two generations junior to him. For example, it is curious to find the Director, in 1903, taking exception, on the evidence of a photograph, to a work which does not now appear to contain anything alarming, the fragmentary archaic tombstone from Thebes³: "The lower

¹ Studniczka died in 1929, not quite a year after Warren. There are good accounts of the great archæologist, the warm-hearted man, by Ludwig Curtius in *Römische Mitteilungen*, 1929, pp. i-iii, by his successor Herbert Koch in *Berichte über die Verhandlungen der Sächsischen Akademie der Wissenschaften*, vol. 82 (1930), and by his pupil Andreas Rumpf in Bursian's *Jahresberichte*.

² The completed group is published by Eichler in *Jahreshefte des Oesterreichischen Archäologischen Institutes* 24, pl. 2, and pp. 199-200.

³ No. 11 in Caskey's catalogue.

fragment of that could not be exhibited publicly, and I should be better pleased if it were not included." When the stone arrived he admitted that he felt more favourably inclined: "It is certainly a more interesting sort of archaic than I thought, and if the lower piece could be treated in any way so as to make it possible to exhibit in a public gallery, I should withdraw the opinion I expressed, though I do not see how this could be done without mutilation." In the end the tombstone was presented to the Museum by Fiske Warren. The result of such extreme sensitiveness was that many admirable vases and other objects were not held suitable for submission to the Trustees, and passed into the Museum as gifts, some from Warren, some from his brother Fiske.

These were all gifts. About 1904 Warren made the acquaintance of Mrs. Gustav Radeke, who was building up the Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design at Providence and was interested in classical art as well as in other branches. Through Warren she bought at various times a fair number of good vases, now published by Dr. Luce, some important marbles and bronzes, and a gem signed by Dioskourides.¹ A small collection of vases was sold to St. Louis, a few vases and many fragments to Bryn Mawr College. Odd pieces went to Worcester in Massachusetts and to Philadelphia.

Warren did much for Oxford and Leipsic, for Providence and Bowdoin: but his great work remains the Boston collection. Let us try to give a brief account of what he achieved. It would be easy to do this in the Museum of Boston; in print, and without illustrations, it is hard.

First, sculpture. A good notion of the collection of sculpture may be had from the admirable catalogue published

¹ Warren enjoyed the words of a Providence Trustee to him as they passed through a room in which the latest consignment of antiquities was standing on the ground, prior to arrangement, and not showing at its best: "It looks like a lot of junk; but of course you and I know it isn't."

by Lacey D. Caskey in 1925.¹ This includes, of course, a certain number of pieces that did not reach the Museum through Warren, twenty-six, to be exact, out of a total of a hundred and thirty-four. Dr. Caskey distinguishes three periods in the formation of the collection: the first from the foundation of the Museum down to 1894, the second from 1895 to 1904, the third from 1905 onwards. Twelve of the pieces described were acquired in the first period, among them three portions of the sculptural decoration of the archaic Temple at Assos, two archaic fragments from Naucratis, and four Roman portraits. Warren had nothing to do with these. In the second period ninety-six pieces of sculpture were acquired, all through Warren; in the third, twenty-five, eleven of them through Warren. Several notable additions have been made since 1925, but in these Warren had no part.

Of the not very many archaic marbles acquired by Warren, the most satisfying is not a figure-piece at all. The tombstone from the Troad² is recognised to be one of the finest examples of archaic Greek ornament, and it is the sort of thing that is possibly better appreciated now than thirty years ago.

The early classical period is represented by the three-sided relief.³ It is unique in many respects, and even after Studniczka's publication it still offers problems. Studniczka believed that this and the companion piece in Rome were parapets decorating the narrow ends of an altar, and no better explanation has been proposed. As to the subjects represented, he refers them to the myth of Adonis, and this seems right in the main. The Boston relief has been much discussed, from every point of view. Shortly after its publication, its genuineness was attacked, which is hard to understand. To take one point only, anyone who has studied ornament will realise that the invention and execution

¹ *A Catalogue of the Greek and Roman Sculpture in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

² Caskey No. 13.

³ See p. 342.

of the floral decoration are beyond any forger. It is worth noting that the companion piece, the Ludovisi Birth of Aphrodite, was not at first recognised as a masterpiece. It was called 'Roman', and 'archaistic'.¹

Warren thought that a fragmentary statue of a boy² was an original of the very beginning of the early classical period, and Caskey inclines to the same view; but it is probably an exceptionally fine copy, made for a Roman connoisseur, of a work of that time.

There is not very much from the period of the Parthenon or the succeeding generation. Warren said: "We had no luck in later fifth-century sculpture, or only in reliefs; we could not get a good torso of this date, and only one tiny marble head. Our strength lay in fourth-century heads and in reliefs." Two fourth-century works, the Chios head and the Bartlett, have already been mentioned. The head from Chios is close to Praxiteles, and Marshall thought it might be part of a statue by his hand. Caskey quotes a few words from Marshall which we may be pardoned for repeating: "the face is that of a modest girl, the soul of gentleness, radiant with quiet pleasure; a face less beautiful than lovely, diffusing unconsciously her happiness and youth around her." The Bartlett head of Aphrodite is also close to Praxiteles: there are many Roman copies and imitations not of this statue, but of works like it, and nothing is more instructive than to place one of these beside the Bartlett head. Of the other fourth-century originals there is only space to mention two: a head of a youth, and the fragment of a mounted Amazon.

Of the reliefs, the slab dedicated to Herakles Alexikakos

¹ C. L. Visconti, who first published it, called it 'archaistic work of the Roman period' (*Bullettino Comunale* 1887, pp. 273-4). "Le style se rapproche de celui des œuvres attiques du IV^e siècle, mais ce n'est sans doute qu'une imitation conforme à la mode du temps" (Salomon Reinach in *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, vol. 37 (1888), p. 76. Petersen was the first to give the relief its proper place (*Römische Mitteilungen*, 1892, pp. 32-80).

² Caskey No. 14.

has much charm. It is curious that the collection is not strong in Attic tombstones of the late fifth century and the fourth: these vary, as is well known, in excellence, but the best of them are among the masterpieces of ancient art. It is possible that not so many of them were coming into the market in Warren's time as have been coming since.

Of Hellenistic works we need only mention a fine portrait of a woman, probably from a sepulchral statue, and the naked torso of a girl.

The Roman portraits are not many, but are choice (it will be remembered that some of the less attractive did not come through Warren). There is the Augustus from the Despuig collection, one of the finest of the strongly idealised portraits of the emperor; an old man of uncompromising looks from the end of the Republic; a life-size terra-cotta head, from Cumæ, of extraordinary realism; a middle-aged man of the second century; and the pretty little maid from Corinth.

Last, the Roman copies. The finest of these is possibly the Marotti Herakles, a beautifully wrought copy of an early classical bronze probably by Myron. A head found at Piedimonte di Sessa near Minturno is a copy of the Hermes of Polykleitos and perhaps the truest copy we have of a Polyclitan male head. The head of Homer is the best of the many copies of a lost Hellenistic original; and the same may be said of another famous portrait of a poet, Menander according to Studniczka.

The rather scanty representation of the archaic period among the marbles was in part made good by the bronzes, which include such masterpieces as the geometric doe suckling her young, the late geometric Apollo dedicated by Mantiklos, the head of a youth from Sparta, the two figures of Hermes carrying a ram, the mirror, supported by a female figure, once in the Forman collection, the lion and boar from a cauldron. No less fine are the early classical bronzes, such as the mirror-woman (also from the Forman collection) in

Doric dress, the mirror-youth from Croton, the girl holding fruit, the boy with his hands on his knees.

In terra-cottas, all periods are fully represented, but especially the fourth, third, and second centuries before Christ—the styles associated with Tanagra and Myrina. It is hardly possible here to speak of the terra-cottas in detail, but the general verdict of Furtwängler is worth quoting:

"The collection of terra-cottas," he wrote in 1904, "ranks not only equal to the best in Europe, but in some respects surpasses them, a fact that is particularly noteworthy, for the reason that there is no class of antiquities which offers such difficulties to collectors, as forgeries are exceedingly numerous in this domain, and often very clever. I know no museum in Europe, except that of Athens, which is so entirely free from either false, restored, or otherwise 'improved' Greek terra-cottas as that of Boston".¹

The coins were chosen from the artistic point of view, not the historical; and a special point was made of excellent preservation. A few dry figures may not come amiss, as the facts are not familiar even to all numismatists. An illustrated catalogue entitled *Die griechischen Münzen der Sammlung Warren*, by Kurt Regling, appeared in 1906, and contains 1,769 numbers. Of these, 1,016 came from the collection of Canon Greenwell, to which we have already referred; 1,313 out of the 1,769 were purchased by the Museum in 1904, and 118 others in four lots between 1908 and 1911, making 1,431 in all. But this was only part of the coins obtained by the Museum from Warren. The "Catharine Page Perkins Collection" of 609 coins (576 Greek, 33 Roman) had been acquired in three lots, in 1895, 1897, and 1900: this collection is less well known than that catalogued by Regling, but the quality is as high, perhaps even higher.² The

¹ In a letter to the *Boston Evening Transcript* quoted in the *Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin*, 1904, p. 22.

² A good handbook of the Perkins collection published anonymously, and now out of print, was the work of M. S. Prichard.

"Bartlett Collection", acquired in 1903, consists of 62 coins of the same quality. These three collections, with two coins bought in 1913, and omitting the 33 Roman Perkins coins, make a grand total of 2,071 Greek coins obtained from Warren.

Somewhat more must be said about the vases and the gems. Of the earlier non-Attic vases there is an illustrated catalogue by Arthur Fairbanks,¹ but although there are good examples of most early fabrics, and excellent examples of some, it is not here that the great strength of the collection resides. It is in the Attic vases, and especially in the red-figured vases of the fifth century and the end of the sixth. Many of them were acquired one at a time; but many came in groups from great collections like those of Forman, van Branteghem, Bruschi, Bourguignon, and Spinelli. Some idea of the quality may be obtained from Caskey's handsome publication.² The one volume that has appeared contains, among other things, thirteen works by the Brygos painter and some of the finest of all white lekythoi. Later volumes will publish such vases as the krater, with Actæon on one side and Pan on the other, from which the "Pan painter" takes his name, and four smaller works of the same extraordinary artist; Makron's masterpiece, the Helen skyphos from the Spinelli collection; and the great series of kylikes, several of them from the Bourguignon collection, by the Panaitios painter and his companions. Most of these are well known from the publications of Hartwig, Furtwängler, and others, and are so many cardinal pieces in the history of vase-painting.

¹ Fairbanks *Catalogue of Greek and Etruscan Vases in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston: I, Early Vases, preceding Athenian Black-figured Ware* (1928). A careful catalogue of the vases, compiled by Edward Robinson with the assistance of Warren and Marshall, was published in 1895; but the rapid growth of the collection soon put it out of date and it was withdrawn from circulation.

Many of the Attic vases are studied from the point of view of shape in the Museum publication *Geometry of Greek Vases* by L. D. Caskey (1922).

² L. D. Caskey, with the co-operation of J. D. Beazley, *Attic Vase Paintings in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston* (1931).

Warren cared little for Italiote vases, but he felt it his duty to get some characteristic examples, and he was well pleased by the acquisition of the Thersites vase with its elaborate picture based on a lost Greek tragedy, especially as few of these vast subject-pieces have come into the market in recent times.

The fine collection of Arretine pottery, and of the moulds and puncheons used for producing it, deserves a mention even in the briefest survey. It is known that these vases, better perhaps than any other class of object that has reached us in quantity, represent classicising Graeco-Roman art at its truest and most tasteful.

Lastly, the gems. Warren once told me about an uncle of his who was not the least interested in art, or, one would have said, in beauty of any kind; except that he always carried a few small pebbles in his pocket, and occasionally would take one out and look at it long, then put it back. After that, when Warren took up a gem, I would sometimes seem to see his uncle also, small, old, far off, but distinct, in Westbrook, Maine, looking at a chuckie-stone. The English word "gem", beautiful as it is, suggests something luxurious and remote: but what are called "ancient gems" are nearer to everyday life, for in general they served a practical purpose, and were not ornaments but seals. They are sisters to coins, which are but pieces of metal stamped with the public seal. They have an even wider range of subject than coins; are equal to them in quality, but run smaller, and often have a minuter and more miraculous finish. Coins are seldom quite perfectly preserved: intaglios, made of harder material, and having the detail protected by cavity, usually are. Coins are never quite perfectly struck: with the gem you yourself can make the perfect imprint. Lastly, an ancient coin always retains a little of the shapeless lump it once was, whether you like it the better for that or no: the ancient intaglio is all its own shape with no residue, two-dimensional from the end of the fourth century onwards, three-dimensional before

that—scarab, scaraboid, sometimes cylinder, barrel, or prism. This is to say nothing of the beauty of the “precious” or “semi-precious” material—chalcedony in its many shades from pale sky-blue to smoky, sard, agate, onyx and sardonyx, emerald plasma, and the jaspers; later, amethyst, beryl, chrysoprase, peridot, garnet. Pliny spoke of precious stones as “in artum coacta rerum naturae maiestas”; and the engraved stones of the ancients are “infinite riches in a little room”.

It has been explained already that although Warren included many gems in the “sendings”, he early began to collect in a more personal way: it was understood that he might keep the best for himself, and although no pledge was given, it was hoped that his collection would eventually find its way into the Boston Museum. From 1904, when the other collecting declined, Warren concentrated on gems. After the war, as we have seen, he began to negotiate the sale of his gems to the Museum, and the negotiations were successfully concluded in 1928.

The first gem Warren ever bought, he told me, was a small sard with a herm on it, now in the Boston Museum¹; he got it in Athens, but I do not know when. A catalogue of the Lewes House Gems appeared in 1920²: it contains 138 gems; the final number was 151, of which some 25 were not there on their own merits, but as illustrative of those that were. He had the pick of Count Tyszkiewicz's gems, and he had a good many from another great connoisseur, Sir Arthur Evans. Most of the rest were acquired singly. The greatest strength of the collection lay in the Greek gems of the archaic and classical periods, the sixth, fifth, and fourth centuries, which constituted more than half the total. These included the horse-tamer signed by Epimenēs; an

¹ Furtwängler, *Antike Gemmen*, pl. 9, 25, and ii, p. 45.

² Beazley, *The Lewes House Collection of Ancient Gems*. A brief account by L. D. Caskey, with good illustrations, appeared in the *Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts* for June 1928.

archer in the same style and only second to it; a portrait head signed by Dexamenos; a wonderful series of animals, the finest perhaps the ewe, the race-horse, the two fallow-deer, and a heron which must be by Dexamenos himself; and one of the most loving Greek studies of vegetable life, a hazel-nut worthy of Durer. The predominance of Greek over Graeco-Roman stones distinguished Warren's from all the great collections of the past.

The Etruscan scarabs were also choice; and from later periods, Hellenistic and Roman, Warren had, with other masterpieces, two noble Cassandras, in different materials but equal in merit; one of the two best realistic Roman portraits on gems; the signet of one Popilius, with Augustus, the victor of Actium, as Poseidon, driving a chariot drawn by four sea-horses over the waves; and the wonder-work of Gaius, the head of Sirius on a Siriam garnet. Just in time for inclusion in the catalogue he acquired a newly-found gem with the signature of Dioskourides, the court-engraver of Augustus. He had a few Oriental pieces, among them one of the finest Persian cylinders; and three of the grandest Mycenaean animal-gems. Of gems not in his possession, he most desired Lord Southesk's archaic archer, which would have made a third to his own archer and his Epimenēs: after Warren's death it was acquired by New York.

In one of the last letters he sent me, a few months before his death, he wrote: “I have had much happiness in the thought of three things done: the Bostonian collection, *The Wild Rose*, the *Defence*.”

CHAPTER XVII
OXFORD AND WARREN

WARREN'S life has a claim upon our interest, not only because it was in itself eventful and because it was largely through his work that the great classical collections in Boston and New York were founded, but also because it was, in a real sense, an Essay in Nobility.

Nobility, or to use appropriately a Greek word, *areté*, was the basis of his character, and it is on that basis that his life should be studied and judged. If that life, in the apparent waste of opportunity, seems in some ways a failure and tragedy, it is in a superficial rather than in an intrinsic sense. In a world which has chosen other ideals for its standards, perhaps all nobility must involve tragedy. That Warren was bound to suffer is obvious, since he happened to be born in the nineteenth century with a pre-Christian soul.

In his childhood, in spite of the Puritanical upbringing which was the natural lot of a Bostonian of the time, he had been passionately devoted to beauty, and he accepted as his standard of judgment in all things the measure of what seemed to him to be beautiful. When chance, or destiny, brought him into touch with the Classics, first with Latin and the Roman ideals of grave dignity and restrained loyalty, (it was at this time that he used to go "anticking", as his family called it, about the countryside in a Roman toga of his own making), and then later on with Greek, he at once recognised his affinity, and his fervour of attachment never waned nor wavered. Every side of Greek life had its appeal for him. Its restraint was a delightful contrast with the wild uncontrol of America in the 1870's and 1880's, its recognition

of a truly aristocratic *areté* (which survived even to Aristotle) was opposed to the sentimental democracy which was becoming popular, its marvellous instinct for the creation of beauty showed up all the more luridly the grossness of Western civilisation, which seemed incapable of creating anything beautiful. Warren knew himself to be the kin of the Greeks in their society, their art, their material conditions, their philosophy, their underlying spiritual impulse—their Eros. At the time at which he grew up, the standard "Classical" view was that established by men like Arnold and Pater, and though in his essential humility he admitted their greatness in other spheres, he was yet Greek enough and bold enough to know that their understanding of the Classical was ruined by a sentimental intrusion from their own Romantic age. If there was anything akin to Greek in them, it was to be found—as Pater had unconsciously realised—in the overheated atmosphere and languid softness of Cupid and Psyche.

Having his natural impulses—or as modern psychology might prefer to say, being born with a strong visual and tactile sense—Warren never fell into the common error of over-emphasis on the literary and philological side of the Classics. Just as it had been necessary for him to go to the length of wearing the toga, it was necessary also that he should rather grow into, than learn about, the Greek spirit. In boyhood he had loved to handle fine china or porcelain, and Greek vases or terra-cottas came early into his hands, long before the idea of collecting on a large scale had entered his head. Consequently, even in literature, he never lost the sense of the magic and solidity of words: the cerebral abstractness which makes most of us read not poetry but merely print was wholly alien to him. Therefore it was fitting that Pindar should have been the great love of his life, because in Pindar's words and rhythms and melodies he could see the movement of the dance and apprehend, in a literal sense, the form in which words and gesture and music portrayed the real unity of truth, beauty and goodness. It was fitting,

moreover, that he should have been led after years of collecting to a conscious understanding and analysis of the Greek along the path of archaic sculpture and painting.

This devotion to the Classics, and particularly to the Greek ideal, was persistent and unwavering throughout Warren's whole life. Indeed it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that every one of his actions and schemes, however inconsistent with this devotion an outsider may have thought them, was either directed towards, or motivated by, this ideal.

Long before he finished at New College and took his degree he had established his theory of life and of the place of the Classics in such a life; and it was not a theory worked out in abstract thought or logic. His own vision and feelings were so intense that, as he advanced in age, he only needed to clear up in thought and intellectual analysis what was now conveyed to him by his own experience. His personal ideal was essentially aristocratic, as all ideals must be, and he was well aware that under present conditions such an ideal called for a leisured class and for what might seem to be unfair educational advantages for a few. His scheme for establishing a post-graduate College may have been fantastically ambitious for anything but a millionaire; but he would never have given in if the obstacles that were independent of himself had not been too strong.

When this plan fell through, Warren did not become idle. For some time his activity was devoted toward the collection of antiquities for the Boston Museum, and, to a lesser extent, New York. Those collections were, in a real sense, a labour of love, intended to convey the true classical message to any American capable of hearing it. Each piece, whether coin, vase, terra-cotta or sculpture, was carefully chosen, not because it was *archäologisch wichtig*, but because it displayed to a renegade world something of what Greece meant. That message however must to some extent be a personal one: Hellenic "education" depended in its final object upon the relation between the young pupil and an older wiser

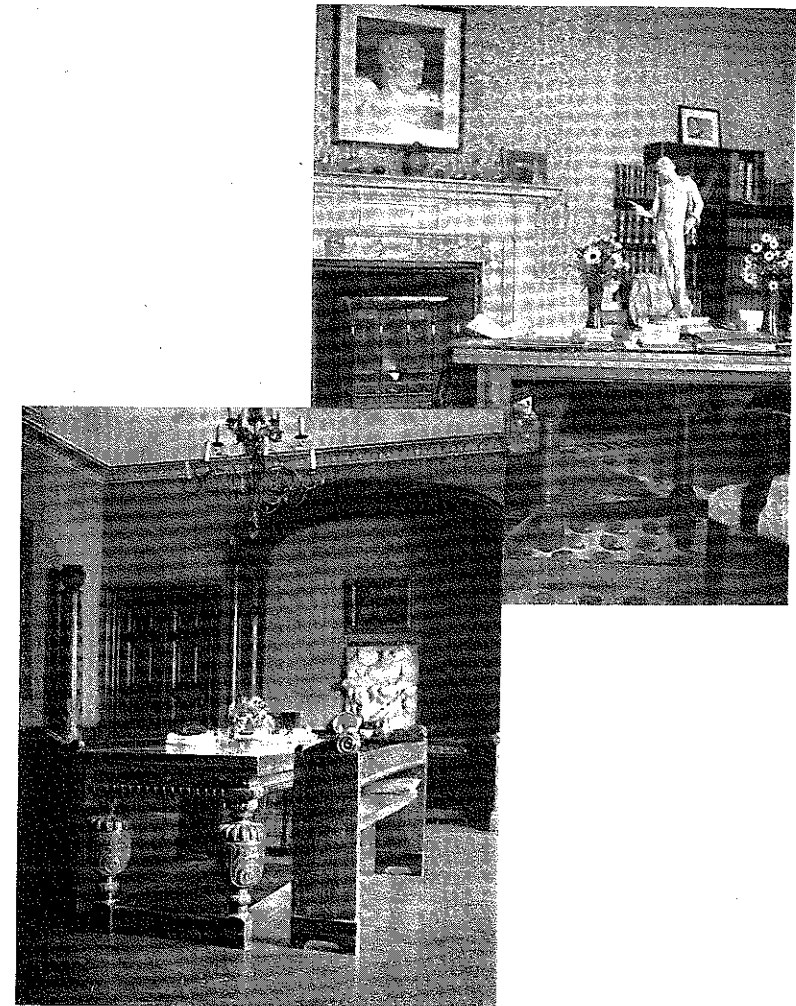
man, who did not teach as a lecturer, but who drew out the true virtue of the younger, encouraging hardness, courage, and above all, the 'love of wisdom'—which we *mistranslate* philosophy, losing thereby all notion of the love that is needed, and all understanding of that divine inspiration which is the root of all wisdom. Because for this *philosophia* the personal touch was essential, and because in the ordinary circumstances of the modern world its substitutes, in marriage or in adolescent friendship, seemed so inadequate, Warren remained almost obstinately wedded to his eager passion for a scheme which would make it possible. Because, also, he was a firm believer in the value of the masculine ideal and realised that the monastic seclusion of Oxford, as it existed at that time, might become the best possible atmosphere for the encouragement of the Hellenic, he required of his plan not only that it should foster real personal sympathy and love between younger and older, but also that women should be kept out.

The Museum collecting continued all through his life, but it did not exclude attention to other schemes. Between 1900 and 1912 various plans were brought forward and talked over with friends. The two ideas which Warren favoured most were the institution of a Classical Lectureship at Corpus which should be limited to members of the College and should include much opportunity for this personal inspiration, and the "fortification" of one college as a specially Greek College. The opportunity for the latter seemed to offer itself in St. Edmund Hall, since by an Act of 1877 the management of the hall would fall, on the death of the then Principal, to Queen's College, and an arrangement might be possible. By 1911—a year of severe crisis, political as well as industrial—it had become clear that the Hebdomadal Council, with Lord Curzon as Visitor of the College, was aiming at the transfer of St. Edmund Hall to a Committee of the University and out of the control of Queen's, and was committed, as Thomas Case put it in his typical rather extreme

way, "to the destruction of Greek for the sake of men who do not want Greek but rhetoric", and "would certainly not consider converting Teddy Hall into an independent Greek College".

This crisis of 1911 incidentally made it clear both to Warren and to Case that the whole future of Oxford, as "of everything else that is valuable in the country", might be altered by Parliamentary action, so that, if any benefactions were to be made, they would have to be much more carefully hedged round against possible interference by Parliament or Royal Commissions than in the past. This fear, which has been proved well founded by the actions of recent Royal Commissions appointed to deal with educational endowments, explains the interminable scheming and negotiating which held up the actual Indenture confirming the benefaction made by Warren in 1911, and the still more tiresome discussions which revolved round the benefactions proposed later. The War, with all the turmoil it caused, and the stupidity it revealed, confirmed both men in their opinion that the world was going mad, and that Oxford, in the sense in which they thought of it, was likely to be doomed. The independence of the Colleges was threatened, the Hebdomadal Council, like the politicians, was blind to real values, being prepared to sacrifice many things besides Greek "for the sake of teaching to the poor all manner of subjects which, since they had no really sound education to back them, they would be quite incapable of benefiting by". Case almost despaired, especially after the compulsory Greek debates of 1919 and 1920. Warren never despaired, and in the last weeks of his life was engaged on complicated plans for releasing sufficient sums of money to carry out his schemes.

A will of 1905 makes it clear that he was intent on benefaction upon extremely liberal lines. The total value of his estate varied considerably between 1900 and 1920, but it was probably never below a figure which would have allowed the intended gift to amount to a very substantial sum. The



LEWES HOUSE : INTERIOR

object of the bequest, as indicated in the early wills, was wide : for the betterment of College fare, for new buildings so that all undergraduates could live in College, for payments to tutors and lecturers, for any Collegiate purposes. The bequest was to be in the form of Trust to individuals and administered by individuals.

During 1911, however, something happened of which it is not possible now to trace the details, but which produced a great change in Warren's attitude. Case wrote towards the end of August :

" I repent of my haste which has induced you to retreat from your kind intentions. I have said enough, I am sure, to make you understand what I mean upon a subject, which after all may be beyond recall ; and I have only to add that whatever has happened is my fault."

In September when the Teddy Hall scheme was shown to be impossible, the President wrote : " Why not alter the condition of your generosity ? Why not devote yourself to reviving the Corpus Prælectorship in Greek established by the Founder, instead of subventing the Tuition Fund ? "

This idea appealed immensely to Warren and he began to act on it. But before anything could be settled, the College was involved in financial difficulties, which might have resulted in raking up the whole details of its administration for the past thirty years. In this crisis the President " recalled Warren's often repeated desire to help the College by benefaction " and asked him straight out for a sum of over £2,000 to help it out of its predicament. Warren responded by immediate consent. For the moment all the fine schemes for fortifying Greek and inspiring the young had been reduced to the handing over of a sum, whose one use was that it helped to remove some of the tangle in the College finances. But Warren was always at his best in times of crisis or disappointment ; his calm and power were always in proportion to the difficulties of a situation.

Within a very short time other schemes were again under consideration, and by the autumn of 1913 definite proposals were put forward, less ambitious than some of the earlier ones but still munificent enough: a "scheme for the promotion of Classical Education by Tutors and Lecturers within the College, and the intention to provide for the College a sum of at least £20,000". This remained the basis of all the schemes which occupied him to the end of his life.

Neither Warren nor Case can have had an idea of the complexity and difficulty of executing the necessary Deed. Certainly Warren cannot have anticipated the time that would have to be spent and the unpleasantness which would be encountered. Apart from the complications which arose from the various personalities and views concerned, the two legal problems were, first, how to word the Deed so as to avoid any Parliamentary interference, secondly, how to settle the official position of the Trustees in relation to the President—the Statutes of the College referring to "the President and Scholars" as forming the corporate existence of the College. By November 1st, 1915, the Deed was ready to sign, being made between Warren on the one part and four Trustees on the other. But the bequest for establishing a Prælectorship produced not only complication but a certain amount of friction. Since the position would be almost unique in Oxford and would in any case carry with it considerable personal distinction, the official relation of the Prælector to the College had to be settled. Case stood firm for "the pre-eminence and authority of the President over all the members of the College and all persons *thereto belonging*, and for the necessity that the Trustees should communicate with the Visitor only through the President". He became in fact very warm on the theme; then, realising that he had been rather curt, he added a postscript expressing his real gratitude to Warren "for the great trouble he was taking for the College and for the Classics". Warren, on

his side, was firm that the Prælector should lecture only to men and should live within the precincts of the College, and that the College should be, in all its parts, accessible to the Prælector: that some sort of passage under or over Merton Street must be constructed. At one time it looked as if the whole scheme would fall through because of this insistence; but in the end he did give way, insisting, however, still that the Prælector must live during term time and give his lectures within the "old part of the College".

The details of the bequest and its administration, and the conditions laid down for the holding of the office, produced endless discussions, and when P. S. Allen succeeded Case as President he inherited the problem. Only two months before Warren's death Allen wrote to him—"you mustn't work too hard with the various details we discussed in May." The clause as it runs in Warren's will is enormously complex, but hardly unnecessarily so, and it does, one way or another, allow for almost any eventuality. Thus in the end Allen felt justified, when he acknowledged the "munificent proposals which you offer", in quoting the words which Erasmus wrote to the first President of Corpus: '*præsagit mihi animus futurum olim ut istud collegium ceu templum sacrosanctum optimis literis dicatum, toto orbe terrarum inter præcipua decora Britanniae numeretur.*'

That was not the sum of Warren's benefactions to Corpus. In addition to frequent smaller gifts—a finely wrought silver coffee-pot for the use of the undergraduates, other silver articles for the High Table, manuscripts for the library, many antiques—he suggested in 1926 that he should present a parcel of land adjoining the Corpus playing fields as a reserve for the bathers there. He was keen on swimming because it afforded the one opportunity under modern conditions for the display and exercise of the naked human body, and for something like the atmosphere of the Palæstra. An area, which in correspondence and discussion Allen always referred to as "Warren's Piece", was bought within

a few months, and this allowed the President at the Gaudy in April to "mention in conversation that Corpus had sustained yet another benefaction".

At Warren's death the Trustees were distressed and shocked to find that owing to his financial position the bequest had been reduced from the £30,000 they had anticipated, and that it would have to accumulate for about 15 years before it could be paid. Right up to his death, on December 28th, 1928, Warren was trying all manner of means for raising the money—by selling mortgages, claims, stocks, antiques—but he died before anything could be done, and the great slump has ruled out any likelihood of improvement. But perhaps the greatest cause for distress lies in the fact that by the time the Trust comes into action—if it ever does—the Trustees whom Warren himself appointed as being acquainted with his ideas will of necessity be dead, and the choice of a Prælector, which would have been in any case very difficult, will be virtually impossible. Instead of the Socrates for whom Warren hoped, his bequest will in the end help to appoint a learned archivist or philologist. There is, of course, still the chance that the sum never will be paid over, or that interest rates may have fallen permanently to such an extent that the prælectorial stipend will not be payable. It might almost be a good thing (since *corruptio optimi pessima*) if a remark made by one of Warren's enemies proved true in effect even if not in intention—that the Prælectorship was never meant to be instituted. It would at least be in keeping with much of Warren's life: fine ideals, much personal sacrifice, and, in the end, apparent failure. The great gem collection, the antiques and works of art, save so far as they are safe in Museums, Lewes House itself with its contents, Fewacres, his American country house, are all dispersed and sold. Nothing it seems but a memory in those who knew them and loved them is left as the monument of a strange life.

Yet, even materially, that life may claim to have been a success, in its accumulation and distribution of material

things and benefits. It was incumbent on a *megaloprepes* (the "munificent" man) to give abundantly and willingly. As *megaloprepeia* was, however, only a quality in the whole character of the *megalopsychos* (the high-souled magnanimous man), it is the Idea of Warren's character and the way in which that Idea found expression which is of interest. For that reason, too, Oxford and the Classics are of primary importance.

Oxford as the chief shrine of the Classics had early attracted Warren. When he was up, he had contemplated writing on some classical theme, and had visited Robinson Ellis for advice. Ellis, in the manner of Professors, suggested some of the minutiae of philology, and was unwilling to accept the more philosophic and æsthetic subject which Warren wanted. The idea of the thesis was not realised until the writing of the *Magnum Opus*. But contact with Corpus was again established, and prepared the way for the later relationship. Thus, when, soon after going down in 1888, Warren was thinking about his post-graduate College, and investigating sites, it was in the district round Corpus that he was most interested, and he acquired a detailed knowledge of the history and architecture of Jesus Hall, Kybald Twychen, and Beam Hall, which belonged to Corpus.

The scheme for the establishment and endowment of this College was seriously under consideration, but it met with much opposition, some from Conservatives in Oxford who resented a new idea, much from landowners, and a good deal from the members of the Warren family upon whom Warren would have had to draw for funds. On the whole one can hardly regret its failure. Even if it might have prospered in 1890, it would certainly have failed in 1920, although the idea, no doubt, would have appealed to many men who feel that they have very inadequately digested the things they have attempted to absorb in Greats or other Schools.

Oxford kept its hold on Warren. He visited it frequently, often to see if he could do anything for his friend Marshall,

sometimes for his own literary and collecting purposes, sometimes just to enjoy the University, which, more than any other place he knew, held the spirit of masculine austerity. To a man as sensitive to beauty as was Warren, there is hardly a city in the world which could give greater satisfaction. Not only had it escaped much of the vulgarity which was ruining England's architecture, but it retained something of the true form of aristocratic control which might subserve the growth of *areté* and prevent the world from being swamped by a crowd of banausics. And it was there, if anywhere in the modern world, that Greek masculinity could still find its devotees—with its young men working and thinking under the supervision of older men who stood to them in the relation of friends, with its games and its unsophisticated worship of physical health. In the 1890's, though women had begun to invade even Oxford, there was as yet no sign of anything like the landslide which occurred after the War, and which has curtailed enormously that "tough" thinking of which the world is so much in need.

To Warren it simply was not true that woman was in all things equal to man. In theory, he may have been definitely anti-feminist, but he understood women better and was more truly gentle toward them than men who set on a pedestal their romantic ideal of the *Ewigweibliche*. We should do wrong to assume that he felt any personal antipathy to women from the fact, for instance, that he resented the presence of women at Oxford lectures, or that he made it a condition of his benefaction that the Prælector should not admit women to his discussion. In fact, it is a pity that with our sex-equalitarianism we do not combine some of Warren's generous, humorous, and sympathetic understanding of women.

Most of us are dilettanti in our appreciation or collection of beautiful things, and beauty is barred from too active a part in our everyday life. Warren was one of the few to whom beauty was a passion, who believed almost fanatically in the necessity of beautiful things for the salvation of the soul. When

he presented to the Ashmolean a splendid bronze head, or some vases, or terra-cottas, or gems, or coins, he meant them as a sacrifice in honour of gods whom he almost worshipped, hoping they might lead others to worship with him. When, at the time of his first large-scale benefaction to Corpus, he had to sell a fine archaic statue of Herakles, a statuette which represented the Doric hero in his heroic masculinity, he was like one of the heroes themselves who, in order to achieve *to kalon* were prepared to devote themselves and their lives to their ideal. When he remarked to Case that the hero had never done a better day's work than when he enabled Warren to help Corpus, it was partly an expression of the whimsical self-control he excelled in, partly a conviction that Corpus stood for an ideal of which Herakles himself would have approved.

That was in 1910, and Case did not forget the service to the College. Knowing what value Warren set on Oxford and on the dignities its Colleges had to offer, he worked hard to obtain for him an Honorary Fellowship. The basis for the award of Honorary Fellowships has never been very clear, and, though it is likely that men of much less distinction or merit have been elected, Warren's case seems to have met with a good deal of opposition, the question being discussed at considerable length and his credentials examined. His work being neither literary nor public had attracted little attention, he was not himself known to any wide circle of public men, and he was an American. But his remarkable work for the Boston Museum, his great reputation among collectors, his acquaintance with men like Roger Fry, Clutton Brock, Lionel Johnson, Basil Williams, and the astonishing atmosphere of Lewes House, counted for much in his favour; and he was elected in April, 1915. Case thought the occasion important enough to warrant a telegram.

Warren, in spite of a sincere modesty, which found amusing expression in the account he was compelled to give to the College of the grounds upon which his election was to be

based, was delighted. Admission to an Oxford Senior Common Room, particularly in a College like Corpus, was almost in the nature of an initiation. It pleased him to think that without ordinary academic qualifications or any of the ordinary distinctions he had managed to win the honour. Yet even now his curiously subtle conscience did not allow him to accept without showing to Robert Bridges, who was also an Honorary Fellow of the College, the volume of poems published under the name of Arthur Lyon Raile. Bridges replied, after reading the poems, that this new poet was one of the few to be reckoned with in modern days, and that he saw no reason why the authorship of such work should stand in the way of his election. This comment of Bridges' often comforted Warren when he felt depressed by the learning of the Common Room, or was sensible of occasional patches of unpopularity. Yet in spite of this occasional depression Oxford was Oxford, to him the vestment in which the Greek Idea had clothed itself in modern times.

This was, of course, an exaggeration. There is in the modern world no place which can be, or probably should be, the home of the Greek Idea. Yet if the Classics are to continue to be studied, it would be well if the austere masculine view of them were more emphasised, and if this apolline quality, (the antithesis to the Idea of Eastern civilisations, which, living in an air of only semi-consciousness, were just beginning to feel and to fear individuality, and therefore pictured their gods in the Feminine) were made one of the chief foci of classical teaching. As it is, the increasing feminism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, combined with a puritanical attitude, have utterly falsified our approach to the Greeks, in whom the different polarisation to "sex" makes it of the first importance for us to be aware, in consciousness, of that difference. It is not only that the Greek attitude to sex was more childlike and less self-conscious; the Greek Eros, the principle of tension and attraction of forces which is associated with the thing we call sex, is the Daimon

with whom we must have communion if the spark is really to flash between us and the Hellenic. In the narrower sense, that Eros has expression in the Symposium of Plato and in aspiring memory of past glory, it has something of its due paid to it in Plutarch's *Eroticus*. The impulse which sets a civilisation on its course and keeps it in process, is that Eros which lies deep in our unconscious; and the vision of the relation between man and his gods, between man and his fellows, between man and his own faculties of consciousness, is the significant element in every civilisation. If we have incomplete union with this Daimon, we understand in Hellenic civilisation only those parts which reflect ourselves. Warren was, so far as is humanly possible, a real Hellenic.

From 1915 onwards until the end of the War Warren had rooms in Corpus. He was very grateful to the President for the room with its elegant ceiling which had been allotted to him; but he sometimes spoke longingly of the panelled and vaulted room above the Gateway, which was not available but which none of the Fellows, Honorary or Ordinary, would probably have graced as well as he. He loved to take an active part in the College life, to attend the meetings of its Societies, to take part in discussions, especially the literary and artistic, and to entertain the undergraduates, for whom nothing was too much trouble. In one way he had much for which to be thankful to the War, for his business and personal affairs would never have allowed him to spend so much time in Oxford, or on the Essay, had not travelling and collecting become impossible, even for him. A voyage to America might be undertaken in an emergency; even European travel was not beyond the bounds of contemplation if it seemed of international importance—as it did where the *Tronende Göttin*, now in Berlin, was concerned: Warren had been interested in this statue, and at the beginning of the War it was still in France or Switzerland and might have become the occasion for an "incident". But travelling for ordinary business, or for his health, was barred. Thus he

decided to divide his time between Lewes and Oxford, leaving Marshall in Italy to keep hold of loose threads in the collecting. Once again, as in 1887 and 1902, the will conquered the physical body, and though his capacity for work was lessened he remained sufficiently well to keep active and to do a good deal of reading.

It is astonishing what patience he displayed throughout life, and what persistence. Most of his plans were carried through somehow, because he had this inner placidity. Had it not been for this, his association with Marshall (who would become hectic and agitated at slight provocation) would have been intolerable. It was, too, one of the antinomies of Lewes House that whereas, as one of its inmates said, nothing could be settled there without immense effort, Warren himself was always unruffled. In travelling he showed the same delightful calm. He would leave the luggage question entirely to his man, get hold of one or two first-rate books, settle himself in a compartment, or in a waiting-room, and hope for the best. He was known on occasion to be so intent on his book that he would let a train go without him. Even the long-distance journeys to Italy or to America left him unperturbed.

In the Senior Common Room Warren was in many ways in his element. The almost idolatrous devotion with which he regarded Oxford, and his immense reverence for true scholarship, outweighed any feeling of discomfort which his modesty might have created in him, and produced a glow of satisfaction at the thought of his position there. It was a comfort to him, when he once openly expressed doubts of his own fitness to associate in this way on level terms with pundits such as Professor Clark or Vinogradoff, that one of the most learned replied, with his usual elegance, that "among the recent happenings that concerned the internal life of the College, he counted among the happiest the coming of Warren among them". In the same way when the President, in writing to express regret at being unable to

introduce him in person to the High Table, added that "he felt sure that his great reputation would ensure him a whole-hearted welcome", he was ready to believe that, after all, he might be entitled to take his place as an equal. Finally, when Case's successor in the Presidency said that he looked on Warren as a man who was not only entitled to come to the College but one whom the College missed when it was not honoured by his presence, he really felt that he need no longer be modest about himself.

The atmosphere of a Senior Common Room at Oxford is not suited to everyone, nor is everyone capable of surviving its somewhat rarefied condition. Its members are often highly unusual, and each one has generally some idiosyncrasy which makes communal life difficult. The topics of conversation may reflect those idiosyncrasies, but there is a good deal of skilful "leg-pulling" and the mood changes in a moment from epigrammatic wit to subtle philosophising or scholarly criticism. Warren, if he had let himself go and had not been so conscious that he was only an Honorary Fellow, could well have become, in spite of his deafness and frequent absences, as notable as any. He was extraordinarily clever at "jollyng", as he called it, and the elegant manner in which he could seize upon some weakness and ironically elevate it into a lofty virtue, or by gentle compliment make actual achievement seem paltry compared to the possible, was a treat to observe. He was, also, even if not a scholar in the sense that professors can claim to be, very learned and intensely interested in the minutiae of scholarship, and a devastating critic of unclear opinions. Abstract philosophising soon bored him and he began to yawn. His propensity to yawning, which was really occasioned by his illness, became something of a jest. But if the discussion came down to practical questions of ethics, of politics, of literature, he was at once interested, and capable of valuable participation.

But on the subject on which he was, compared to others, a master, there was not much opportunity for conversation,

It would be foolish to claim that he was not distressed at the one-sidedly academic learning which prevailed among the Common Room members, whether classical or historical or scientific. Not that he regarded modern Oxford as an unworthy guardian of its ancient glory. Many of the Dons might be expert in some subject, and admirable expositors of it; but they were in no sense midwives of the soul. From the first Oxford has been a home of argument, originally religious, later intellectual, but many of the senior members of the University have been more interested in administration and politics than in any artistic ideal. To a man like Warren who had the æsthetic *Weltanschauung* in his bones, it seemed inconceivable that Dons who had the good fortune to live amid the beauties of the most beautiful city in Europe should be blind to art. Possibly because he was a stranger, Warren knew the place intimately. To go with him to St. Mary's, or to the Cathedral, or to wander along the Canal from Osney to Port Meadow, to Iffley, or Godstow, meant listening to a continuous stream of comment, information and appreciation. He had a wonderful instinct for a beautiful door or carving or window, and he loved every bit that was beautiful. Even in the narrower bounds of a College or an S.C.R. he felt the need of beautiful things, and, as has been said, he presented to one of the College Clubs a fine silver coffee-pot, on the designing and execution of which he had spent much thought, and to the High Table a splendid silver salver. Carelessness about one's surroundings or the material things among which one lived seemed to him an uncivilised trait. He even regretted the ignorance in matters of good living which so many of the Oxford Colleges display.

He was distressed to find the Dons either hurrying away from Oxford as soon as term ended, or allowing the admittedly relaxing atmosphere to dull the sense of the inspiring beauty of the place, which should have a spiritual effect. He was eager to prevent the putting up of hideous houses, or the ruin of a fine view, and was angry to find that some of the

Colleges were (or would have been had not outside interference stopped them), among the worst offenders—wantonly pulling down old buildings and selling land which ought to remain unbuilt on. He did not want to hark back to the past, turning his back on the present, but he hated any useless destruction of the beautiful. All Oxford agreed in thinking it a fault to be blind to the illumination of reason, but it seemed to Warren a greater sin that men should be dull to the thrill of beauty. Dons would be learned and skilful in things of the mind, and almost every one of them would feel some shame if caught out in a literary misquotation, but they would quite blatantly display an ignorance of music or painting or the other arts. Even the Classical Don in Oxford does not often show much real understanding of classical art, and is apt to be more excited by a hunt after a *varia lectio* in a MS. than by a Syracusan coin or a gem. Worse, the official archæologist tended to be impressed rather by the historical significance of an object than by its beauty or its relevance to the Greek idea.

Yet he fully appreciated the members of the S.C.R. and most of them, at one time or another, were glad to visit Lewes House. Case himself was a fairly frequent visitor there, and he usually outstayed his suggested period since he found the house so congenial and the company so delightful. Lewes House, though of a fair size, differed from most country houses not only in its peculiar spirit of happy-go-lucky freedom and intellectual argument, but in the severity of its furnishings and the strict economy in the display of its works of art. The Dons who visited there realised that Warren was a man of first-rate quality in spite of any personal idiosyncrasies of which they disapproved. He was of course much too much of a definite individual to meet with the complete approval of many, but on the whole the S.C.R. was greatly a loser by his absence. Warren himself showed his appreciation of the Common Room members by leaving each one of them a legacy in his Will.

The object of the Warren Prælectorship was to have in Oxford a man who would be a Socrates to the Undergraduates, a lover both of hardness and of beauty. The best Prælector would have been Warren himself, and in a small way he tried to realise the ideal when he moved into College in 1915. By the Statutes of the College he was not allowed to lecture, nor would his own modesty have allowed him to do so, though in 1918 when he heard that Corpus was to be empty of lecturers he did put his name forward to the President. His lectures would have been quite out of the common. On the academic side he might have been lacking, but to undergraduates interested in the Greek idea, not as a plaything of the head or as a pattern put in cold storage of which one could select parts for distant imitation, but as an inspiration which would grip their soul, he would have been marvellous. His passionate enthusiasm, his wide sweep, his deep humanity, enhanced by close contact with Italians, Greeks, French and Germans, would have carried conviction, distinguishing him from the ordinary lecturer just in the way in which the Prælector ought to be distinguished.

If he could not lecture, he could still invite undergraduates to his rooms, and this he did as far as he could without seeming to press his company upon them. The smallness of numbers during the War made personal contact easier, and he saw a good deal of those few men who were in residence, or who came back disabled from the War. He had a string of interesting visitors, and would invite the undergraduates to coffee and to a discussion with some famous antique dealer, art critic, or author.

At the end of the War, he probably expected that he would see more of the undergraduates. But the Post-War men did not seem quite to know what to make of this American who entertained them lavishly, perhaps too lavishly, who talked not of games, or of merely intellectual things, or even of an abstract philosophy, but who emphasised in literature, notably Greek literature, the unusual parts, and whose attitude

to sex, even if it had nothing of the smoking-room story quality, was strangely frank. Without official position Warren did not, in spite of frequent and sometimes lengthy visits to Oxford, make the headway for which he had hoped. Yet for any who did achieve a close relationship with him, those visits to the room in the Gentleman Commoners' Buildings will remain fascinating and illuminating experiences.

In Warren the undergraduates missed more, probably, than they realised. There are, roughly, two main classes of the typical Oxonian, the Hearty and the Æsthete, with, fortunately, a large number shading off into both sections. The Hearty, brought up to think far too much and too highly of games, is usually a Philistine. The Æsthete has a more alert mind and a quicker appreciation, but he is generally far too complacent about his own taste and judgment to be willing to learn from his elders. A third division of Oxford men has grown very considerably in numbers in the last twenty-five years, especially since the War. This is the "poor Scholar" who pays his way out of Public Funds. Often, through no fault of his own, he is somewhat lacking in cultural background or traditional depth, suffering, moreover, in many cases from that irritating form of inverted snobbishness which makes him suspect as of inferior value all men not of his own social class. All three of these rather arbitrarily chosen divisions may have found at their schools some Master with whom they could establish more than intellectual contact and from whom they could learn much, receptively, about life and values. At the University things are different: too old to be guided any longer as children, too young to have yet learned wisely where to look for wisdom, the undergraduates in English Universities do not consort much with Dons, except in a few cases. Men of the more solemn sort, who either contemplate the Ministry for themselves or are deeply interested in religion, see something of the eminent men in their own subject, and some of the brilliant intellectual kind get to know their Tutors through

their common genius in a particular subject. But very few are lucky enough to find in some Don not merely an expert in some branch of their subject but also a man of wisdom.

Such a man Warren would have been. He was distressed at his failure to attract the undergraduates, though he did not make his frequent absences and business preoccupations an excuse, and admitted that perhaps, after all, the undergraduates knew best. They, perhaps wisely, waste their time on other things and in attaining the glow of *helikia* are unaware of what else they have missed. But the English are an undemonstrative, reserved people; they care little to show enthusiasm about the things that really matter, about art or about theory; they are not easy to mould and therefore not easy to strike sparks from. Yet even if they were in a way right in disregarding Warren's offer, the man was worth the knowing. All that he was interested in had direct bearing on life. Ethics was important because it was necessary, if one would be a man, to live in the conscious performance of right action. He believed in sport, especially in riding and swimming. He believed in art, not because it was a pleasant plaything, but because it was obvious that without art man could not grasp the realities of the world. His judgments were rooted in his character and not in his mind only; they were often unorthodox, though not paradoxical—at one time he caused quite a stir by trying to stop a man who was a brilliant musician from ruining his hands by rowing in the College boat. He aroused a good deal of opposition by his opinions; for though many men in Oxford are sincere agnostics, they are not convinced *immoralistes*, or skilful sympathisers with Catholicism, or almost puritans in their fanatical adherence to their own standards of Virtue.

Warren's ideal of Virtue had been part of him from the early days, and when his classical studies increased his convictions he felt that he had a message to deliver though he thought himself personally unfitted to deliver it. Marshall, was, therefore, to be the author—partly as being much more

fitted by his wider knowledge, greater scholarship, and less preoccupied existence, partly because Warren had a most profound admiration for him, regarding him as his superior in archæological judgment, which he probably was, in knowledge of the texts of the classics, which he was also; as well as in literary skill, which he almost certainly was not. However excellent the letters that Marshall could write, easy, lively, vivid and prolific, Warren had a more sinewy style. His ideas and sentences came from him with the sonority and sometimes with the complexity of a Pindaric ode; his eye was more penetrating in its clarity, even if less comprehensive in its embrace. Their book was to be a description of the Hellenic spirit as it showed itself in the then almost wholly neglected archaic art and in Pindaric poetry; but, as has been explained, it had not gone on very well, and when Marshall's marriage in 1907 had caused a breach of feeling and of experience between the two friends, there seemed no hope for it unless Warren took it over. Perhaps it was a good thing, for Marshall had not his full heart in the idea: he was not more than a half-way Hellene in his feelings, though in his power of pure *Æsthetic* appreciation he may have been superior to Warren.

After the turmoil and distress which had nearly overwhelmed him in 1910, the *Magnum Opus*, as it used always to be called, came to be a relief and a recreation to Warren. Some of the writing was done earlier, but the definitely Hellenic part was not begun until early in 1913 at Taormina, where Warren had gone for a six-months' holiday. The stay was, as always, interrupted by various men and much business, and journeys to England, America and Greece had to be made. When the war intervened, the reading for the book was not by any means completed, and the settling at Oxford served its purpose in getting the writing more or less done. Warren's reading was slow, but if it was the reading of a first-rate book, Plato's *Republic* or Dante for instance, his keen and vivid meditation upon it enabled him to squeeze

out of it much that most of us would pass over. Thus even though Lewes House contained many thousands of books, Warren never suffered from the bibliomargia which afflicts our generation with intellectual indigestion. He felt that he could get more truth from the careful savouring of one good book than from the indiscriminate gulping which a print-ridden world indulges in more and more. In his reading, as in his chosen occupation of collecting Greek vases, he never made the mistake of putting an enumerative and quantitative analysis in place of true integration.

Education, that is, an education not only in knowing but in being and therefore involving a real "communion", became for him the means by which man could learn to live well. He saw long ago that our education had become a second-hand learning of facts *about* something and abstracted from life and personality; and he was, by temperament and instinct rather than by upbringing or conscious thought, wholly opposed to such a view. Of all subjects the Classics, and in particular Greek, seemed to him most suited to develop the character; but there must be a close personal relationship all the time between the teacher and the taught. His view of language was a real view, a seeing of something vividly real, and words, if they were to be literature, were something that admitted of an almost amorous embrace. Once, in discussing Wells, Case had written in a letter:

"He does not realise that the Greeks penetrated to the fundamental principles and methods of the sciences and arts which have been obscured by modern paradox and scepticism, commercialism and vulgarity; and that they expressed themselves in a language, so inflected in its words, so elastic in its constructions, and above all so concrete, that it is far more representative of real thoughts and far more significant of things than Latin, or *a fortiori* any modern language; and for these reasons untranslatable."

In a similar strain Warren said once, in a criticism of scientists, that they needed to be aroused from their abstractions,

such as the conservation of energy and motion, and from their notion of the same energy existing transmuted in different forms, and to be reminded of bodies doing things in the concrete, and recalled to the really scientific work of Galileo, Boyle, Wren and Newton.

It was, therefore, not enough just to do Classics, even if a man reached the not very common level of a First Class in Mods. That level might bring with it finely cultivated "taste" in literature, or a real sympathy with what is "Classical" in literary style. Sometimes it would include a knowledge of the history and sequence of political or cultural development in the classical world. But it would seldom bring the only thing which for Warren made Greece pre-eminently the worth-while study, its true "atmosphere", and not only the perhaps over-rare atmosphere of Athenian authors who, however much they represent from one point of view the distilled essence of Hellenism, are after all on their best behaviour, parading in their Sunday clothes.

The early passion which had brought Warren into immediate contact with Greek vases, and the thrill with which he almost hugged to himself the verses of Pindar were part of the unconscious force which impelled him on through life and kept him intent always on penetrating to the real significance of the Hellenic vase or sculpture or whatever it might be. The full life of which Pater wrote so enthusiastically and effectively at the end of his *Essay on the Renaissance* was a necessity, but the easy way in which we are apt to describe the Greek ideal as just one of Beauty and Symmetry shows that we have not got the Hellenic atmosphere. Thebes must, in the true view, find its place as well as Athens, and, as Warren once put it, a terra-cotta of a pot-bellied satyr on an ithyphallic donkey, though "artistically much below the level of what we think of as Greek, might contribute as much to its understanding as a Dexamenos gem". His insistence on archaic art and on the heroic ideal, which was related both to the establishment of the *Polis* and to the heroic *Agones*, his

out of it much that most of us would pass over. Thus even though Lewes House contained many thousands of books, Warren never suffered from the bibliomargia which afflicts our generation with intellectual indigestion. He felt that he could get more truth from the careful savouring of one good book than from the indiscriminate gulping which a print-ridden world indulges in more and more. In his reading, as in his chosen occupation of collecting Greek vases, he never made the mistake of putting an enumerative and quantitative analysis in place of true integration.

Education, that is, an education not only in knowing but in being and therefore involving a real "communion", became for him the means by which man could learn to live well. He saw long ago that our education had become a second-hand learning of facts *about* something and abstracted from life and personality; and he was, by temperament and instinct rather than by upbringing or conscious thought, wholly opposed to such a view. Of all subjects the Classics, and in particular Greek, seemed to him most suited to develop the character; but there must be a close personal relationship all the time between the teacher and the taught. His view of language was a real view, a seeing of something vividly real, and words, if they were to be literature, were something that admitted of an almost amorous embrace. Once, in discussing Wells, Case had written in a letter:

"He does not realise that the Greeks penetrated to the fundamental principles and methods of the sciences and arts which have been obscured by modern paradox and scepticism, commercialism and vulgarity; and that they expressed themselves in a language, so inflected in its words, so elastic in its constructions, and above all so concrete, that it is far more representative of real thoughts and far more significant of things than Latin, or *a fortiori* any modern language; and for these reasons untranslatable."

In a similar strain Warren said once, in a criticism of scientists, that they needed to be aroused from their abstractions,

such as the conservation of energy and motion, and from their notion of the same energy existing transmuted in different forms, and to be reminded of bodies doing things in the concrete, and recalled to the really scientific work of Galileo, Boyle, Wren and Newton.

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intimate acquaintance not only with Homer and fifth-century authors but with Isocrates, Pausanias, Plutarch and Arrian, and with the actual sites and surroundings of cities, all combined with that native "instinct", helped Warren to apprehend the sensuous atmosphere in which the Greek lived, and to synthesise in his vision both their external conditions of being and that *proton kinoun* of Greek culture which we call the Hellenic Eros. Many of us love the bloom of the Hellenic rose, but unless we have had a full training of real cultural "botany" we cannot fully know the rose by just enjoying the bloom. Warren, since he knew the rose in the fifth century when it was in bloom and in its somewhat exotic fulness during the fourth century and loved it also in its formative period and in the bud, had managed almost to unite himself with what the Greeks would have called the "Nymph" of the tree.

So also he was able in a curious way to understand the meaning of a Greek poem or passage from its rhythmical key or tone. The surface meaning of a text was only half of the full meaning. He could spend as much thought on an emendation of a text as any scholar; but his suggestion, though it might be paleographically less sound, was invariably based on this rhythm and tone that a passage demanded. While applauding the tracking down of mythical allusions, he hated the use of Greek texts as material for examinations which taught the sixth-former or the Undergraduate a kind of acrobatic skill but gave little opportunity for any identification with the Greek *ethos* and, *a fortiori*, with the Greek Eros. In a similar sense he would deplore the cinematographic attitude, the "two-dimensional" understanding which was absorbed in the shadows on the Wall of the Cave and thus neglected the realities which have their being in the neighbourhood of the true sun, the Idea of the Good.

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether it is really possible for a modern to "feel" like a Greek. That doubt taken to its extreme would involve the assumption that the study of Greek or any art and literature is but an eclectic dilettantism,

and it would also make the true understanding of the art of other times an impossibility. But there is in all humanity a sort of recapitulation of the past which makes it plausible to believe that we have within us a sublimated or metamorphosed summary of past human history—as seems to be shown either by such philosophies as Samuel Butler's *Pan-psychism* or by scientific theories of the continuance through change of the germ-plasm. And Goethe's *Faust* with its vivid resuscitation of the past and its glimmering forecast of the future—or even the birth of men, as we say, in advance of their time, prove that, in the deepest sense, Time is not an insurmountable barrier. While one man may be incapable of being wholly both a modern Westerner and a Hellene, he may have "known" the Hellenic Eros more completely than the rest of us, and at the same time have had in him enough of the modern world to be an efficient business man, or to argue with the intellectual weapons of a twentieth-century thinker. At any rate that seems to have been the case with Warren.

To him, as to every true thinker, the object of life depends on education, education having its greatest intensity in childhood and youth, but continuing through life. And education being not just a learning about the facts of the world in which we live, nor even a training of the mind to think logically, must be more in the nature of a real inspiration, almost an initiation—in a Platonic sense—to be attained only by close and continuous contact between Master and Pupil. Warren might not have agreed with Socrates in his disparagement of the value of scenery; but he would certainly have agreed that a philosophy could never be put into a form that was capable of being handed on mechanically from author to reader. The relationship on which Greek inspiration and achievement ultimately depended, the relationship between Socrates and Alcibiades, Achilles and Patroclus, surviving even in the Sacred Band at Thebes, was thus the essential in education. In pursuit of this end, even if, as a true Greek should, he valued himself at his proper worth, Warren scorned the sheltered

life which his friends were always urging on him, because they felt he had things to say and do which were much more important than giving exhausted attention to the countless demands of a host of people, who came to him for help, advice and comfort. In his judgment of values he was seldom wrong, though he applied to himself a far stricter standard than he had for others; and his chief virtue, except in the matter of friendship, was a moderation which deserved the name of *sophrosyné*.

When he attempted to put his theories into practice by the adoption of young boys, it was without much success, owing to his busy life and the circumstances surrounding the life of Lewes House. He recognised the value of the Pausanian ideal, and between 1890 and the end of his life, there was a series of young men whom he took up and inspired with something of his own faith, and with whom, after they had passed into their own professions or occupations, he maintained an active correspondence. His own life, with its obvious devotion to its ideal, of independence, or of austerity and nobility, or as he put it, of a "polytheistic virtue", was, in spite of weaknesses and failings, a glowing example of what the "Master" might be. That life was lived on a high plane where there was much high thinking—though not always plain living—and he was in both the Hellenic and the English sense, a gentleman. He had a faculty for putting at their ease men and women of all classes, he was always ready with a laugh, with a jest, with humorous stories, and it was pleasant to hear him telling tales of his own invention to young children. In the Hellenic sense he was *kalokagathos*, calm, courageous, munificent, high-souled; in fact in many ways an embodiment of the often derided and depreciated ideal traced out in the Nicomachean Ethics. He lacked the modern tendency in *alia omnia abire*; he eschewed *Schwärmerei*; he felt instinctively the superiority of "being" to mere "doing", and he realised the value of a true *theoria* in which the harmonious functioning of the *nous* gave the glow

and bloom of a beauty, which would not be just a playing with the emotions, but the *hora* and the *helikia* of life.

To those who knew him Warren was a problem, usually a fascinating one, often an irritating. Some disapproved of him, either because he spent too much money, or was too generous, or might seem to flaunt his wealth, or because his ethical principles were unorthodox, and embedded in his character. But his good-humoured tranquillity and humanity were remarkably attractive, as the impressive circle of friends who were glad to receive an invitation to Lewes House could testify. If men were inclined to say of him as of many thinkers that he would be all the better for more common sense or less obstinacy, yet his practical accomplishments and his managing ability were bound to make an impression. Though he was undoubtedly given to more and deeper meditation than is generally the case even with an Academic philosopher, he did not meditate for the sake of erecting a theoretical structure which would satisfy any intellectual need, but because his whole nature found its expression therein.

At the time of his death Warren was engaged on an "Essay on Virtue" which, like others of his projects, was never more than embryonic, and of which even the rough drafts have been lost. It was to have been an Essay based largely on the Hellenic ideal as he understood it, an attempt to put on paper in coherent language the form which that ideal had taken in his own experience and the conclusions which from his own life could be drawn from it. Had it been written, it would have been an expansion and application of this book.

While Warren was very sensitive to Christian dogma and ritual and had instinctive sympathy with Catholicism, he was certainly not a Christian. He may at some time have had a "Christian experience", but for practically the whole of his life he was without immortal longings, and he shuddered at the emphasis which Christianity set on the virtues, feminine virtues as it seemed to him, of pity, humility, renunciation

and meekness. He hated also the vague meanderings into the infinite of the modern soul, just as he hated its morbid introspection and its "monistic" ethics. Even the more "heroic" aspects of Fascism or Communism annoyed him, because they obstructed the growth of the heroic individual, submitting him not to the over-ruling deity but to the Corporate State. Warren would willingly accept a transcendent sanction for morality, and he realised that "without the gods" no institution could have full life. What he disliked was the assumption of an absolute and universally valid system, based on an absolute and unchangeable divine decree. Zeus was a fickle god, and the claims of his family, sometimes the really superior claims of the Fates, interfered with his functioning.

The Absolute—what in modern jargon might be called the Categorical Imperative—was to be found in the varying claims of varying forces, each under the ægis of one god, and each on a particular occasion having "absolute" claims. This "polytheistic" ethic, which was the expression of an unequal hierarchy of gods, and which depended for its practice on some other faculty than what we call reason, was the central theme even of the Nicomachean Ethics. Even Aristotle found that he could not lay down final rules: he had to fall back on his doctrine of the mean and on *phronesis*. It is quite unfair to accuse him of lack of clarity or of begging the question. In a Greek the æsthetic sense was unconsciously rooted and since he "saw" even actions under the aspect of an *eidōs*—which we foolishly translate as an "Idea"—since also he possessed somewhere within himself an immediate understanding of the balance, the call to the Mean was not as flat nor as useless as to a people which tries to solve its problems on a rational basis. Similarly, though apparently the discussion of *phronesis* culminates in a begging of the question by claiming that everyone must act as is necessary and with the means and under the conditions that are necessary, it is not futile. If man is properly constituted, if in the Greek sense he is *enkrates*, he will solve the problem *ambulando*.

Such a faculty, fluctuating and unbased as it may appear to us, was for Warren self-evident; and *Dike*, which is the pointing out of the straight path and straightening process, was as good a guide as the abstract *Dikaosune* which the philosophers later tried to set in place of it. In ethics, and in life, the subconscious obedience to the *Nomoi*, each of which owed its existence to one or other of the gods of the Olympian family, led to a more solidly founded character, willingly developed within the limit, than the striving after that infinite, which, to him, as to the Greek, was an embodiment of the non-divine in the universe, and therefore partook of *to kakon*. In the end, it may be argued, such a "faith" is like that surrender to the will of God which Christianity requires, since both systems postulate that we should cease to trouble ourselves with the long view and should rather limit ourselves to action on each specific issue. The difference lies in the virtues on which the systems are based, and they, in turn, depend on the Eros of each civilisation. The Christian plants himself on the Love of God as revealed in Christ; Warren believed that the world would be a poorer place if the Hellenic Eros departed from it.

CHAPTER XVIII

EPILOGUE

IN 1901 Warren wrote to Marshall as follows :

"Do you remember about the click?—that I took long to come to a conclusion but that at a given moment I was aware of a click? Well, such is the case now.

"You tell me you are keener on the collection than anyone, that you have maimed yourself for it. I have also, but more from a sense of duty. The Ludovisi Collection bowled over my plans for a College: the College was what Renan calls an Utopia. There are two kinds of men, he says: those who dream of political improvement, and those who would constitute an exception within the larger world, a *paradeigma bion*. I was always of this sort; you never.

"The classical antiquities represented for me first an escape from Christianity. Oxford, which caressed the classical ideal, added the notion of discipline. A College was an easy conclusion but a partial one, the collection a partial embodiment. Neither contained the full idea, a revolt moving towards a new discipline, and neither would of course take into account my ideas of morals.

Now I hear the click. All things turn back to their origin. The point is to formulate the idea. I want to write, to think, to be—and would continue the maimed life only under authority. The poverty of the M.F.A.¹ is thus an indulgence. But I have not taken a decision, nor can I distinctly say that an old phase is over and a new one begun.

"I don't think you are like myself. The person for you is everything. I want my friend but I leave him behind, I do not live only for a friend. But I am to live for something, for the idea; and I cannot pursue it without some spiritual atmosphere, or if I did, it would come out too personal and narrow.

¹ Museum of Fine Arts.

In spiritual things I cannot find rest either in myself or in my friends.

"Now you are of all persons the most erratic in some ways; but in other ways you are the least erratic of us all. There is less error in your judgment of literature, nature, morals. You have heart and brains; you are home. You find that real which I believe by hearsay. You see what I look for; you say what I aspire to believe. And personally you are the dearest—but that I leave half-said through pride. I could live without you; that I have told you. What one could do is one thing; what one would be while performing feats of solitude is another. All things are possible to him who loveth and I can abandon my ideas for you. Indeed the joint ideal has been final for many years and can hardly fail to be so permanently. I begin to wonder whether a change in direction in myself would not also advantageously affect you."

Such cool analysis of relationship was beyond Marshall, though he saw well what Warren had made of him. His nature was suspicious and he was given to vehement misinterpretation of actions. Yet he was unpretentious and touching in his affections. If he was often conscious of his inferior position in the early years, yet for him, as for Warren, the life together was the key to his being. Often he judged wisely, if usually with somewhat of a sting:

"If I were called on to criticise your character," he wrote on learning of Sam's death, in 1910, "I should say one of your qualities was mysticism. Why you pray, why you go to church, why you cross yourself, is not that you believe any fact or doctrine, or any god believed in by the church, but that you wish to identify yourself and your will with the will, or the spirit, of the universe. The result is an odd one. When you have been left alone a couple of months, you have invariably got into your head a scheme which no amount of arguing will ever drive out of it. You made up your mind about Eros; you made up your mind about the Mill people. I could do nothing to get the things out of your head. You had identified your will, which resulted from your blood, your bringing up, your thinking, with the will, so to say, of God. Not the devil himself could move you. This makes you

wonderfully strong; but also, to most people, dreadfully uncanny. Determination, resolution, endurance, virtue . . . but what does it cost? You won't bend aside. Things must go down before you; you advance to your end in view, pitilessly, though no man is more pitiful, cruelly, though no man is more tender, recklessly, though no man is more patient."

Clearly, if he was thus unaccountable and uncanny to Marshall, there was little hope of Warren's family understanding him. They, and Boston generally, if they did not quite share this opinion of Marshall's, thought him an eccentric:

"I was in youth supposed to be the oddity; and I see my people as oddities. . . . There are two standards: our family were brought up under one. I came to England and knowledge of the other. . . . Then I read Dante; also I was mixed up with Italians and with many people of other races, not acquainted with our boyish standards. . . . I submitted myself to books of known importance. . . . Lastly I had the great experience of Johnny. But all these 'judgments' of my family must be taken by me as facts. Mistakes are facts; they make mistakes—a humble conclusion so far as personal criticism is concerned, a high and mighty conclusion in point of self-justification. For I think that some members of my family move in circles of consecrated unrealities or of realities mingled with ignorance."

All the same, in Warren's nature there was a very deep and simple basis of affection. As he said of Cornelia, "Why else have I written to her so often and would have written more but that she always answered and tired herself?"

Although he found himself fundamentally at issue with them he knew that his family suited their environment and their function:

"My answer to the puzzle is that a tree looks well in a light that suits it. My sister looks well in a Christian light; I according to you [his correspondent] in some other. The tree has not the merit, and the light is a matter of chance.

From this I go on to estimate the relative beauties of character in their proper place: moral merit is included as when we say that a tree is strong and that we like strength; it is *ästhetisch befriedigend*. Why? Because we are made to like this and that; we like the phenomena of moral effort whether our explanation by free will is right or not. The explanation is addressed to the intellect, which can imagine no other: but either would have been found to run off into *to apeiron*. I came in short to this: that there was excess in your judgment and in that of my sister's friend's. My sister suited her as she is at her age definitively, and I, in a measure, suit you, as you at your age, not definitively. Thus did I reach humility, and in spite of snow-drifts, the house."

But whatever Warren's doubts about the rightness of his attitude towards his family, it was at all times—in the beginning, at the time of the "click", of the trial, of everything—by his conduct to Johnny that he wished himself judged. At the time of Mrs. Marshall's death he wrote to Johnny:

"To me the change would seem reversion to the old life. I remember that, though I had not wanted the break-up of the old life, yet there was pleasure in the independence which I had not had, nor wanted, at Lewes House. That place has, I hope, always been for others rather than for myself. I meant it to be for you, yet it could not be for you as your Roman apartment has been. So that now your home may seem to be gone, whereas to me home seems reconstituted. I seem to myself to have been waiting at the door for a long time, a proper puppy."

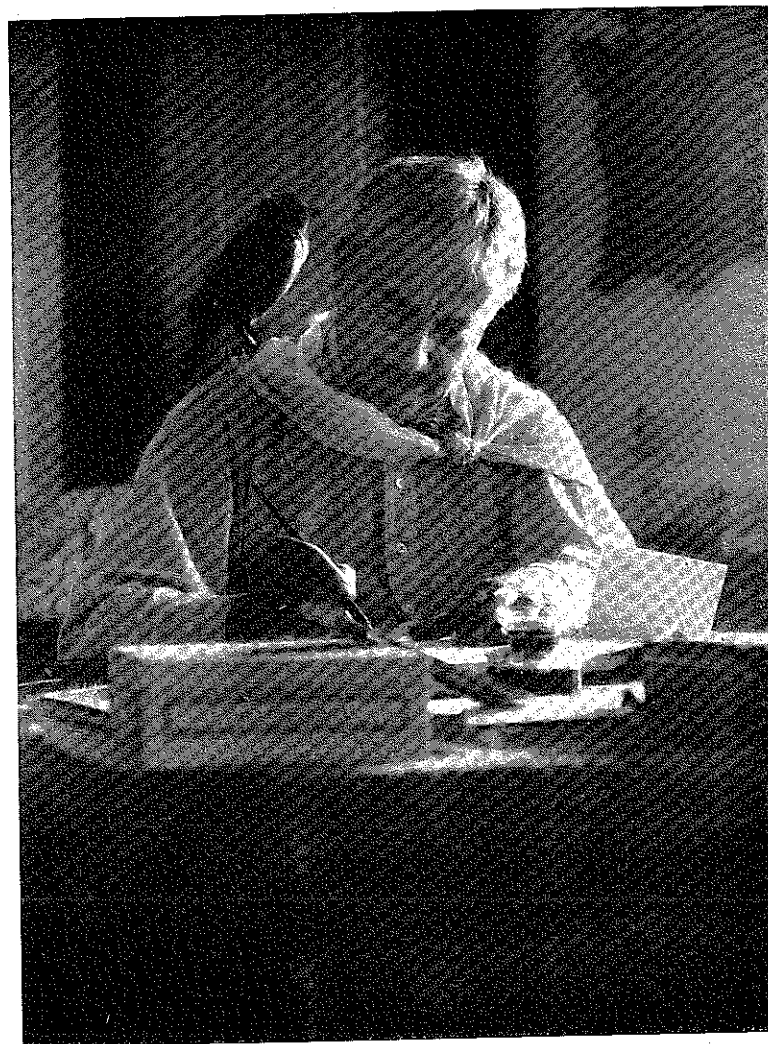
He occupied some of his leisure by re-reading his old letters to Johnny, and on the whole was satisfied, though he judged himself harshly:

"It seems wrong that I should face nothing imperative on your behalf. I reflect on the criticisms you make of me, and I take a grim pleasure in the endeavour to see myself as others see me. I am not in principle friendly to my faults, to my blindness, though I generously pass over some of my errors with the excuse that he who never falls into mistakes never does anything. But I want in the end that you should say

on the whole 'it was well done'; and towards this end there is help in the application of standards outside myself."

Johnny died of heart failure in February 1928. He had made a journey to Munich to convince a group of archaeologists that some archaic sculptures were actually forgeries: as, indeed, they were later proved to be when Dossenna discovered what was being done with his work. The journey was too much for him, and it was little comfort to Warren to know that Johnny had, as it were, died in harness, displaying to the end his extraordinarily skilful judgment of classical antiquities. Johnny's death was the signal for Ned to follow the same road. During the summer of 1928 he was still meditating whether to give up Lewes House entirely and live in Fewacres—for Fewacres meant to him the deepest peace that he knew.

"Lewes may be better the year round and for all manner of life and work, but Fewacres is a *Sans Souci*. It is my bit of thorough selfishness in the world. I like the furniture and arrangements, all my own, and the heat and the thunderstorms and the memories. No trouble comes from the house and little up the road. There is a river for swimming and boating, and there could be horses. There is still a hose in the barn wherewith we cool each other. The books look like a course of reading interrupted; and there is a small shelf of first editions of English poets. The silver is stored but wonderful. The real lightness of spirit comes when there are men and boys who can look after themselves. At Fewacres life should be exceptional, a dream that does not accord with regular necessities. There is nothing in the place itself, not even in the situation. All is to me in the house, yet that is nothing wonderful. It is like the china which it contains, looking so odd and exotic when the ground is white with snow. The weather is dramatic: you have to rush to shut windows at the first drop of rain. There was once a wind here that burnt me as I wrote, naked; I had to move out of the hot draught. New England gives you a taste of all zones . . . I shall probably not live at Fewacres; yet the thought of leaving it perfect is enough of joy. I now have the house



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nearby in mind and I know what I shall put into it—for instance a covered jug, things so selected that they will be no loss if stolen, or else so heavy that they cannot be stolen. I should like to leave that house also perfect, in a humbler way. All the same it will be an oddity, a timber farm-house of 1750 with heavy Italian tables, a room hung with red Roman brocade, and what I shall happen to get of Johnny's things; and mixed with these, old English pieces now in storage."

His philosophy and his idea of what Greece would have demanded of him could still act as inspiration; and through the bitter pain of Johnny's death and the feeling it called forth there shines his "heroic virtue".

"Johnny died last night, in half an hour, of angina; but I don't think he suffered very much. . . . I was with him two months and a half this winter; it was a great consolation to be with him alone after the separations and misunderstandings. I wanted him to be buried with me, but he made his will just after his wife's death and before he had begun to understand me again. . . . Of course I ask myself whether I ought to have been with him more: did I guess what strain he was undergoing? You needn't sympathise or suppose me knocked out. It is my nature to go on and not to brood over sad facts. It is good to remember his 'good-bye, puppy' several times repeated."

Some time later, when he had finished clearing up Johnny's books and papers he wrote:

"If my first letters after Johnny's death sounded cool-hearted, don't think me cold. Expression of deep feeling seems to me a parade. In an autobiography it might be different. On my last day in Rome, my business done, I began to think somewhat anxiously of the new life. Here in Naples I have thought more; and there have been so many reminders of Johnny. When last here we hunted together for the house where Donizetti composed Lucia. To-day I found it—and find myself saddened that I cannot show it to him; half of my discoveries were for him. Now I wonder whether I shall ever want to see again a place where I was with him. My own life hangs heavy on me, and I think too much of

my purpose and my conduct to him, and when I have been in the wrong. . . .

"There has always been this questioning once I was free of immediate responsibility, specially responsibility to Johnny. For a few days I felt that ease must be selfish ; now I ask where and whether I shall have the ease : in Lewes ? in Maine ? with the autobiography ? It is easy to see where Sam's life was wrong, where Henry's, my sister's, and Fiske's. Even though the recollection of their error makes me think well of myself, yet I fear to verify my own error.

"I puzzle too about love. It makes so much disturbance ; people suffer from it ; yet the good things of life come chiefly from it. Should I be content to remember only that something has been done for the Museums, content with the less personal result of love ? For the Museum was truly a pæderastic evangel. It must be counted a result of love. All goes together, the love, the suffering, the Museum, and perhaps my mistakes towards my people and towards Johnny.

"I used to think of Johnny as a faun, innocent and forgetful. I am more consistent and aware of my actions ; therefore my belief has been firm that I should be judged severely. Unless I deceive myself, abstract consideration has armed me more than others against events : the events fall into line with my abstract meditations and are confirmations of my surmises, not surprises. . . . I go through life with serene regret ; the regret is so recurrent that it persists as an undertone in my heart ; but I have trained myself to serenity. I do not find death any way the king of terrors, only illness and torture and, one might add, self-blame in strong cases."

This serenity was to him his great aim and his assured achievement. The chase after the infinities seemed to him wrong and ruinous ; he wrote to one of his young men—in French (as he often did, or in other foreign languages) :

"Mais toi, tu me tiens aussi au cœur. Ton talent et ta santé sont gaspillés. C'est tout le contraire quand tu m'envoies une lettre en Latin. Je me demande comment cet homme tombe sur des phrases qui me semblent toujours 'the real thing' comme en disait Phelps. Pour toi le monde est nebuleux, lointain et qui ne se cristalliserait pas en formules convaincantes et définitives. Et bien le résultat

est tout simplement que à fouiller les conseils des Parques tu te perds. Je ne m'étonne plus de tes déboires, de tes doutes. Quand on est mené par ce sacré soif d'infini ou du moins de science qui explique tout, on est déjà ou plus au moins volatisé. Alors on regarde le ciel et les lèvres forment un grand O qui correspond à l'éternel : on devient béat, bouche béante."

He tried to shut himself from the infinities, but neither in thought nor in act could he do so. His written philosophy could delimit and remain classically clear ; but what he drove out in philosophy returned on him in his life. What he refused to seek to fathom in thought he brought back in the staggering mass of people and things which needed his attention. He was always engaged in clearing obstacles out of the way that he might have freedom for his health and work, but his romanticism—in a sense of which he would not have approved—made him always unable to refuse his company or his assistance. Had he regarded it as his duty to be a Socrates to young men at Oxford as soon as the Museum collecting was finished, he would have justified himself simply in the fact that he had opened for them many windows upon their universe and their own soul. Instead, he spent much time on people whom his best friends did not think worthy of him, and, like Mr. Casaubon, he was "always getting ready to do that work for which he was peculiarly fitted".

It was at the fatal age of forty-two that he failed to find the new inspiration and to pass to a new line of development. His destiny had become to him a complicated thread which he had not even the wish to unravel and rewind ; and so the philosophy which he had worked out for himself at twenty-five remained set. The result was that within those self-imposed limits he achieved many things, but they were less than those that he was almost certainly capable of accomplishing. Yet to theorise about the possibilities of his development would be fruitless. The evidence of his passionate and

obstinate devotion to Marshall has at least made clear what to the man himself was the true Warren.

Yet, however much he had made that friendship the focus of his life, he was a man of multitudinous talents whom we have to judge by the highest standard, because that was the standard he had set himself. In him we may not accept as adequate any form of living that fell short of the best. Of most men we think highly enough if they just live, and are pleasant and generous and kind, and fill somewhere a place : in Warren we demand a full expression of his personality. And because his faults are so obvious—and no attempt has been made in this Memoir to conceal them—we may fail to value his qualities fully. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and it was not only his money which brought into his company a mass of well-known men of quality, only some of whom have been here mentioned. As well as being a good man of business, he was a very shrewd judge of men and events ; his letters, and conversation, contained many wise comments and reflections on national and political happenings. During the War his remarks and forecasts indicated a man of courage, of self-sacrifice, with an intelligence which had been wisely fed on its experience of men in Italy and Greece, and, above all, in Germany. The Germans, as the keenest archæologists, had displayed to him their strength and their weakness. He held a balanced view of the spiritual value of the English and German races, and, as a consequence, was passionately anxious for a British victory. The constructive action which he suggested as part of the post-war *régime* would have saved Europe its present troubles, and might set it on a new path of wise progress.

But he did not claim to be what he felt he could not be, and he regarded himself as one of those who, according to Renan, would constitute an exception in the larger world. As a scholar he was not of the larger world, as a devotee of the Classics still less so. He fought keenly for the Classics at Oxford and published an important article in defence of Greek

at the University (he was popular with Case for his stout support). He was, if not a bibliophil like Marshall, very keenly appreciative of books, and knew much about them. His offer to Louvain University, after its Library was destroyed, of his Book of Hours, his Homer MS. and a finely illuminated Vulgate, bore witness to his sympathy with Belgium though it meant for him considerable self-sacrifice. He had been brought up in a strait sect of Congregationalists; had moved towards ritualism and then, as he said, emancipated himself from Christianity ; but his interest in Christianity, and especially in Roman Catholicism, was deep and learned, as the Third Part of the *Magnum Opus* shows. He knew the lives of the Saints better than most Catholics and was learned in Church History and Doctrine. (An investigation that caused him and Marshall amusement over a considerable period was to trace the history of a rather mysterious saint called St. Uncumba whom Warren wanted to identify with St. Wilgafortis of the Festival of the *Volto Santo* at Lucca, but whom Marshall wholeheartedly “debunked”.)

He read, not widely, but intensively, always with intelligence and wisdom ; and though there was much humour and even flippancy in his letters, any subject that arose was dealt with deeply and in scholarly fashion. As a classical literary critic he would have been valuable but for his modesty, or rather mock-modesty, about his scholarship. He could write : almost every letter quoted in this Memoir has some word or phrase that strikes. If his published work is small, the reason, apart from questions of peculiar subjects, lay in his extreme and exaggerated passion for the file. The *Alcmeon* is a specimen of his style at its best, rugged, cool, pre-Sophoclean ; passages from the second volume of the privately printed M.O. are as good. They represent a rigour and crystalline austerity for which many modern authors would be the better. Of his other writings, he thought none worthy of publication ; but all share to a greater or less degree that

quality of depth and impatience of the superficial which marked his true thought.

And so we come again to the poems. A few months before his death he had from his friend and fellow-poet, Floersheim, the following criticism :

"I am afraid that my remark about the 'Grand Style' and Milton has given rise to some misunderstanding. Let me repeat and explain : your poetry seems to me to possess a greater beauty and dignity of style (what the French admire in their rhetoric) than that of any English poet except Milton. This, I imagine, comes from the fact that you have a more intimate knowledge of classical, and especially of Greek, literature than almost anyone who has written English verse, combined, as it was in Milton, with a personal gift of style. I didn't wish to compare you with Milton in any other respect. But this of itself gives your verse a great beauty and one that is likely to become still rarer as time goes on and the classics disappear from our education. One of my own many defects as a poet, is that, like Shakespeare, I know small Latin and less Greek (though this is perhaps the only way in which I would compare myself to him). Your poetry has, moreover, a beauty of melodious and slow-moving versification which grows on anyone blessed with an ear. Its meaning is still frequently obscure to me, but it gives me pleasure even when I don't understand it altogether, and so it accompanies me on my travels. Even if I had nothing else to thank you for, I should always thank you for your poetry. . . . If you can only write verse when your nature is stirred to the depths, it must be so. But I can't help feeling that a poet is best employed in writing poetry. However if you have decided that you will never write any more, I suppose you are obeying some law of your own nature."

Warren's nature, like that of all real human beings, was in the end a mystery ; and this Memoir has aimed at nothing more than to tell some of the story of an unusual man and a more than ordinarily complex nature.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

THE WARREN FAMILY

EDWARD PERRY WARREN was descended from a line of Puritan farmers and pastors who had long been settled in New England. Short Memoirs exist both of his father and his mother. The following account is based upon these two.¹

In the words of his sister, Cornelia :

"The Warrens came from Nayland, in the county of Suffolk, England. In tracing the ancestry of the Warrens and Clarkes, the maternal ancestors of Edward, I have usually found the transit from England to be between 1630 and 1640."

Of their father, S. D. Warren and his American-born ascendants, Miss Warren wrote :

"Samuel Dennis Warren was born in Grafton, Massachusetts, on September 13, 1817. His grandfather Joseph Warren took part in the Revolutionary War, marching from Grafton to Lexington on April 19, 1775. Joseph's grandfather and great-great-grandfather crossed from England in 1630 with Governor Winthrop on the *Arabella*. Both were named John. The elder John was registered as a freeman in Watertown in 1631. . . .

Lieutenant William Clark (sic), the eldest American ancestor of the Clarke name, was a member of the church in Dorchester, Massachusetts, as early as 1637."

The grandfather of Edward, John Warren, was a farmer and trader, a man of sagacity and enterprise. He was twice married. His second wife, the grandmother of Edward, was Susanna Grout

¹ S. D. Warren. (1817-1888) : a Memorial Tribute from the people of Cumberland Mills. Riverside Press. Cambridge, Mass. 1888. *A Memorial of my Mother*. By Cornelia Warren, Boston. Privately printed (at the Merrymount Press). 1908.

of Westborough by whom he had five sons and six daughters. Samuel Dennis Warren, the father of Edward, the fifth child of this second marriage, was born in 1817 and died in 1888. It was he who raised the family to affluence.

Dennis Warren, who lost his father when he was only eleven years of age, was educated at a Quaker school in Groton, Massachusetts, and then at an academy at Amherst. Before his fifteenth birthday, however, he showed a desire for more active experience, and so in September 1832 he went to Boston and entered the store of Grant and Daniell, paper-dealers. Mr. Daniell was connected by marriage with the Warrens, for his wife, Mary Ann Grout, was S. D. Warren's cousin. The firm at this time did not manufacture paper, but sold it on commission, and it was not until 1853 that they leased their first mill. The young Warren remained with them for six years, doing whatever work they asked of him, and he met his reward when, at the age of twenty-one, he became a junior partner.

In September 1847 Dennis Warren married Susan Clarke, the daughter of Dr. D. C. Clarke, minister of Blandford, Massachusetts, and then living at Boston. Four years later he made the first of several extended trips to Europe. He and his wife sailed from Boston to Liverpool, and one of Mrs. Warren's first impressions of England was the hotel servant whom, she wrote, "you would mistake for a Philadelphia lawyer or some very august personage". They visited many towns on their way to London where the Great Exhibition of 1851 was in progress. From there they went to Havre, Rouen, Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Switzerland and Lyons, returning through Paris by the same route to England, where they visited the Isle of Wight, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast and Dublin. The trip took them four months. They had left their first child, who died at an early age, behind them, and another boy, Samuel, was born the following January, 1852.

After two more years had passed, Mr. Warren went, this time alone, to Italy, and it was on this visit that he arranged to import foreign rags for the manufacture of paper, a work in which his firm was one of the first in the field. During his absence in Italy on this important expedition, he and his wife corresponded on the question whether it would be right for her to read on Sunday any letters of his that arrived on that day. Both husband and wife were grounded in the Puritan traditions of New England, and part of the happiness of their marriage rested upon a similarity of tradition and taste.

In 1854 he bought the estate, known as Cedar Hill, Waltham, Massachusetts, which became the principal, and later the country home of the family. He also bought, on his own account, the paper mills, previously owned by Day and Lyon, at Westbrook, Maine, which became the well-known Cumberland Mills in which his large interests from thenceforth were centred.

The purchase of the Mills proved to be the turning-point of his business life. It was an act of courage, since he had to borrow a large part of the capital required. The firm of Grant and Daniell were perturbed at his action, but when he had offered them twenty-four hours in which to decide whether they would purchase themselves, they declined to do so. Thus the Mills became his own property, which the firm rented from him. Besides his business, he had other interests. These included the collecting of pictures, furniture and china, a pursuit in which Mrs. Warren, especially, was engrossed for many years.

It was at Cedar Hill that their three younger children, Cornelia, Edward, and Fiske were born. The family later left Bullfinch Street, Boston, for Cedar Hill, where Cornelia died in 1921. Edward's elder brother, Henry, when still under four years old, was crippled for life by an accident. The stumble of a horse threw him from the trap in which he was sitting and caused permanent injury to his spine. This severe handicap did not prevent him from taking a degree at Harvard or from becoming a Sanskrit scholar at John Hopkins University, although, in order to work at all, he had either to stand supported by crutches or to lie on his chest or side. He wrote *Buddhism in Translation*, and also translated and edited the *Visuddhi Magga or Way of Purity*, written by Buddhaghosa in the fifth century. Henry died in 1899, before this translation was quite finished, at the age of forty-four.

According to her daughter, Mrs. Warren was an affectionate, but strict, mother, equable in temper, but not to be moved from her decision:

"She was quite capable," Miss Warren records, "of letting her children cry themselves to sleep if she thought no good end would be served by consolation. This was at times carried so far as to make one conscious of a certain hardness . . . but bound up as it was with true motherly love and wholesome standards one drew a new vigour from collision with it."

She collected porcelain, bronzes, bric-à-brac and pictures, and Goya, Breughel, Pieter de Hooch, the Barbizon artists,

Gainsborough, Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, were represented eventually in her collection. It is not surprising, therefore, that Edward Perry Warren should have become a great collector.

Mr. S. D. Warren is remembered as one of those "men who have the ability, courage and enthusiasm to lay hold on business, not so much for what they can make as for what they can do". He did not think that Christianity and business were incompatible but, like Dean Inge, he believed that a man might be a Christian while living an active life in the world. His children seem to have possessed qualities latent in their father, whose prosperity made it possible for them to develop tendencies which early circumstances had forced for him into a secondary place.

APPENDIX II

LETTER FROM MR. H. A. THOMAS TO THE
PRESIDENT OF CORPUS

28 November, 1912.

Lewes.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

IN answer to your question concerning Mr. Warren's collecting, I have obtained from him the following facts. . . .

In May and June, 1892, at the Van Branteghem sale in Paris, he purchased a cylix signed by Euphronios, and another signed by Hieron, together with other vases. This was the beginning of the collecting, which lasted till March 30, 1902, ten years. The system that gradually developed was that he should buy both from his own funds and from funds forwarded by the Museum—the latter repayable either in money or in antiquities subject to their acceptance on their arrival in Boston, the Museum knowing nothing of them till they were delivered, and merely ratifying the selection, an unusual method rendered possible by the fact that the Museum is a private institution.

At that time the antiquity trade in Italy was nearly stopped by the domineering policy of the Director of Fine Arts and Antiquities for Italy. The policy was represented as patriotic, the defence of the "National Patrimony of Antiquities"; but in reality it not only deprived foreigners and the world of scientific excavations and handed them to the lowest Italian hucksters, but also imposed on the Museo di Villa Giulia a collection of faked proveniences. The Director encouraged thieves to bring him things, which he then published as from special tombs and as found by certain people whose payments for the work may have gone to himself. In connexion with Professor Helbig and Signor Benedetti, Mr. Warren, himself necessarily anonymous, exposed the matter in spite of a whitewashing Government commission. An account of this written by him is to be found in the *Monthly Review* (Feb. 1902). The Director, whose lawsuits were too expensive for the protecting government, was displaced before the

final exposure, but would presumably have regained his status or some other important office had it not been for this article. Together with others it was translated into Italian and prevented him from obtaining the directorship of the Museum of Naples.

It remains to answer your question about the objects secured for Boston. They were marbles, bronzes, terra-cottas, vases, jewellery, gems, coins and miscellaneous objects.

The terra-cottas, a very fine collection, were mainly acquired by Mr. Marshall. They are not much found in Italy, where Mr. Warren was active, but in Greece and Asia Minor, the hunting-grounds of Mr. Marshall. They demand a special connoisseuring which Mr. Warren did not possess. The collection of bronzes was their joint work and consists chiefly of small statuettes, but there is a very good though badly damaged female head of Greek workmanship and life-size, and a Hercules, half life-size. The coins were bought in Greece by Mr. Marshall, in Sicily by Mr. Warren, in London by the help of Mr. Ready, and, lastly, in Durham by Mr. M. S. Prichard from Canon Greenwell. Mr. Warren does not quite know how many there are, but perhaps the Greenwell collection is a quarter of the total. They are almost all Greek and selected for their beauty and preservation rather than as illustrations of history.

Gems have always been the speciality of Lewes House, and Mr. Warren and Marshall were perhaps equally concerned with their purchase. The largest purchase was the collection of Count Tyszkiewicz, which, long after the first negotiations, was secured at the Parisian sale after the Count's death. It contained a number of cameos from the Ludovisi collection, and Greek intaglios. At the Marlborough sale (1899), which contained few Greek gems, some seven or eight pieces were bought, including the Tryphon, disputed by Dr. Murray, but accepted by many authorities, among them Mr. Marshall. In general the cameos passed to the Museum at Boston. The vases formed perhaps the most complete part of the Boston Museum, and their acquisition was perhaps quite as much the work of Mr. Warren as of Mr. Marshall. The only large lot was from the Bourguignon collection (1898-99), a fact which shows the amount of detailed work which went into the constitution of the Hall of Vases.

The collection of marbles contains a number of Greek reliefs (unfortunately no photos of them are to hand) and a greater number of heads of divers dates. The principal pieces are however

the following : a fourth-century statuette of a youth, the Tyszkiewicz Hermes, a head of Homer, a head variously attributed to the Pergamene school and to Roman date, a portrait head in Palombino, the Lion of Lutrakis, and three pieces which rank above all the rest, namely, the Pallis head of Aphrodite, secured mainly by the exertion of Mr. Prichard in Athens ; the Chian head, secured mainly by Mr. Marshall's efforts, and the companion piece to the Ludovisi "throne", secured by Mr. Warren with the help of Mr. Prichard. Mr. Marshall has published a long article on the Chian head in the *Jahrbuch des Kaiserlich Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts* for 1909, pp. 73-98, attributing it to Praxiteles himself. His dissertation was considered by Professor Robert to be the most important article contributed to the *Jahrbuch* for many years. It tends to reverse the modern archæological interpretation of Praxiteles, in favour of the textual interpretation given by the Greeks themselves. The attribution has not yet been accepted, but Mr. Marshall's learned substantiation of the attribution will be very difficult to controvert.

The companion piece to the Ludovisi "throne" remains, like the "throne" itself, a riddle to archæologists.

In other departments Mr. Warren was able to obtain, through Mr. Marshall's help, a good picture by Carlo Crivelli, and, unassisted, a large tondo by Filippino Lippi, and also some other pictures ; but it should be observed that hardly any picture was ever purchased on his own judgement.

Mr. Warren is a Foreign Member of the Austrian Archæological Institute, and a Corresponding Member of the German Archæological Institute.

Yours faithfully,
H. ASA THOMAS

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Yours faithfully,

H. ASA THOMAS

APPENDIX III

"IN MEMORIAM" EDWARD PERRY WARREN AND JOHN MARSHALL

BY PROFESSOR LUDWIG CURTIUS¹

I THINK I can best give an impression of Edward Perry Warren's character by describing my first and last meeting with him. More than thirty years ago, while still a student, I was taken by Wolfgang Helbig to the Palazzo Piombino to see the Ludovisi collection, and met Warren in front of the Ludovisi Throne. I had no idea who he was, but found myself instinctively drawn towards this well-groomed young man of medium build and athletic appearance, who had a keen look in his dark brown eyes. There was about him a strange mixture of Anglo-Saxon reserve and genial approachability—the ruggedness of a strong, retiring and yet very manly character, combined with the somewhat youthful sociability which is the hall-mark of English breeding. Our conversation was about that ultra archaic jewel of art. He was not demonstrative, sparing of words, but making an occasional brilliant impromptu with a winning smile on his strongly-moulded face. He had an expression of entire understanding, and I realised that I was beside a man of great personality and deep learning. . . . Very much aged, but otherwise unchanged, I met him again after the War with his friend John Marshall. It was the last time and only a few months before Marshall's death. He had become hard of hearing, which made conversation trying for him. After tea he withdrew to his study, and when I took my leave he was sitting over the *Iliad*, immersed in philological study.

Perhaps he was the staunchest friend a man could ever hope to have in the world. "But for Warren I should not be alive to-day," Marshall said on recovering from a severe illness after his wife's death. After Marshall's death in February, 1928

¹ Translated from the *Mitteilungen des Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts, Römische Abteilung*. 44, 1929.

'Amico antecessens', Warren put his own house in order. He was the self-controlled, compliant organizer,—the philosopher; Marshall was the impetuous, impulsive, and more volatile partner of an incomparable friendship. Marshall's influence made Warren half English, and Warren's made Marshall half American. Warren was reading Homer when his last illness overtook him, whilst the last book I discussed with Marshall was Joyce's *Ulysses*. He had read it thoroughly, and made many witticisms about it. He possessed a remarkably fine library, in which however Goethe was missing. Warren had lived in Heidelberg and his gifts to the University of Leipzig were an expression of his gratitude to Germany and Studniczka. Marshall was more drawn towards Paris, with Pottier as the scholar whom he most admired.

The lives of the two men are only properly understood by bearing in mind their thorough grounding in the Classics at Oxford; and their collections for the Museums at Boston and New York, the splendid antique Classical departments of which they established. They were the last of the great antique art collectors of the previous century. But the enthusiasm, which with Tyszkiewicz and Stroganoff, was that of the grand cavaliers, and with Karl Jacobsen was an admitted imitation of Ludwig I of Bavaria, was with them the call to serve an ideal. As they understood it, life revealed itself in its truest meaning in Greek Art, and Warren wanted to enrich neo-American culture through it. He was a man of means, though not rich according to modern standards and he husbanded his resources. Neither whim nor opportunity governed them in their collecting, but their choice was the outcome of a systematic, artistic, and wide knowledge of the antique, such as was not possessed by any of their predecessors. They had as much humour and commercial instinct in their dealings with the quaint fraternity of Art dealers as they had energy and persistence; and in spite of all their "detective cunning", they remained "gentlemen" because to them the Cause meant more than the Individual. "I am no archaeologist," Marshall used to say; but his sleepless nights contradicted him. Warren's greatest pleasure was to bewilder an appreciative guest with his treasures at Lewes House. They both had a deep regard for German culture, and served it when they could. For this reason we owe them an expression of thanks in these pages.

L. C.

APPENDIX IV

THE BOWDOIN COLLECTION

By E. P. W.

THE following catalogue comprises all that the serious student will need ; but when we first enter a museum, it is well to lay aside seriousness and resign ourselves to enjoyment. The prefatory babble of an amateur may conduce to this.

Let us first look at a small terra-cotta representing a drunken Silenus riding a mule. The mule is braying his best and the Silenus is laughing his fill, holding out his arms and nearly tumbling off his steed. This fragile composition was found in one of the graves of Tanagra. Would it occur to you to select such a representation to put in a coffin ? Yet Bacchic revels are commonly seen on sarcophagi. Would it occur to you to attribute it to the age which specially deserves Winckelmann's encomium on Greek art, his praise of its noble simplicity and quiet grandeur ? Yet it is of the fifth century. Would you associate it with the high-priest of poetry, the master who had his seat at Delphi ? Yet Tanagra was near his birthplace, Thebes, and Pindar speaks of Apollo's joy in the insolent licence of an ass. Yes ; the Greeks were not indifferent to animal merriment. They were quite unclassical at times ; they delighted in the grotesque.

Note another terra-cotta, a bearded dwarf carrying a ram. He is later than the Silenus by four centuries but equally grotesque ; and so are a big-eared man and a goat-footed being, an Ægipan who carries a baby. The grotesque was in fact a reaction from exalted style, as Aristophanes is from the tragedians. Where then may we find the exalted in this little collection ?

First let us see how the collection is made up. We have from antiquity Greek things which we will call originals and Roman things mostly copies. A century ago people took their ideas of Greek art mainly from Roman copies, and similar modern productions provoked ecstasies. Then with the restoration of Greek

independence and with the progress of artistic study attention was turned to the great difference between copies and originals ; and the minor productions of Greek handiwork were preferred to the copies now recognised as soulless. Many old collections consisted only of copies ; the originals having perished, we had to glean what we could from the copies. But they have injured the reputation of Greek art and of Greek archæologists, who are thought to be blind to beauty because of their conscientious labour on artistically uninteresting work.

The present collection contains few copies and contents itself with such echoes ; and so it comes about that, to represent the exalted style of the latter half of the fifth century, our best example is a female head on a white lecythus. The name of the painter is unknown, but he is known by his works, the best known being perhaps the Paton lecythus (also white) in the Boston Museum. Here we have the noble simplicity and quiet grandeur, although only in a hasty sketch. These figures were drawn when the clay was wet ; no line could be changed. It is a freehand drawing—so free that it has faults. But contrast them with the two other white lecythi (included for their colour) : the style is later ; the nobility has gone.

It disappeared from the vases. We find it again in the marble head of Zeus, of the second or third century. It is a piece worth study. It is in the first place an original ; it is of an exalted style, but the style is wholly different from that of the fifth century. It is soft, gentle ; it has even that line across the brow which suggests sympathy. It is not yet a suffering face like that of the Heracles.

Let us turn from these for a contrast, a true Roman copy, the boy—(life-sized). Note especially the sharp angle formed by the curve from nose to brow. That is the hardness which marks a copy. The head is pretty because it is taken from a Greek original of the date, say, of Lysippus, the second half of the fourth century. We may rejoice in it, as also in some pictures condemned by fine critics as merely devotional—we may read a sentiment where a line fails. But this is literary, not artistic criticism. Artistically the head shows defective handiwork. In fact, our first question is whether it is antique at all.

How is such a question answered ? The best answer is usually the satisfaction or dissatisfaction felt by a connoisseur, that is, by a sensitive student of accredited antiques and clear counterfeits. He says " I like it " or " I do not like it ". This verdict is quite

unintellectual; he gives no reasons to himself, but it has the authority of practice. Our head has no history; it was bought casually from a private owner in England. The only evidence we have so far is that it will not be an entirely modern fake; but it might be a fake not quite of our date. What have we to set against this possibility? First that the aforesaid unintellectual argument is favourable; that might not be conclusive. It is a copy of some kind; why not a copy made in the nineteenth century? Nineteenth century copyists do quite as well as Roman copyists of the first. We look then for a deposit such as the earth leaves on buried marbles; there is none of account, so that this test also fails. Then we notice a depression in the hair, as if hair had grown over a depression in the skull. This is a fair confirmation of our original judgment; the head had been damaged, and the damage was a mark of authenticity. Dealers of the present day would have suffered it to remain; but early collectors who brought things to England liked them to look as fresh as possible. Not only was earthy deposit cleared away, but the depression caused by a knock to the marble was disguised by chiselling it over in the form of hair. Thus all falls into line, and the æsthetic impression, always the safest guide, receives intellectual confirmation.

The head may be of Eros but not of an early Eros; Eros varies from childhood to boyhood. He begins in the fifth century with boyhood and grows younger with years till he reaches the childhood of our marble and of the tiny terra-cottas. Christian art takes him up in the little cherubs as it takes over the classical "victories" and makes them into angels. So doing it has really made over the angels, who had been masculine and were the armies of the Lord. Even Gabriel on the doors of Trinity Church in New York has become feminine. We see the early Eros on the askos by Makron; he has the same forms as the young athletes on the fragment—the ideal is taken from the gymnasium, a strong hard-muscled figure. In the second half of the fifth century women mingled with the lives of men. Pericles said that Athens was ruled by him and he by Aspasia and she by her child, so that ultimately Athens was ruled by the most foolish of all. At this time Eros changes; he becomes broad thighed, effeminate; he is no longer of the gymnasium but of the gynai-konitis—the women's quarters—at least on the vases. Finally we have the floating androgynous terra-cottas of which we cannot say whether they are Erotes or not.

The two horses' heads are certainly Greek and seem to be of the

third century. At this time action and excitement ran to violence like the governments of the Diadochi. We distinguish between the excellencies and excesses of this period. The torso may be classed as an excess. Evidently some strong action is symbolised by the pose and the musculature; there is life but life exaggerated. The horses' heads on the contrary are not overdone; their fiery mettle, their snorting and tossing remain within the limits; they have not the nobility of the admired horse of the Parthenon, but others, less well-preserved, may have been quite as lively though severer in style. Original Greek marbles are hard to find unless you are content with the gravestones not done by masters. We must as a rule choose between Roman copies of fine marbles and poor marbles of a fine period. Hence the importance of fragments such as the horses' heads—good work of a good period. In the collection are two Hellenistic marbles, the little head of Zeus, which still retains the living ideality of the fourth century and the torso, which shows the more complicated modelling that came in after the fourth century. The seated figure may be of later than Alexandrine date but it echoes the Alexandrine taste for familiar scenes of a rustic kind, such as we find in Theocritus. Quite playful is the relief representing Herakles in his cups; some little genii (we may call them wingless Erotes, hardly pygmies, for pygmies are usually grotesque), are endeavouring to lift him.

This little collection will not satisfy those who care only for classical regularity, such as we see in Roman copies of Greek statues. That regularity was equalled by Thorvaldsen and love of it, great at the time, survives in some minds as at once the characteristic and the limit of Greek art, hence thought cold. This accusation would be correct if Roman copies did justice to the Greeks; but Greek art, even where it conformed in design to a traditional canon of regularity, added in execution a delicate modelling which gave life to the whole. Where it did not conform, that is to say, in grotesques, it is such as does not correspond at all to the common notions of Greek art. The little terra-cottas are realistic. At variance also with traditional notions are the faces drawn on vases of the early fifth century; conventional according to the convention of their time, they seemed so little Greek that they were long classed as the products of Etruria; they were "Etruscan" vases. Their excellence lies less in their faces than in the nude bodies of the figures. The eyes indeed are drawn as if seen from the front, but in the bodies there is hardly a trace of incompetence save that the artist prefers the easier side

view. The perfection of Attic drawing is seen in this fragment. The other inconspicuous fragments have an interest which does not appear to the casual observer. By comparison with vases which often have inscriptions we are able to say that so and so are all by Athenian workmen of the date just before or just after the Persian wars. These things are such as Pindar and Æschylus saw, whereas the next fragment belongs to the time of Sophocles. Aristophanes refers with some depreciation to the decorators of lecythi with white grounds, all representing scenes at tombs. The earliest, unfortunately much abraded, preserves a face which certifies its attribution to rather the best of these despised artists. The outline is beautiful, but Aristophanes was not quite wrong. Only in a few vase painters do we find great strength and originality. On the other hand let us remember that for an extensive output the art of these workmen is unequalled in Europe by any other age, and that the white lecythi were drawn freehand without a chance to erase a line and were used only once for a burial. Naturally there was economy of effort, as there was also economy of the oil to be put in them; many of them have false bottoms a little way down the body.

Now what preceded this pottery? The Greek vessels from 550 B.C. to say, 490 B.C., have at first black figures on a red ground; later we find the beginnings of red figures on a black ground. One of them has "eyes" which were intended to gaze at anyone who might wish to cast a spell on the drinker and thereby avert the evil eye. Earlier still we have the simple vases, grey on a buff ground, called Dipylon vases, not much later than the early idols, which bring us well back into the seventh century. From these in two hundred years were to develop the masterpieces of Greek sculpture.

Let us now turn to the subjects on the vases. There are only two mythological representations. The subject of Boreas and Orithyia interested the Athenians because the legendary royal family was descended from the goddess. Boreas himself connects them with the Argonautic expedition, which fell after the two attacks on Thebes and before the Trojan War. We need not be surprised to see Athena standing by. The other mythical picture is Œdipus and the Sphinx, not an Attic legend and rendered with no great force. Œdipus merely sits before the pillar on which is the Sphinx. Of more interest are the scenes from Athenian life. On a small amphora a youth is taking a music lesson; on a lecythus he is performing on the double flute. Music, we must

remember, was an important part of the training of youths, and the right music was supposed to foster right morals. On the cylix, or wine-cup—for the Greeks drank out of such low, broad cups, which were not too large since they mixed their wine with water—a youth is offering a gift to another (across an intervening figure), and the gift is a joint of meat. On another vase he brings a hare which seems to be dead—though sometimes hares were given for coursing. Dancing is taught on a lecythus, but to a girl. Greek boys danced on solemn festivals, for instance in the tragic chorus, but this girl seems to be practising for private entertainments. No girl would be allowed on the stage and indeed—odd though it may sound—some feminine parts, such as Antigone in Sophocles, or Athena in Æschylus are not suited to women. The masks, of course, made the faces of performers, masculine or feminine, indifferent, but a boy's voice is more appropriate to the fortitude of Antigone and to the masculine partisanship of Athena. Of the lecythi which belong to the second half of the fifth century I have already spoken. On a late vase, no longer Greek but Italiote, the monster, Python, so dreadful in Pindar, appears calmly symmetrical between Nereids who balance each other.

I have dwelt so long on vases because they with the coins give a running commentary on the fifth century and early fourth. From the middle of the fourth, the pictured vases cease altogether and the interest of the coins gradually wanes. The history of Greek art is thenceforth broken by lacunæ and the classification of remains becomes in great part conjectural. But let us follow the coins at least to the time of Alexander. From Alexander onwards we have what is called Hellenistic art which gradually merges in Alexandrine, and then in Græco-Roman. It rises to a certain academic distinction under Augustus and produces a quite uncanonical realism in Roman portraiture.

APPENDIX V

LIONEL JOHNSON

OF Lionel Johnson, who has been mentioned more than once as a friend of his, it is interesting to recover a vivid sketch that Warren supplied to Burdett when the latter was writing *The Beardsley Period*. In that volume, the last to be published by the Bodley Head in John Lane's lifetime, occurs the following note, taken from page 180 :

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